THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

Translated by

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

VOL. III.

LONDON:

Printed for T. Osborne, H. Woodfall, J. Whiston and B. White, J. Rivington, R. Baldwin, L. Hawes, W. Clarke and R. Collins, W. Johnston, J. Richardson, T. Caslon, S. Crowder, T. Longman, B. Law, T. Field, C. Rivington, R. Withy, T. Pote, S. Baker, and T. Payne.

MDCCLXIII.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fourth battle continued, in which Neptune aſſiſts the Greeks: the acts of Idomeneus.

NEPTUNE, concerned for the loſs of the Grecians, upon ſeeing the fortification forced by Hector, who had entered the gate near the ſtation of the Ajaxes, aſſumes the ſhape of Calchas, and inſpires thoſe heroes to oppoſe him: then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks who had retired to their veſſels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a cloſe phalanx, and put a ſtop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones loſing his ſpear in the encounter, repairs to ſeek another at the tent of Idomeneus: this occaſions a converſation between thoſe two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus ſignalizes his courage above the reſt; he kills Othryoneus, Aſius, and Alcathous: Deiphobus and Æneas march againſt him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus and kills Piſander. The Trojans are repulſed in the left wing; Hector ſtill keeps his ground againſt the Ajaxes, till being galled by the Locrian ſlingers and archers, Polydamas adviſes to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes firſt to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight and twentieth day ſtill continues. The ſcene is between the Grecian wall and the ſea-ſhore.

WHEN now the thund'rer on the ſea-beat coaſt
Had fix'd great Hector and his conqu'ring hoſt;
He left them to the fates, in bloody fray
To toil and ſtruggle thro' the well-fought day.
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight
Thoſe eyes, that ſhed inſufferable light,
To where the Myſians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the ſavage horſe;
And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian ſtrays,
Renown'd for juſtice and for length of days;

v. 5. *Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight.*] One might fancy at the firſt reading of this paſſage, that Homer here turned aſide from the main view of his poem, in a vain oſtentation of learning, to amuſe himſelf with a foreign and unneceſſary deſcription of the manners and cuſtoms of theſe nations. But we ſhall find, upon better conſideration, that Jupiter's turning aſide his eyes was neceſſary to the conduct of the work, as it gives opportunity to Neptune to aſſiſt the Greeks, and thereby cauſes all the adventures of this book. Madam Dacier is too refining on this occaſion; when ſhe would have it, that Jupiter's *averting his eyes*, ſignifies his abandoning the Trojans; in the ſame manner, as the ſcripture repreſents the Almighty *turning his face* from thoſe whom he deſerts. But at this rate Jupiter turning his eyes from the battle, muſt deſert both the Trojans and the Greeks; and it is evident from the context, that Jupiter intended nothing leſs than to let the Trojans ſuffer.

v. 9. *And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian ſtrays.*] There is much diſpute among the criticks, which are the proper names, and which the epithets in theſe verſes? Some making ἀγαυοὶ the epithet to ἱππημολγοὶ, others ἱππημολγοὶ the epithet to ἀγαυοὶ; and ἀβίων, which by the common interpreters is thought only an epithet, is by Strabo and Ammianus Marcellinus made the proper name of a people. In this diverſity of opinions, I have choſen that which I thought would make the beſt figure in poetry. It is a beautiful and moral imagination, to ſuppoſe that the long life of the Hippemolgians was an effect of their ſimple diet, and a reward of their juſtice: and that the Supreme Being, diſpleaſed at the continued ſcenes of human violence and diſſenſion, as it were re-created his eyes in contemplating the ſimplicity of theſe people.

It is obſervable that the ſame cuſtom of living on milk is preſerved to this day by the Tartars, who inhabit the ſame country.

Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, ſeek their ſimple food:
Jove ſees delighted; and avoids the ſcene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
No aid, he deems, to either hoſt is giv'n,
While his high law ſuſpends the pow'rs of heav'n.
Mean-time the * monarch of the wat'ry main
Obſerv'd the thund'rer, nor obſerv'd in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
Whoſe waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He ſat; and round him caſt his azure eyes,
Where Ida's miſty tops confus'dly riſe;
Below, fair Ilion's glitt'ring ſpires were ſeen;
The crouded ſhips, and ſable ſeas between.
There, from the cryſtal chambers of the main
Emerg'd, he ſat; and mourn'd his Argives ſlain.
At Jove incens'd with grief and fury ſtung,
Prone down the rocky ſteep he ruſh'd along;

* Neptune.

v. 27. *At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury ſtung,*
Prone down the rocky ſteep he ruſh'd-----]

Monſ. de la Motte has played the critick upon this paſſage a little unadviſedly. "Neptune, ſays he, is impatient to aſſiſt the Greeks. "Homer tells us, that this God goes firſt to ſeek his chariot in a "certain place; next he arrives at another place nearer the camp; "there he takes off his horſes, and then he locks them faſt, to ſe- "cure them at his return. The detail of ſo many particularities "no way ſuits the majeſty of a God, or the impatience in which "he is deſcribed." Another French writer makes anſwer, that however impatient Neptune is repreſented to be, none of the Gods ever go to the war without their arms; and the arms, chariot and horſes of Neptune were at Ægæ. He makes but four ſteps to get thither; ſo that what M. de la Motte calls being ſlow, is ſwiftneſs itſelf. The God puts on his arms, mounts his chariot and departs; nothing is more rapid than his courſe; he flies over the waters: the verſes of Homer in that place run ſwifter than the God himſelf. It is ſufficient to have ears, to perceive the rapidity of Neptune's chariot in the very ſound of thoſe three lines, each of which is en-

Fierce as he paſt, the lofty mountains nod,
The foreſts ſhake! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footſteps of th' immortal god.
From realm to realm three ample ſtrides he took,
And, at the fourth, the diſtant Ægæ ſhook.

tirely compoſed of dactyles, excepting that one ſpondee which muſt neceſſarily terminate the verſe.

Βῆ δ' ἰλάων ἐπὶ κύματ', ἄταλλε δὲ κῆτε ὑπ' αὐτῷ·
Γηθοσύνη δὲ θάλασσα διΐστατο, τὼ δ' ἐπέτοντο
Ῥίμφα μάλ', ὐδ' ὑπένερθε διαίνετο χάλκεος ἄξων.

v. 29. ------ *The lofty mountains nod,*
The foreſts ſhake! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footſteps of th' immortal God.]

Longinus confeſſes himſelf wonderfully ſtruck with the ſublimity of this paſſage. That critick, after having blamed the defects with which Homer draws the manners of his Gods, adds, that he has much better ſucceeded in deſcribing their figure and perſons. He owns that he often paints a God ſuch as he is, in all his majeſty and grandeur, and without any mixture of mean and terreſtrial images; of which he produces this paſſage as a remarkable inſtance, and one that had challenged the admiration of all antiquity.

The book of Pſalms affords us a deſcription of the like ſublime manner of imagery, which is parallel to this. *O God, when thou wenteſt forth before thy people, when thou didſt march through the wilderneſs, the earth ſhook, the heavens dropped at the preſence of God, even Sinai itſelf was moved at the preſence of God, the God of Iſrael.* Pſal. lxviii.

v. 32. -----*Three ample ſtrides he took.*] This is a very grand imagination, and equals, if not tranſcends, what he has feigned before of the paſſage of this god. We are told, that at four ſteps he reached Ægæ, which (ſuppoſing it meant of the town of that name in Eubœa, which lay the higheſt to Thrace) is hardly leſs than a degree at each ſtep. One may, from a view of the map, imagine him ſtriding from promontory to promontory, his firſt ſtep on mount Athos, his ſecond on Pallene, his third upon Pelion, and his fourth in Eubœa. Dacier is not to be forgiven for omitting this miraculous circumſtance, which ſo perfectly agrees with the marvellous air of the whole paſſage, and without which the ſublime image of Homer is not compleat.

v. 33. -----*The diſtant Ægæ ſhook.*] There were three places of this name, which were all ſacred to Neptune; an iſland in the Ægæan ſea, mentioned by Nicoſtratus, a town in Peloponneſus, and another in Eubœa. Homer is ſuppoſed in this paſſage to ſpeak of the laſt; but the queſtion is put, why Neptune who ſtood upon a hill in Samothrace, inſtead of going on the left to Troy, turns to

Far in the bay his ſhining palace ſtands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands:
This having reach'd, his braſs-hoof'd ſteeds he reins,
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs enfold,
Immortal arms, of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden ſcourge applies,
He ſits ſuperior, and the chariot flies:
His whirling wheels the glaſſy ſurface ſweep;
Th' enormous monſters rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the wat'ry way;
And heavy whales in aukward meaſures play:
The ſea ſubſiding ſpreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his courſers fly:
The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry.

the right, and takes a way contrary to that which leads to the army? This difficulty is ingeniouſly ſolved by the old Scholiaſt; who ſays, that Jupiter being now on mount Ida, with his eyes turned towards Thrace, Neptune could not take the direct way from Samothrace to Troy without being diſcovered by him, and therefore fetches this compaſs to conceal himſelf. Euſtathius is contented to ſay, that the poet made Neptune go ſo far about, for the opportunity of thoſe fine deſcriptions of the palace, the chariot, and the paſſage of this god.

v. 43. *Th' enormous monſters rolling o'er the deep.*] This deſcription of Neptune riſes upon us; his paſſage by water is yet more pompous than that by land. The god driving through the ſeas, the whales acknowledging him, and the waves rejoicing and making way for their monarch, are full of that marvellous, ſo natural to the imagination of our author. And I cannot but think the verſes of Virgil in the fifth Æneid are ſhort of his original:

Cæruleo per ſumma levis volat æquora curru:
Subſidunt undæ, tumidumque ſub axe tonanti
Sternitur æquor aquis: fugiunt vaſto æthere nimbi.
Tum variæ comitum facies, immania cete, &c.

I fancy Scaliger himſelf was ſenſible of this, by his paſſing in ſilence a paſſage which lay ſo obvious to compariſon.

Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave;
Between where Tenedos the ſurges lave,
And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:
There the great ruler of the azure round,
Stopp'd his ſwift chariot, and his ſteeds unbound,
Fed with ambroſial herbage from his hand,
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
Infrangible, immortal: there they ſtay.
The father of the floods purſues his way;
Where, like a tempeſt dark'ning heav'n around,
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,
Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
Embattled roll'd, as Hector ruſh'd along:
To the loud tumult and the barb'rous cry,
The heav'ns re-echo, and the ſhores reply;
They vow deſtruction to the Grecian name,
And in their hopes, the fleets already flame.

But Neptune riſing from the ſeas profound,
The god whoſe earthquakes rock the ſolid ground,
Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas ſeen,
Such his loud voice, and ſuch his manly mien;
His ſhouts inceſſant ev'ry Greek inſpire,
But moſt th' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.

'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raiſe;
Oh recollect your ancient worth and praiſe:
'Tis yours to ſave us, if you ceaſe to fear;
Flight more than ſhameful, is deſtructive here.
On other works tho' Troy with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
There, Greece has ſtrength: but this, this part o'erthrown,
Her ſtrength were vain; I dread for you alone.

v. 79. ------ *This part o'erthrown,*
Her ſtrength were vain; I dread for you alone.]

Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his gods, and calls high Jove his ſire.
If yet ſome heav'nly pow'r your breaſt excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and ſtring your arms to fight,
Greece yet may live, her threat'ned fleet maintain;
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid be vain.
Then with his ſceptre that the deep controls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and ſteel'd their manly ſouls:
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and ſwells their daring hearts.
Then as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry ſeen, impetuous at the ſight
Forth-ſpringing inſtant, darts herſelf from high,
Shoots on the wing, and ſkims along the ſky:
Such, and ſo ſwift, the pow'r of ocean flew;
The wide horizon ſhut him from their view.

What addreſs, and at the ſame time, what ſtrength is there in theſe words? Neptune tells the two Ajaces, that he is only afraid for their poſt, and that the Greeks will periſh by that gate, ſince it is Hector who aſſaults it: at every other quarter, the Trojans will be repulſed. It may therefore be properly ſaid, that the Ajaces only are vanquiſhed, and that their defeat draws deſtruction upon all the Greeks. I don't think that any thing better could be invented to animate courageous men, and make them attempt even impoſſibilities. *Dacier.*

v. 83. *If yet ſome heavenly power, &c.*] Here Neptune, conſidering how the Greeks were diſcouraged by the knowledge that Jupiter aſſiſted Hector, inſinuates, that notwithſtanding Hector's confidence in that aſſiſtance, yet the power of ſome other god might countervail it on their part; wherein he alludes to his own aiding them, and ſeems not to doubt his ability of conteſting the point with Jove himſelf. It is with the ſame confidence he afterwards ſpeaks to Iris, of himſelf and his power, when he refuſes to ſubmit to the order of Jupiter in the fifteenth book. Euſtathius remarks, what an incentive it muſt be to the Ajaces to hear thoſe who could ſtand againſt Hector equalled in this oblique manner, to the gods themſelves.

The inſpiring god, Oïleus' active ſon
Perceiv'd the firſt, and thus to Telamon.
Some god, my friend, ſome god in human form
Fav'ring deſcends, and wills to ſtand the ſtorm.
Not Calchas this, the venerable ſeer;
Short as he turn'd, I ſaw the pow'r appear:
I mark'd his parting, and the ſteps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a god.
Ev'n now ſome energy divine I ſhare,
And ſeem to walk on wings, and tread in air!
With equal ardour (Telamon returns)
My ſoul is kindled, and my boſom burns;
New riſing ſpirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, ſhakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;
Singly methinks, yon' tow'ring chief I meet,
And ſtretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.
Full of the God that urg'd their burning breaſt,
The heroes thus their mutual warmth expreſs'd.
Neptune mean-while the routed Greeks inſpir'd;
Who breathleſs, pale, with length of labours tir'd,

v. 97. *Th' inſpiring god, Oïleus active ſon----Perceiv'd the firſt.*] The reaſon has been aſked, why the leſſer Ajax is the firſt to perceive the aſſiſtance of the god? and the ancient ſolution of this queſtion was very ingenious: they ſaid that the greater Ajax, being ſlow of apprehenſion, and naturally valiant, could not be ſenſible ſo ſoon of this acceſſion of ſtrength as the other, who immediately perceived it, as not owing ſo much to his natural courage.

v. 102. *Short as he turn'd, I ſaw the pow'r.*] This opinion, that the majeſty of the gods was ſuch that they could not be ſeen face to face by men, ſeems to have been generally received in moſt nations. Spondanus obſerves, that it might be derived from ſacred truth, and founded upon what God ſays to Moſes in Exodus, ch. xxxiii. v. 20, 23. *Man ſhall not ſee me and live: thou ſhalt ſee my back parts, but my face thou ſhalt not behold.* For the farther particulars of this notion among the heathens, ſee the notes on lib. i. v. 268. and on the 5th, v. 971.

Pant in the ſhips; while Troy to conqueſt calls,
And ſwarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
Trembling before th' impending ſtorm they lie,
While tears of rage ſtand burning in their eye.
Greece ſunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;
But breathe new courage as they feel the pow'r.
Teucer and Leitus firſt his words excite;
Then ſtern Peneleus riſes to the fight;
Thoas, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, th' impulſive fury ſound;
Laſt Neſtor's ſon the ſame bold ardour takes,
While thus the god the martial fire awakes.
  Oh laſting infamy, Oh dire diſgrace
To chiefs of vig'rous youth, and manly race!
I truſted in the gods, and you, to ſee
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free:
Ah no---the glorious combat you diſclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.

v. 131. *The ſpeech of Neptune to the Greeks.*] After Neptune in his former diſcourſe to the Ajaces, who yet maintained a retreating fight, had encouraged them to withſtand the attack of the Trojans; he now addreſſes himſelf to thoſe, who having fled out of the battle, and retired to the ſhips, had given up all for loſt. Theſe he endeavours to bring again to the engagement, by one of the moſt noble and ſpirited ſpeeches in the whole Iliad. He repreſents that their preſent miſerable condition was not to be imputed to their want of power, but to their want of reſolution to withſtand the enemy, whom by experience they had often found unable to reſiſt them. But what is particularly artful, while he is endeavouring to prevail upon them, is, that he does not attribute their preſent dejection of mind to a cowardly ſpirit, but to a reſentment and indignation of their general's uſage of their favourite hero Achilles. With the ſame ſoftening art, he tells them, he ſcorns to ſpeak thus to cowards, but is only concerned for their miſbehaviour as they are the braveſt of the army. He then exhorts them for their own ſake to avoid deſtruction, which would certainly be inevitable, if for a moment longer they delayed to oppoſe ſo imminent a danger.

Heav'ns! what a prodigy theſe eyes ſurvey,
Unſeen, unthought, till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands?
And falls our fleet by ſuch inglorious hands?
A rout undiſciplin'd, a ſtraggling train,
Not born to glories of the duſty plain;
Like frighted fawns from hill to hill purſu'd,
A prey to every ſavage of the wood:
Shall theſe, ſo late who trembled at your name,
Invade your camps, involve your ſhips in flame?
A change ſo ſhameful, ſay, what cauſe has wrought?
The ſoldiers baſeneſs, or the gen'ral's fault?
Fools! will ye periſh for your leader's vice;
The purchaſe infamy, and life the price?
'Tis not your cauſe, Achilles' injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but your's the ſhame.
Grant that our chief offend thro' rage or luſt,
Muſt you be cowards, if your King's unjuſt?
Prevent this evil, and your country ſave:
Small thought retrieves the ſpirits of the brave.

v. 141. *A rout undiſciplin'd, &c.*] I tranſlate this line,

Αὔλως ἀλάσησαι, ἀνάλκιδες, ἠδ' ἐπὶ χάρμῃ,

with alluſion to the want of military diſcipline among the Barbarians, ſo often hinted at in Homer. He is always oppoſing to this, the exact and regular diſpoſition of his Greeks, and accordingly a few lines after, we are told that the Grecian phalanxes were ſuch, that Mars or Minerva could not have found a defect in them.

v. 155. *Prevent this evil, &c.*] The verſe in the original,

Ἀλλ' ἀκεώμεθα θᾶσσον, ἀκεσταί τοι φρένες ἐσθλῶν,

may be capable of receiving another ſenſe to this effect. If it be your reſentment of Agamemnon's uſage of Achilles, that withholds you from the battle, *that evil* (viz. the diſſenſion of thoſe two chiefs) *may ſoon be remedied, for the minds of good men are eaſily calmed and compoſed.* I had once tranſlated it,

Their future ſtrife with ſpeed we ſhall redreſs,
For noble minds are ſoon compos'd to peace,

Think, and ſubdue! on daſtards dead to fame
I waſte no anger, for they feel no ſhame:
But you, the pride, the flow'r of all our hoſt,
My heart weeps blood to ſee your glory loſt!
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you loſe;
A day more black, a fate more vile, enſues.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endleſs infamy, on inſtant death.
For lo! the fated time, th' appointed ſhore;
Hark! the gates burſt, the brazen barriers roar!
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;
The hour, the ſpot, to conquer, or to fall.
Theſe words the Grecians fainting hearts inſpire,
And liſt'ning armies catch the godlike fire.
Fix'd at his poſt was each bold Ajax found,
With well-rang'd ſquadrons ſtrongly circled round:
So cloſe their order, ſo diſpos'd their fight,
As Pallas' ſelf might view with fix'd delight.

But upon conſidering the whole context more attentively, the other explanation (which is that of *Dydimus*) appeared to me the more natural and unforced, and I have accordingly followed it.

v. 171. *Fix'd at his poſt was each bold Ajax found, &c.*] We muſt here take notice of an old ſtory, which however groundleſs and idle it ſeems, is related by Plutarch, Philoſtratus and others. "Ganictor the ſon of Amphidamas king of Eubœa, celebrating "with all ſolemnity the funeral of his father, proclaimed accord-"ing to cuſtom ſeveral public games, among which was the prize "of poetry. Homer and Heſiod came to diſpute for it. After "they had produced ſeveral pieces on either ſide, in all which the "audience declared for Homer, Panides, the brother of the de-"ceaſed, who ſat as one of the judges, ordered each of the con-"tending poets to recite that part of his works which he eſteemed "the beſt. Heſiod repeated thoſe lines which make the beginning "of his ſecond book,

Πληϊάδων ἀτλαγενέων ἐπιτελλομενάων,
Ἄρχεσθ' ἀμήτε ἀρότοιο τε δυσομενάων, &c.

"Homer anſwered with the verſes which follow here: but the "prince preferring the peaceful ſubject of Heſiod to the martial "one of Homer; contrary to the expectation of all, adjudged the

Or had the god of war inclin'd his eyes,
The god of war had own'd a juſt ſurprize.
A choſen phalanx, firm, reſolv'd as fate,
Deſcending Hector and his battle wait.
An iron ſcene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and ſhields in ſhields,

" prize to Heſiod." The commentators upon this occaſion are very rhetorical, and univerſally exclaim againſt ſo crying a piece of injuſtice: all the hardeſt names which learning can furniſh, are very liberally beſtowed upon poor Panides. Spondanus is mighty ſmart, calls him Midas, takes him by the ear, and aſks the dead prince as many inſulting queſtions, as any of his author's own heroes could have done. Dacier with all gravity tells us, that poſterity proved a more equitable judge than Panides. And if I had not told this tale in my turn, I muſt have incurred the cenſure of all the ſchoolmaſters in the nation.

v. 173. *So cloſe their order, &c.*] When Homer retouches the ſame ſubject, he has always the art to riſe in his ideas above what he ſaid before. We ſhall find an inſtance of it in this place; if we compare this manner of commending the exact diſcipline of an army, with what he had made uſe of on the ſame occaſion at the end of the fourth Iliad. There it is ſaid, that the moſt experienced warrior could not have reprehended any thing, had he been led by Pallas through the battle; but here he carries it farther, in affirming that Pallas and the god of war themſelves muſt have admired this diſpoſition of the Grecian forces. *Euſtathius.*

v. 177. *A choſen phalanx, firm, &c.*] Homer in theſe lines has given us a deſcription of the ancient phalanx, which conſiſted of ſeveral ranks of men cloſely ranged in this order. The firſt line ſtood with their ſpears levelled directly forward; the ſecond rank being armed with ſpears two cubits longer, levelled them likewiſe forward through the interſtices of the firſt; and the third in the ſame manner held forth their ſpears yet longer, through the two former ranks; ſo that the points of the ſpears of three ranks terminated in one line. All the other ranks ſtood with their ſpears erected, in readineſs to advance, and fill the vacant places of ſuch as fell. This is the account Euſtathius gives of the phalanx, which he obſerves was only fit for a body of men acting on the defenſive, but improper for the attack: and accordingly Homer here only deſcribes the Greeks ordering the battle in this manner, when they had no other view but to ſtand their ground againſt the furious aſſault of the Trojans. The ſame commentator obſerves from Hermolytus, an ancient writer of Tacticks, that this manner of ordering the phalanx was afterwards introduced among the Spartans by Lycurgus, among the Argives by Lyſander, among the Thebans by Epaminondas, and among the Macedonians by Chariclemus.

Spears lean on ſpears, on targets targets throng,
Helms ſtuck to helms, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake ſtirs the nodding grove;
And levell'd at the ſkies with pointing rays,
Their brandiſh'd lances at each motion blaze.
Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The cloſe-compacted legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to deſtroy;
Troy charged the firſt, and Hector firſt of Troy.
As from ſome mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,

v. 191. *As from ſome mountain's craggy forehead torn, &c.*] This is one of the nobleſt ſimilies in all Homer, and the moſt juſtly correſponding in its circumſtances to the thing deſcribed. The furious deſcent of Hector from the wall repreſented by a ſtone that flies from the top of a rock, the hero puſhed on by the ſuperior force of Jupiter, as the ſtone driven by a torrent; the ruins of the wall falling after him, all things yielding before him, the clamour and tumult around him, all imaged in the violent bounding and leaping of the ſtone, the crackling of the woods, the ſhock, the noiſe, the rapidity, the irreſiſtibility, and the augmentation of force in its progreſs: all theſe points of likeneſs make but the firſt part of this admirable ſimile. Then the ſudden ſtop of the ſtone when it comes to the plain, as of Hector at the phalanx of the Ajaces (alluding alſo to the natural ſituation of the ground, Hector ruſhing down the declivity of the ſhore, and being ſtopped on the level of the ſea:) and laſtly, the immobility of both when ſtopped, the enemy being as unable to move him back, as he to get forward: this laſt branch of the compariſon is the happieſt in the world, and though not hitherto obſerved, is what methinks makes the principal beauty and force of it. The ſimile is copied by Virgil, Æn. xii.

Ac veluti montis ſaxum de vertice præceps,
Cùm ruit avulſum vento, ſeu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis ſolvit ſublapſa vetuſtas:
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu
Exultatque ſolo; ſylvas, armenta, viroſque
Involvens ſecum. Disjecta per agmina Turnus
Sic urbis ruit ad muros.-------

And Taſſo has again copied it from Virgil in his xviiith book.

(Which from the ſtubborn ſtone a torrent rends)
Precipitate the pond'rous maſs deſcends:
From ſteep to ſteep the rolling ruin bounds;
At ev'ry ſhock the crackling wood reſounds;
Still gath'ring force, it ſmokes; and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:
There ſtops---So Hector. Their whole force he prov'd,
Reſiſtleſs when he rag'd, and when he ſtopt, unmov'd.
On him the war is bent, the darts are ſhed,
And all their falchions wave around his head:
Repuls'd he ſtands, nor from his ſtand retires;
But with repeated ſhouts his army fires.
Trojans! be firm; this arm ſhall make your way
Thro' yon' ſquare body, and that black array:
Stand, and my ſpear ſhall rout their ſcatt'ring pow'r,
Strong as they ſeem, embattled like a tow'r.
For he that Juno's heav'nly boſom warms,
The firſt of gods, this day inſpires our arms.
He ſaid, and rous'd the ſoul in ev'ry breaſt;
Urg'd with deſire of fame, beyond the reſt,
Forth march'd Deïphobus; but marching held
Before his wary ſteps, his ample ſhield.

Qual gran ſaſſo tal hor, che o la vecchiezza
Solve da un monte, o ſvelle ira de' venti
Ruinoſa dirupa, e porta, e ſpezza
Le ſelve, e con le caſe anco gli armenti
Tal giù trahea de la ſublime altezza
L'horribil trave e merli, e arme, e gente
Diè la torre a quel moto une, o duo crolli;
Tremar le mura, e rimbombaro i colli.

It is but juſtice to Homer to take notice how infinitely inferior both the ſimilies are to their original. They have taken the image without the likeneſs, and loſt thoſe correſponding circumſtances which raiſe the juſtneſs and ſublimity of Homer's. In Virgil it is only the violence of Turnus in which the whole application conſiſts: and in Taſſo it has no farther alluſion than to the fall of a tower in general.

Bold Merion aim'd a ſtroke (nor aim'd it wide)
The glitt'ring jav'lin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
But pierc'd not through: unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke ſhort, and ſparkled in the ſand.
The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to diſtance bore the ſpear:
The Greek retreating mourn'd his fruſtrate blow,
And curs'd the treach'rous lance that ſpar'd a foe;
Then to the ſhips with ſurly ſpeed he went,
To ſeek a ſurer javelin in his tent.

Meanwhile with riſing rage the battle glows,
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
The ſon of Mentor rich in gen'rous ſteeds.
E'er yet to Troy the ſons of Greece were led,
In fair Pedæus' verdant paſtures bred,
The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
And bleſt in bright Medeſicaſte's arms:
(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's raviſh'd joy,
Ally'd the warrior to the houſe of Troy.)
To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came,
And match'd the braveſt of her chiefs in fame:
With Priam's ſons, a guardian of the throne,
He liv'd belov'd and honour'd as his own.
Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear:
He groans beneath the Telamonian ſpear.

There is yet another beauty in the numbers of this part. As the verſes themſelves make ſee, the ſound of them makes us hear, what they repreſent; in the noble roughneſs, rapidity, and ſonorous cadence that diſtinguiſhes them.

Ῥῖξας, ἀσπίτῳ ὄμβῳ ἀναιδὲϛ ἴχμαλα πίτρης, &c.

The tranſlation, however ſhort it falls of theſe beauties, may ſerve to ſhew the reader, that there was at leaſt an endeavour to imitate them.

As from ſome far-ſeen mountain's airy crown,
Subdu'd by ſteel, a tall aſh tumbles down,
And ſoils its verdant treſſes on the ground:
So falls the youth; his arms the fall reſound.
Then Teucer ruſhing to deſpoil the dead,
From Hector's hand a ſhining jav'lin fled:
He ſaw, and ſhun'd the death; the forceful dart
Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimacus's heart,
Cteatus' ſon, of Neptune's forceful line;
Vain was his courage, and his race divine!
Proſtrate he falls; his clanging arms reſound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
To ſeize his beamy helm the victor flies,
And juſt had faſtened on the dazling prize,
When Ajax' manly arm a jav'lin flung;
Full on the ſhield's round boſs the weapon rung;
He felt the ſhock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
Secure in mail, and ſheath'd in ſhining ſteel.
Repuls'd he yields: the victor Greeks obtain
The ſpoils conteſted, and bear off the ſlain.
Between the leaders of th' Athenian line,
(Stichius the brave, Meneſtheus the divine)
Deplor'd Amphimacus, ſad object! lies;
Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
As two grim lions bear acroſs the lawn,
Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a ſlaughter'd fawn,
In their fell jaws high lifting thro' the wood,
And ſprinkling all the ſhrubs with drops of blood;
So theſe the chief: great Ajax from the dead
Strips his bright arms, Oïleus lops his head:
Toſs'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
At Hector's feet the gory viſage lay.

The god of ocean fir'd with ſtern diſdain,
And pierc'd with ſorrow for his * grandſon ſlain,
Inſpires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,
And breathes deſtruction on the Trojan bands.
Swift as a whirlwind ruſhing to the fleet,
He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete;

* Amphimacus.

v. 278. *Idomen of Crete.*] Idomeneus appears at large in this book, whoſe character (if I take it right) is ſuch as we ſee pretty often in common life: a perſon of the firſt rank, ſufficient enough of his high birth, growing into years, conſcious of his decline of ſtrength and active qualities; and therefore endeavouring to make it up to himſelf in dignity, and to preſerve the veneration of others. The true picture of a ſtiff old ſoldier, not willing to loſe any of the reputation he has acquired; yet not inconſiderate in danger; but by the ſenſe of his age, and by his experience in battle, become too cautious to engage with any great odds againſt him: very careful and tender of his ſoldiers, whom he had commanded ſo long, that they were become old acquaintance; (ſo that it was with great judgment Homer choſe to introduce him here, in performing a kind office to one of them who was wounded.) Talkative about ſubjects of war, as afraid that others might loſe the memory of what he had done in better days, of which the long converſation with Meriones, and Ajax's reproach to him in Il. xxiii. v. 473. of the original, are ſufficient proofs. One may obſerve ſome ſtrokes of lordlineſs and ſtate in his character: that reſpect Agamemnon ſeems careful to treat him with, and the particular diſtinctions ſhewn him at table, are mentioned in a manner that inſinuates they were points upon which this prince not a little inſiſted, Il. iv. v. 296, &c. The vaunting of his family in this book, together with his ſarcaſms and contemptuous railleries on his dead enemies, ſavour of the ſame turn of mind. And it ſeems there was among the ancients a tradition of Idomeneus, which ſtrengthens this conjecture of his pride: for we find in the Heroicks of Philoſtratus, that before he would come to the Trojan war, he demanded a ſhare in the ſovereign command with Agamemnon himſelf.

I muſt, upon this occaſion, make an obſervation once for all, which will be applicable to many paſſages in Homer, and afford a ſolution of many difficulties. It is, that our author drew ſeveral of his characters with an eye to the hiſtories then known of famous perſons, or the traditions that paſt in thoſe times. One cannot believe otherwiſe of a poet, who appears ſo nicely exact in obſerving all the cuſtoms of the age he deſcribed; nor can we imagine the infinite number of minute circumſtances relating to particular perſons, which we meet with every where in his poem, could poſſibly

His penſive brow the gen'rous care expreſt
With which a wounded ſoldier touch'd his breaſt,
Whom in the chance of war a jav'lin tore,
And his ſad comrades from the battle bore;
Him to the ſurgeons of the camp he ſent;
That office paid, he iſſu'd from his tent,
Fierce for the fight: to whom the god begun,
In Thoas' voice, Andremon's valiant ſon,
Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks ariſe,
And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the ſkies.
Where's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring boaſt
Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion loſt?
To whom the king. On Greece no blame be thrown,
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
Nor fear with-holds, nor ſhameful ſloth detains.
'Tis heav'n, alas! and Jove's all-pow'rful doom,
That far, far diſtant from our native home
Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!
Once foremoſt in the fight, ſtill prone to lend

have been invented purely as ornaments to it. This reflection will account for a hundred ſeeming oddneſſes not only in the *characters*, but in the *ſpeeches* of the Iliad: for as no author is more true than Homer to the character of the perſon he introduces ſpeaking, ſo no one more often ſuits his oratory to the character of the perſon ſpoken to. Many of theſe beauties muſt needs be loſt to us, yet this ſuppoſition will give a new light to ſeveral particulars. For inſtance, the ſpeech I have been mentioning of Agamemnon to Idomeneus in the fourth book, wherein he puts this hero in mind of the magnificent entertainments he had given him, becomes in this view much leſs odd and ſurpriſing. Or who can tell but it had ſome alluſion to the manners of the Cretans whom he commanded, whoſe character was ſo well known, as to become a proverb: *The Cretans, evil beaſts, and ſlow bellies.*

v. 283. *The ſurgeons of the camp.*] Podalirius and Machaon were not the only phyſicians in the army; it appears from ſome paſſages in this poem, that each body of troops had one peculiar to themſelves. It may not be improper to adverti ſe, that the ancient phyſicians were all ſurgeons. *Euſtathius.*

Or arms, or counſels; now perform thy beſt,
And what thou can'ſt not ſingly, urge the reſt.
Thus he; and thus the god, whoſe force can make
The ſolid globe's eternal baſis ſhake.
Ah! never may he ſee his native land,
But feed the vultures on this hateful ſtrand,
Who ſeeks ignobly in his ſhips to ſtay,
Nor dares to combat on this ſignal day!
For this behold! in horrid arms I ſhine,
And urge thy ſoul to rival acts with mine;
Together let us battle on the plain;
Two, not the worſt; nor ev'n this ſuccour vain:
Not vain the weakeſt, if their force unite;
But ours, the braveſt have confeſt in fight.
This ſaid, he ruſhes where the combat burns:
Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns.
From thence two jav'lins glitt'ring in his hand,
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the ſtrand,
Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove:
Like light'ning burſting from the arm of Jove,
Which to pale man the wrath of heav'n declares,
Or terrifies th' offending world with wars;
In ſtreamy ſparkles, kindling all the ſkies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazled throng
Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flaſh'd along.
Him, near his tent, Meriones attends;
Whom thus he queſtions: Ever beſt of friends!

v. 325. ------*Meriones attends, whom thus he queſtions*-----] This converſation between Idomeneus and Meriones is generally cenſured as highly improper and out of place, and as ſuch is given up even by M. Dacier, the moſt zealous of our poet's defenders. However, if we look cloſely into the occaſion and driſt of this diſcourſe, the accuſation will, I believe, appear not ſo well grounded. Two perſons of diſtinction, juſt when the enemy is put to a ſtop by the A-

O ſay, in ev'ry art of battle ſkill'd,
What holds thy courage from ſo brave a field?
On ſome important meſſage art thou bound,
Or bleeds my friend by ſome unhappy wound?
Inglorious here, my ſoul abhors to ſtay,
And glows with proſpects of th' approaching day.
O Prince! (Meriones replies) whoſe care
Leads forth th' embattled ſons of Crete to war;
This ſpeaks my grief; this headleſs lance I wield;
The reſt lies rooted in a Trojan ſhield.
To whom the Cretan: Enter and receive
The wanted weapons; thoſe my tent can give;

jaces, meet behind the army: having each on important occaſions retired out of the fight, the one to help a wounded ſoldier, the other to ſeek a new weapon. Idomeneus, who is ſuperior in years as well as authority, returning to the battle, is ſurpriſed to meet Meriones out of it, who was one of his own officers (ὑπάσπιον, as Homer here calls him) and being jealous of his ſoldier's honour, demands the cauſe of his quitting the fight. Meriones having told him it was the want of a ſpear, he yet ſeems unſatisfied with the excuſe; adding, that he himſelf did not approve of that diſtant manner of fighting with a ſpear. Meriones being touched to the quick with this reproach, replies, that he of all the Greeks had the leaſt reaſon to ſuſpect his courage: whereupon Idomeneus perceiving him highly piqued, aſſures him he entertains no ſuch hard thoughts of him, ſince he had often known his courage proved on ſuch occaſions, where the danger being greater, and the number ſmaller, it was impoſſible for a coward to conceal his natural infirmity: but now recollecting that a malicious mind might give a ſiniſter interpretation to their inactivity during this diſcourſe, he immediately breaks it off upon that reflection. As therefore this converſation has its riſe from a jealouſy in the moſt tender point of honour, I think the poet cannot juſtly be blamed for ſuffering a diſcourſe ſo full of warm ſentiments to run on for about forty verſes; which after all cannot be ſuppoſed to take up more than two or three minutes from action.

v. 335. *This headleſs lance, &c.*] We have often ſeen ſeveral of Homer's combatants loſe and break their ſpears, yet they do not therefore retire from the battle to ſeek other weapons; why therefore does Homer here ſend Meriones on this errand? It may be ſaid, that in the kind of fight which the Greeks now maintained drawn up into the phalanx, Meriones was uſeleſs without this weapon,

Spears I have ſtore, (and Trojan lances all)
That ſhed a luſtre round th' illumin'd wall.
Tho' I, diſdainful of the diſtant war,
Nor truſt the dart, or aim th' uncertain ſpear,
Yet hand to hand I fight, and ſpoil the ſlain;
And thence theſe trophies, and theſe arms I gain.
Enter, and ſee on heaps the helmets roll'd,
And high-hung ſpears, and ſhields that flame with gold.
Nor vain (ſaid Merion) are our martial toils!
We too can boaſt of no ignoble ſpoils.
But thoſe my ſhip contains; whence diſtant far,
I fight conſpicuous in the van of war.
What need I more? if any Greek there be
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.

v. 339. *Spears I have ſtore, &c.*] Idomeneus deſcribes his tent as a magazine, ſtored with variety of arms won from the enemy, which were not only laid up as uſeleſs trophies of his victories, but kept there in order to ſupply his own and his friends occaſions. And this conſideration ſhews us one reaſon why theſe warriors contended with ſuch eagerneſs to carry off the arms of a vanquiſhed enemy.

This gives me an occaſion to animadvert upon a falſe remark of Euſtathius, which is inſerted in the notes on the eleventh book, "that Homer, to ſhew us nothing is ſo unſeaſonable in a battle as "to ſtay to deſpoil the ſlain, feigns that moſt of the warriors who "do it, are killed, wounded, or unſucceſsful." I am aſtoniſhed how ſo great a miſtake ſhould fall from any man who had read Homer, much more from one who had read him ſo thoroughly, and even ſuperſtitiouſly, as the old archbiſhop of Theſſalonica. There is ſcarce a book in Homer that does not abound with inſtances to the contrary, where the conquerors ſtrip their enemies, and bear off their ſpoils in triumph. It was, (as I have already ſaid in the eſſay on Homer's battles) as honourable an exploit in thoſe days to carry off the arms, as it is now to gain a ſtandard. But it is a ſtrange conſequence, that becauſe our author ſometimes repreſents a man unſucceſsful in a glorious attempt, he therefore diſcommends the attempt itſelf; and is as good an argument againſt encountering an enemy living, as againſt deſpoiling him dead. One ought not to confound this with plundering, between which Homer has ſo well marked the diſtinction; when he conſtantly ſpeaks of the ſpoils as glorious, but makes Neſtor in the ſixth book, and Hector in the fifteenth, directly forbid the pillage, as a practice that has often proved fatal in the midſt of a victory, and ſometimes even after it.

To this, Idomeneus. The fields of fight
Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;
And were ſome ambuſh for the foes deſign'd,
Ev'n there thy courage would not lag behind.
In that ſharp ſervice, ſingled from the reſt,
The fear of each, or valour, ſtands confeſt.
No force, no firmneſs, the pale coward ſhows;
He ſhifts his place; his colour comes and goes;
A dropping ſweat creeps cold on ev'ry part;
Againſt his boſom beats his quiv'ring heart;
Terror and death in his wild eye-balls ſtare;
With chatt'ring teeth he ſtands, and ſtiff'ning hair,
And looks a bloodleſs image of deſpair!
Not ſo the brave—ſtill dauntleſs, ſtill the ſame,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his ſoul, to conquer or to die:

v. 353. *To this, Idomeneus.*] There is a great deal more dialogue in Homer than in Virgil. The Roman poet's are generally ſet ſpeeches, thoſe of the Greek more in converſation. What Virgil does by two words of a narration, Homer brings about by a ſpeech; he hardly raiſes one of his heroes out of bed without ſome talk concerning it. There are not only replies, but rejoinders in Homer, a thing ſcarce ever to be found in Virgil; the conſequence whereof is that there muſt be in the Iliad many continued converſations (ſuch as this of our two heroes) a little reſembling common chit-chat. This renders the poem more natural and animated, but leſs grave and majeſtic. However, that ſuch was the way of writing generally practiſed in thoſe ancient times, appears from the like manner uſed in moſt of the books of the Old Teſtament; and it particularly agreed with our author's warm imagination, which delighted in perpetual imagery, and in painting every circumſtance of what he deſcribed.

v. 357. *In that ſharp ſervice, &c.*] In a general battle cowardice may be the more eaſily concealed, by reaſon of the number of the combatants; but in an ambuſcade, where the ſoldiers are few, each muſt be diſcovered to be what he is: this is the reaſon why the ancients entertained ſo great an idea of this ſort of war; the braveſt men were always choſen to ſerve upon ſuch occaſions. *Euſtathius.*

If aught diſturb the tenour of his breaſt,
'Tis but the wiſh to ſtrike before the reſt.
In ſuch aſſays thy blameleſs worth is known,
And ev'ry art of dang'rous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Thoſe wounds were glorious all, and all before;
Such as may teach, 'twas ſtill thy brave delight
T' oppoſe thy boſom where the foremoſt fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
Go—from my conquer'd ſpears, the choiceſt take,
And to their owners ſend them nobly back.
Swift as the word bold Merion ſnatch'd a ſpear,
And breathing ſlaughter follow'd to the war.
So Mars armipotent invades the plain,
(The wide deſtroyer of the race of man)

v. 384. *So Mars armipotent, &c.*] Homer varies his ſimilitudes with all imaginable art, ſometimes deriving them from the properties of animals, ſometimes from natural paſſions, ſometimes from the occurrences of life, and ſometimes (as in the ſimile before us) from hiſtory. The invention of Mars's paſſage from Thrace (which was feigned to be the country of that God) to the Phlegyans and Ephyrians, is a very beautiful and poetical manner of celebrating the martial genius of that people, who lived in perpetual wars.

Methinks there is ſomething of a fine enthuſiaſm, in Homer's manner of fetching a compaſs, as it were, to draw in new images, beſides thoſe in which the direct point of likeneſs conſiſts. Milton perfectly well underſtood the beauty of theſe digreſſive images, as we may ſee from the following ſimile, which is in a manner made up of them.

Thick as autumnal leaves that ſtrow the brooks
In Vallombroſa (where th' Etruran ſhades
High over-arch'd embow'r.) Or ſcatter'd ſedge
Aſloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-ſea coaſt (whoſe wave o'erthrew
Buſiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they purſu'd
The ſojourners of Goſhen, who beheld.
From the ſafe ſhore their floating carcaſſes,
And broken chariot-wheels) --- So thick beſtrown
Abject and loſt lay theſe.----

Terror, his beſt lov'd ſon, attends his courſe,
Arm'd with ſtern boldneſs, and enormous force;
The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
And lay the ſtrength of tyrants on the ground:
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring Phlegyans, and Ephyrian arms;
Invok'd by both, relentleſs they diſpoſe
To theſe glad conqueſt, murd'rous rout to thoſe.
So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,
And their bright arms ſhot horror o'er the plain.
Then firſt ſpake Merion: Shall we join the right,
Or combat in the center of the fight?
Or to the left our wanted ſuccour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.

As for the general purport of this compariſon of Homer, it gives us a noble and majeſtic idea, at once, of Idomeneus and Meriones, repreſented by Mars and his ſon Terror; in which each of theſe heroes is greatly elevated, yet the juſt diſtinction between them preſerved. The beautiful ſimile of Virgil in his twelfth Æneid is drawn with an eye to this of our author:

Qualis apud gelidi cùm flumina concitus Hebri
Sanguineus Mavors clypeo increpat, atque furentes
Bella movens immittit equos; illi æquore aperto
Ante Notos Zephyrumque volant: gemit ultima pulſu
Thraca pedum: circumque atræ Formidinis ora,
Iræque, Inſidiæque, Dei comitatus, aguntur.

v. 396. ----- *Shall we join the right,*
Or combat in the center of the fight?
Or to the left our wanted ſuccour lend?]

The common interpreters have to this queſtion of Meriones given a meaning which is highly impertinent, if not downright nonſenſe; explaining it thus: *Shall we fight on the right, or in the middle; or on the left, for no where elſe do the Greeks ſo much want aſſiſtance?* which amounts to this: "Shall we engage where our aſſiſtance is moſt "wanted, or where it is not wanted?" The context, as well as the words of the original, oblige us to underſtand it in this obvious meaning; *Shall we bring our aſſiſtance to the right, to the left, or to the center? ſince the Greeks being equally preſſed and engaged on all ſides, equally need our aid in all parts.*

Not in the center (Idomen reply'd)
Our ableſt chieftains the main battle guide;
Each god-like Ajax makes that poſt his care,
And gallant Teucer deals deſtruction there:
Skill'd, or with ſhafts to gall the diſtant field,
Or bear cloſe battle on the ſounding ſhield.
Theſe can the rage of haughty Hector tame:
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;
'Till Jove himſelf deſcends, his bolts to ſhed,
And hurl the brazen ruin at our head.
Great muſt he be, of more than human birth,
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can cruſh, nor ſteel can wound,
Whom Ajax fells not on th' enſanguin'd ground.
In ſtanding fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excell'd alone in ſwiftneſs in the courſe.
Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.
He ſaid; and Merion to the appointed place,
Fierce as the god of battles, urg'd his pace.
Soon as the foe the ſhining chiefs beheld
Ruſh like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embody'd in a tide they pour;
The riſing combat ſounds along the ſhore.

v. 400. *Not in the center, &c.*] There is in this anſwer of Idomeneus a ſmall circumſtance which is overlooked by the commentators, but in which the whole ſpirit and reaſon of what is ſaid by him conſiſts. He ſays he is in no fear for the center, ſince it is defended by Teucer and Ajax; Teucer being not only moſt famous for the uſe of the bow, but likewiſe excellent ἐν σταδίῃ, ὑσμίνῃ, in a *cloſe ſtanding fight:* and as for Ajax, though not ſo ſwift of foot as Achilles, yet he was equal to him ἐν αὐτοσταδίῃ, in the ſame *ſtedfaſt* manner of fighting; hereby intimating that he was ſecure for the center, becauſe that poſt was defended by two perſons both accompliſhed in that part of war, which was moſt neceſſary for the ſervice they were then engaged in; the two expreſſions before mentioned peculiarly ſignifying a *firm* and *ſteady* way of fighting, moſt uſeful in maintaining a poſt.

As warring winds, in Sirius' ſultry reign,
From diff'rent quarters ſweep the ſandy plain;
On ev'ry ſide the duſty whirlwinds riſe,
And the dry fields are lifted to the ſkies:
Thus by deſpair, hope, rage, together driv'n,
Met the black hoſts, and meeting, darken'd heav'n.
All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
Briſtled with upright ſpears, that flaſh'd afar;
Dire was the gleam, of breaſt-plates, helms and ſhields,
And poliſh'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields:
Tremendous ſcene! that gen'ral horror gave,
But touch'd with joy the boſoms of the brave.
Saturn's great ſons in fierce contention vy'd,
And crouds of heroes in their anger dy'd.
The ſire of earth and heav'n, by Thetis won
To crown with glory Peleus' god-like ſon,
Will'd not deſtruction to the Grecian pow'rs,
But ſpar'd awhile the deſtin'd Trojan tow'rs:
While Neptune riſing from his azure main,
Warr'd on the king of heav'n with ſtern diſdain,
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train.
Gods of one ſource, of one ethereal race,
Alike divine, and heav'n their native place;
But Jove the greater; firſt-born of the ſkies,
And more than men or gods, ſupremely wiſe.
For this, of Jove's ſuperior might afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
Theſe pow'rs infold the Greek and Trojan train
In War and Diſcord's adamantine chain.

v. 451.] It will be neceſſary, for the better underſtanding the conduct of Homer in every battle he deſcribes, to reflect on the particular kind of fight, and the circumſtances that diſtinguiſh each. In this view therefore we ought to remember through this whole book, that the battle deſcribed in it, is a fixed cloſe fight, wherein the armies engage in a groſs compact body, without any ſkirmiſhes

Indiſſolubly ſtrong; the fatal tye
Is ſtretch'd on both, and cloſe compell'd they die.
Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,
The bold Idomeneus controls the day.
Firſt by his hand Othryoneus was ſlain,
Swell'd with falſe hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high Cabeſus' diſtant walls he came;

or feats of activity ſo often mentioned in the foregoing engagements. We ſee at the beginning of it the Grecians form a Phalanx, v. 177. which continues unbroken at the very end, v. 1006. The chief weapon made uſe of is a *ſpear*, being moſt proper for this manner of combat; nor do we ſee any other uſe of a chariot, but to carry off the dead or wounded (as in the inſtance of Harpalion and Deïphobus.)

From hence we may obſerve with what judgment and propriety Homer introduces Idomeneus as the chief in action on this occaſion: for this hero being declined from his prime, and ſomewhat ſtiff with years, was only fit for this kind of engagement, as Homer expreſsly ſays in the 512th verſe of the preſent book.

Οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἔμπεδα γυῖα ποδῶν ἦν ὀρμηθέντι,
Οὔτ' ἄρ' ἐπαΐξαι μεθ' ἑὸν βέλος, οὔτ' ἀλέασθαι.
Τῷ ῥα καὶ ἐν σταδίῃ μὲν ἀμύνετο νηλεὲς ἦμαρ.

See the tranſlation, v. 648, &c.

v. 452. *In War and Diſcord's adamantine chain.*] This ſhort but comprehenſive allegory, is very proper to give us an idea of the preſent condition of the two contending armies, who being powerfully ſuſtained by the aſſiſtance of ſuperior Deities, join and mix together in a cloſe and bloody engagement, without any remarkable advantage on either ſide. To image to us this ſtate of things, the poet repreſents Jupiter and Neptune holding the two armies cloſe bound by a mighty chain, which he calls the knot of contention and war, and of which the two Gods draw the extremities, whereby the encloſed armies are compelled together, without any poſſibility on either ſide to ſeparate or conquer. There is not perhaps in Homer any image at once ſo exact and bold. Madam *Dacier* acknowledges, that deſpairing to make this paſſage ſhine in her language, ſhe purpoſely omitted it in her tranſlation: but from what ſhe ſays in her annotations, it ſeems that ſhe did not rightly apprehend the propriety and beauty of it. Hobbes too was not very ſenſible of it, when he tranſlated it ſo oddly:

And thus the ſaw from brother unto brother
Of cruel war was drawn alternately,
And many ſlain on one ſide and the other.

Caſſandra's love he ſought, with boaſts of pow'r,
And promis'd conqueſt was the proffer'd dow'r.
The king conſented, by his vaunts abus'd;
The king conſented, but the fates refus'd.
Proud of himſelf, and of th' imagin'd bride,
The field he meaſur'd with a larger ſtride.
Him, as he ſtalk'd, the Cretan jav'lin found;
Vain was his breaſt-plate to repel the wound:
His dream of glory loſt, he plung'd to hell:
His arms reſounded as the boaſter fell.
The great Idomeneus beſtrides the dead;
And thus (he cries) behold thy promiſe ſped!

v. 471. *The great Idomeneus beſtrides the dead:*
And thus (he cries) -----]

It ſeems (ſays Euſtathius on this place) that the Iliad being an heroick poem, is of too ſerious a nature to admit of raillery: yet Homer has found the ſecret of joining two things that are in a manner incompatible. For this piece of raillery is ſo far from raiſing laughter, that it becomes a hero, and is capable to enflame the courage of all who hear it. It alſo elevates the character of Idomeneus, who notwithſtanding he is in the midſt of imminent dangers, preſerves his uſual gaiety of temper, which is the greateſt evidence of an uncommon courage.

I confeſs I am of an opnion very different from this of Euſtathius, which is alſo adopted by M. Dacier. So ſevere and bloody an irony to a dying perſon is a fault in morals, if not in poetry itſelf. It ſhould not have place at all, or if it ſhould, is ill placed here. Idomeneus is repreſented a brave man, nay a man of a compaſſionate nature, in the circumſtance he was introduced in, of aſſiſting a wounded ſoldier. What provocation could ſuch an one have, to inſult ſo barbarouſly an unfortunate prince, being neither his rival nor particular enemy. True courage is inſeparable from humanity, and all generous warriors regret the very victories they gain, when they reflect what a price of blood they coſt. I know it may be anſwered, that theſe were not the manners of Homer's time; a ſpirit of violence and devaſtation then reigned, even among the choſen people of God, as may be ſeen from the actions of Joſhua, &c. However, if one would forgive the *cruelty*, one cannot forgive the *gaiety* on ſuch an occaſion. Theſe inhuman jeſts the poet was ſo far from being obliged to make, that he was on the contrary forced to break the general ſerious air of his poem to introduce them. Would it not raiſe a ſuſpicion, that (whatever we

Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
And ſuch the contract of the Phrygian king!
Our offers now, illuſtrious prince! receive;
For ſuch an aid what will not Argos give?
To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
And count Atrides' faireſt daughter thine.

ſee of his ſuperior genius in other reſpects) his own views of morality were not elevated above the barbarity of his age? I think indeed the thing by far the moſt ſhocking in this author, is that ſpirit of cruelty which appears too manifeſtly in the Iliad.

Virgil was too judicious to imitate Homer in theſe licences, and is much more reſerved in his ſarcaſms and inſults. There are not above four or five in the whole Æneid. That of Pyrrhus to Priam in the ſecond book, though barbarous in itſelf, may be accounted for as intended to raiſe a character of horror, and to render the action of Pyrrhus odious; whereas Homer ſtains his moſt favourite characters with theſe barbarities. That of Aſcanius over Numanus in the ninth, was a fair opportunity where Virgil might have indulged the humour of a cruel raillery, and have been excuſed by the youth and gaiety of the ſpeaker; yet it is no more than a very moderate anſwer to the inſolences with which he had juſt been provoked by his enemy, only retorting two of his own words upon him.

------I, verbis virtutem illude ſuperbis.
Bis capti Phryges hæc Rutulis reſponſa remittunt.

He never ſuffers his Æneas to fall into this practice, but while he is on fire with indignation after the death of his friend Pallas: that ſhort one to Mezentius is the leaſt that could be ſaid to ſuch a tyrant.

------Ubi nunc Mezentius acer, & illa
Effera vis animi?-----

The worſt-natured one I remember (which yet is more excuſable than Homer's) is that of Turnus to Eumedes in the twelfth book.

En, agros, & quam bello, Trojane, petiſti,
Heſperiam metire jacens; hæc præmia, qui me
Ferro auſi tentare, ferunt: ſic mœnia condunt.

v. 474. *And ſuch the contract of the Phrygian king, &c.*] It was but natural to raiſe a queſtion, on occaſion of theſe and other paſſages in Homer, how it comes to paſs that the heroes of different nations are ſo well acquainted with the ſtories and circumſtances of each other? Euſtathius's ſolution is no ill one, that the warriors on both ſides might learn the ſtory of their enemies from the captives they took, during the courſe of ſo long a war.

Meantime, on farther methods to adviſe,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what Greece has on her part to ſay.
He ſpoke, and dragg'd the gory corſe away.
This Aſius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;
(His crowded courſers, to his ſquire conſign'd,
Impatient panted on his neck behind)
To vengeance riſing with a ſudden ſpring,
He hop'd the conqueſt of the Cretan king.
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat diſcharg'd the forceful ſpear:
Beneath the chin the point was ſeen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant at the farther ſide.
As when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit maſt for ſome great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound,
Then ſpreads a length of ruin o'er the ground:
So ſunk proud Aſius in that dreadful day,
And ſtretch'd before his much-lov'd courſers lay.
He grinds the duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the ſhore.
Depriv'd of motion, ſtiff with ſtupid fear,
Stands all aghaſt his trembling charioteer,
Nor ſhuns the foe, nor turns the ſteeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unreſiſting prey:
Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath
The ſtately car, and labours out his breath.
Thus Aſius' ſteeds (their mighty maſter gone)
Remain the prize of Neſtor's youthful ſon.
Stabb'd at the ſight, Deïphobus drew nigh,
And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.

The Cretan ſaw; and ſtooping, caus'd to glance
From his ſlope ſhield, the diſappointed lance.
Beneath the ſpacious targe, (a blazing round,
Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,
On his rais'd arm by two ſtrong braces ſtay'd)
He lay collected in defenſive ſhade.
O'er his ſafe head the jav'lin idly ſung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
Ev'n then, the ſpear the vig'rous arm confeſt,
And pierc'd, obliquely, king Hypſenor's breaſt:
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
The chief, his people's guardian now no more!

Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries)
Nor unreveng'd, lamented Aſius lies:
For thee, tho' hell's black portals ſtand diſplay'd,
This mate ſhall joy thy melancholy ſhade.

Heart-piercing anguiſh, at the haughty boaſt,
Touch'd ev'ry Greek, but Neſtor's ſon the moſt.
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler ſhields his ſlaughter'd friend;
'Till ſad Meciſtheus and Alaſtor bore
His honour'd body to the tented ſhore.

Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
Reſolv'd to periſh in his country's cauſe,

v. 511. *The Cretan ſaw; and ſtooping, &c.*] Nothing could paint in a more lively manner this whole action, and every circumſtance of it, than the following lines. There is the poſture of Idomeneus upon ſeeing the lance flying towards him; the lifting the ſhield obliquely to turn it aſide; the arm diſcovered in that poſition; the form, compoſition, materials, and ornaments of the ſhield diſtinctly ſpecified; the flight of the dart over it; the ſound of it firſt as it flew, then as it fell; and the decay of that ſound on the edge of the buckler, which being thinner than the other parts, rather tinkled than rung, eſpecially when the firſt force of the ſtroke was ſpent on the orb of it. All this in the compaſs of ſo few lines, in which every word is an image, is ſomething more beautifully particular, than I remember to have met with in any poet.

Or find ſome foe, whom heav'n and he ſhall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.
He ſees Alcathous in the front aſpire:
Great Æſyetes was the hero's ſire;
His ſpouſe Hippodamè, divinely fair,
Anchiſes' eldeſt hope, and darling care;
Who charm'd her parent's and her huſband's heart,
With beauty, ſenſe, and ev'ry work of art:
He once, of Ilion's youth, the lovelieſt boy,
The faireſt ſhe, of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the hapleſs hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud thoſe beauteous eyes,
And fetters ev'ry limb: yet bent to meet
His fate he ſtands; nor ſhuns the lance of Crete.
Fixt as ſome column, or deep-rooted oak,
(While the winds ſleep) his breaſt receiv'd the ſtroke.
Before the pond'rous ſtroke his corſelet yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour ſends a jarring ſound:
His lab'ring heart, heaves with ſo ſtrong a bound,
The long lance ſhakes, and vibrates in the wound:

v. 543. *He once of Ilion's youth, the lovelieſt boy.*] Some manuſcripts, after theſe words, ὥρις Ἰφι Τροίῃ εὐρείῃ, inſert the three following verſes;

Πρὶν Ἀγλαοριδάς τραφέμεν καὶ Πανθόου υἷας
Ἱππασίδας θ' οἳ πᾶσι μάλ' ἐπιφέριστον ἱπποσύνῃσιν
Ἔως ἐθ ἥδην εἶχεν, ὄφελλε δὲ κύριον ἆνθος;

which I have not tranſlated, as not thinking them genuine. Mr. Barnes is of the ſame opinion.

v. 554. *His lab'ring heart, heaves with ſo ſtrong a bound,*
The long lance ſhakes, and vibrates in the wound.]

We cannot read Homer without obſerving a wonderful variety in the wounds and manner of dying. Some of theſe wounds are painted with very ſingular circumſtances, and thoſe of uncommon art and beauty. This paſſage is a maſterpiece in that way; Alcathous is pierced into the heart, which throbs with ſo ſtrong a

Faſt-flowing from its ſource, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous guſh'd away.
Then Idomen, inſulting o'er the ſlain,
Behold Deïphobus! nor vaunt in vain:
See! on one Greek three Trojan ghoſts attend,
This, my third victim, to the ſhades I ſend.
Approaching now, thy boaſted might approve,
And try the proweſs of the ſeed of Jove.
From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came:
Deucalion, blameleſs prince! was Minos' heir;
His firſt-born I, the third from Jupiter:
O'er ſpacious Crete, and her bold ſons I reign,
And thence my ſhips tranſport me thro' the main:
Lord of a hoſt, o'er all my hoſt I ſhine,
A ſcourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.
The Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with vent'rous arms, the king of Crete;
Or ſeek auxiliar force: at length decreed
To call ſome hero to partake the deed,
Forthwith Æneas riſes to his thought:
For him, in Troy's remoteſt lines, he ſought;
Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, ſtands,
And ſees ſuperior poſts in meaner hands.

pulſe, that the motion is communicated even to the diſtant end of the ſpear, which is vibrated thereby. This circumſtance might appear too bold, and the effect beyond nature, were we not informed by the moſt ſkilful anatomiſts of the wonderful force of this muſcle, which ſome of them computed to be equal to the weight of ſeveral thouſand pounds. *Lower de corde, Borellus, & alii.*

v. 578. *Incens'd at partial Priam, &c.*] Homer here gives the reaſon why Æneas did not fight in the foremoſt ranks. It was againſt his inclination that he ſerved Priam, and he was rather engaged by honour and reputation to aſſiſt his country, than by any diſpoſition to aid that prince. This paſſage is purely hiſtorical, and the ancients have preſerved to us a tradition which ſerves to explain it. They ſay that Æneas became ſuſpected by Priam, on

To him, ambitious of ſo great an aid,
The bold Deïphobus approach'd, and ſaid:
Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy boſom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathous dies, thy brother and thy friend!
Come, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend.
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;
Haſte, and revenge it on th' inſulting foe.

account of an oracle which propheſied he ſhould in proceſs of time rule over the Trojans. The king therefore ſhewed him no great degree of eſteem or conſideration, with deſign to diſcredit, and render him deſpicable to the people. *Euſtathius.* This envy of Priam, and this report of the oracle, are mentioned by Achilles to Æneas in the twentieth book.

------- ἦ σέ γε θυμὸς ἐμοὶ μαχέσασθαι ἀνώγει,
Ἐλπόμενον Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξειν ἱπποδαμοισι,
Τιμῆς τῆς Πριάμου; ἀτὰρ οὐκέτι μοῖραν ἐκείνην
Οὗτοι παισὶ γέ σε Πριάμου γέρας ἐν χερὶ θήσει.
Εἰσὶ γάρ οἱ παῖδες.------

(See v. 216, &c. of the tranſlation.) And Neptune in the ſame book,

Ἤδη γὰρ Πριάμου γενεὴν ἤχθηρε Κρονίων.
Νῦν δὲ δὴ Αἰνείαο βίη Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξει,
Καὶ παῖδες παίδων, τοί κεν μετόπισθε γένωνται.

In the tranſlation, v. 355, &c.

I ſhall conclude this note with the character of Æneas, as it is drawn by Philoſtratus, wherein he makes mention of the ſame tradition. "Æneas (ſays this author) was inferior to Hector in "battle only, in all elſe equal, and in prudence ſuperior. He "was likewiſe ſkilful in whatever related to the gods, and conſci- "ous of what deſtiny had reſerved for him after the taking of "Troy. Incapable of fear, never diſcompoſed, and particularly "poſſeſſing himſelf in the article of danger. Hector is reported "to have been called the hand, and Æneas the head of the Tro- "jans; and the latter more advantaged their affairs by his cau- "tion, than the former by his fury. Theſe two heroes were much "of the ſame age, and the ſame ſtature: the air of Æneas had "ſomething in it leſs bold and forward, but at the ſame time more "fixed and conſtant." *Philoſtrat. Heroic.*

Æneas heard, and for a ſpace reſign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind;
Then riſing in his rage, he burns to fight:
The Greek awaits him, with collected might.
As the fell boar on ſome rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrors, and to ſlaughter bred,
When the loud ruſticks riſe, and ſhout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war;
O'er his bent back the briſtly horrors riſe,
Fires ſtream in lightning from his ſanguine eyes,
His foaming tuſks both dogs and men engage,
But moſt his hunters rouſe his mighty rage:
So ſtood Idomeneus, his jav'lin ſhook,
And met the Trojan with a low'ring look.
Antilochus, Deïpyrus were near,
The youthful offspring of the god of war,
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd:
To theſe the warrior ſent his voice around.
Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
Lo, great Æneas ruſhes to the fight:
Sprung from a god, and more than mortal bold;
He freſh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
Elſe ſhould this hand, this hour, decide the ſtrife,
The great diſpute, of glory, or of life.
He ſpoke, and all as with one ſoul obey'd;
Their lifted bucklers caſt a dreadful ſhade
Around the chief. Æneas too demands
Th' aſſiſting forces of his native bands:
Paris, Deïphobus, Agenor join;
(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line)
In order follow all th' embody'd train;
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain;

v. 621. *Like Ida's flocks, &c.*] Homer, whether he treats of the cuſtoms of men or beaſts, is always a faithful interpreter of na-

Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
With joy the ſwain ſurveys them, as he leads
To the cool fountains, thro' the well-known meads,
So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and ſtretches o'er the land.
Round dead Alcathous now the battle roſe;
On ev'ry ſide the ſteely circle grows;
Now batter'd breaſt-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
And o'er their heads unheeded jav'lins ſing.
Above the reſt, two tow'ring chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
Like gods of war, diſpenſing fate, they ſtood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
The Cretan ſaw, and ſhun'd the brazen ſpear:
Sent from an arm ſo ſtrong, the miſſive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it ſtood.
But Oenomas receiv'd the Cretan's ſtroke,
The forceful ſpear his hollow corſelet broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghaſtly wound,
And roll'd the ſmoking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he ſobs away his breath,
And furious, graſps the bloody duſt in death.
The victor from his breaſt the weapon tears;
(His ſpoils he could not, for the ſhow'r of ſpears.)

ture. When ſheep leave the paſture and drink freely, it is a certain ſign, that they have found good paſturage, and that they are all ſound; it is therefore upon this account, that Homer ſays the ſhepherd rejoices. Homer, we find, well underſtood what Ariſtotle many ages after him remarked, viz. that ſheep grow fat by drinking. This therefore is the reaſon, why ſhepherds are accuſtomed to give their flocks a certain quantity of ſalt every five days in the ſummer, that they may by this means drink the more freely. *Euſtathius.*

Tho' now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumb'rous arms, ſtiff with cold age,
His liſtleſs limbs unable for the courſe;
In ſtanding fight he yet maintains his force:
'Till faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd, ſlow ſteps, he drags from off the field.
Deïphobus beheld him as he paſt,
And, fir'd with hate, a parting jav'lin caſt:
The jav'lin err'd, but held its courſe along,
And pierc'd Aſcalaphus, the brave and young:
The ſon of Mars fell gaſping on the ground,
And gnaſh'd the duſt all bloody with his wound.
Nor knew the furious father of his fall;
High-thron'd amidſt the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal ſynod ſat;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.
Now, where in duſt the breathleſs hero lay,
For ſlain Aſcalaphus commenc'd the fray.
Deïphobus to ſeize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glitt'ring prize;
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm diſcharg'd his ſpear:
He drops the weight, diſabled with the pain;
The hollow helmet rings againſt the plain.
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking jav'lin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends;
Around his waiſt his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew:

v. 655. *And, fir'd with hate.*] Homer does not tell us the occaſion of this hatred; but ſince his days, Simonides and Ibycus write, that Idomeneus and Deïphobus were rivals, and both in love with Helen. This very well agrees with the ancient tradition which Euripides and Virgil have followed: for after the death of Paris, they tell us ſhe was eſpouſed to Deïphobus. *Euſtathius.*

Him his ſwift courſers, on his ſplendid car
Rapt from the leſſ'ning thunder of the war;
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the ſhore,
And ſprinkling, as he paſt, the ſands with gore.
Meanwhile freſh ſlaughter bathes the ſanguine ground,
Heaps fall on heaps, and heav'n and earth reſound.
Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled;
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,
He pierc'd his throat; the bending head depreſt
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breaſt;
His ſhield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies;
And everlaſting ſlumber ſeals his eyes.
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round,
Tranſpierc'd his back with a diſhoneſt wound:
The hollow vein that to the neck extends
Along the chine, his eager jav'lin rends:
Supine he falls, and to his ſocial train
Spreads his imploring arms, but ſpreads in vain.
Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
From his broad ſhoulders tore the ſpoils away;
His time obſerv'd; for clos'd by foes around,
On all ſides thick, the peals of arms reſound.
His ſhield emboſs'd, the ringing ſtorm ſuſtains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great Neptune's care preſerv'd from hoſtile rage
This youth, the joy of Neſtor's glorious age)
In arms intrepid, with the firſt he fought,
Fac'd ev'ry foe, and ev'ry danger ſought;
His winged lance, reſiſtleſs as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the maſter's mind,
Reſtleſs it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the diſtant enemy.
The ſon of Aſius, Adamas drew near,
And ſtruck his target with the brazen ſpear,

Fierce in his front: but Neptune wards the blow,
And blunts the jav'lin of th' eluded foe.
In the broad buckler half the weapon ſtood;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Diſarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew;
But Merion's ſpear o'ertook him as he flew,
Deep in the belly's rim an ent'rance found,
Where ſharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.
Bending he fell, and doubled to the ground,
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
While death's ſtrong pangs diſtend his lab'ring ſide,
His bulk enormous on the field diſplays;
His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.
The ſpear, the conqu'ror from his body drew,
And death's dim ſhadows ſwam before his view.
Next brave Deïpyrus in duſt was laid:
King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
And ſmote his temples, with an arm ſo ſtrong,
The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
There, for ſome luckier Greek it reſts a prize;
For dark in death the god-like owner lies!

v. 720. *Bending he fell, and doubled to the ground,*
Lay panting.--- --] The original is,

------ ὸδ' ἐσπόμενος· περὶ δ' ἀμφὶ
Ἕκτωρ ------

The verſification repreſents the ſhort broken pantings of the dying warrior, in the ſhort ſudden break at the ſecond ſyllable of the ſecond line. And this beauty is, as it happens, preciſely copied in the Engliſh. It is not often that a tranſlator can do this juſtice to Homer, but he muſt be content to imitate theſe graces and proprieties at more diſtance, by endeavouring at ſomething parallel, though not the ſame.

v. 728. *King Helenus.*] The appellation of king was not anciently confined to thoſe only who bore the ſovereign dignity, but applied alſo to others. There was in the iſland of Cyprus a whole order of officers called kings, whoſe buſineſs it was to receive the relations of informers, concerning all that happened in the iſland, and to regulate affairs accordingly. *Euſtathius.*

Raging with grief, great Menelaüs burns,
And fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
That ſhook the pond'rous lance, in act to throw;
And this ſtood adverſe with the bended bow:
Full on his breaſt the Trojan arrow fell,
But harmleſs bounded from the plated ſteel.
As on ſome ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
(The winds collected at each open door)
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, reſulting from the ground:
So from the ſteel that guards Atrides' heart,
Repell'd to diſtance flies the bounding dart.
Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe,
Pierc'd with his lance the hand that graſp'd the bow,
And nail'd it to the eugh: the wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the ſand:
But good Agenor gently from the wound
The ſpear ſollicits, and the bandage bound;
A ſling's ſoft wool, ſnatch'd from a ſoldier's ſide,
At once the tent and ligature ſupply'd.

v. 739. *As on ſome ample barn's well-harden'd floor.*] We ought not to be ſhocked at the frequency of theſe ſimilies taken from the ideas of a rural life. In early times, before politeneſs had raiſed the eſteem of arts ſubſervient to luxury, above thoſe neceſſary to the ſubſiſtence of mankind; agriculture was the employment of perſons of the greateſt eſteem and diſtinction. We ſee, in ſacred hiſtory, princes buſy at ſheep ſhearing; and in the time of the Roman common-wealth, a dictator taken from the plough. Wherefore it ought not to be wondered at, that alluſions and compariſons of this kind are frequently uſed by ancient heroic writers, as well to raiſe, as illuſtrate their deſcriptions. But ſince theſe arts are fallen from their ancient dignity, and become the drudgery of the loweſt people, the images of them are likewiſe ſunk into meanneſs, and without this conſideration muſt appear to common readers unworthy to have place in epic poems. It was perhaps through too much deference to ſuch taſtes, that Chapman omitted this ſimile in his tranſlation.

v. 751. *A ſling's ſoft wool, ſnatch'd from a ſoldier's ſide,*
At once the tent and ligature ſupply'd.]

Behold! Piſander, urg'd by fate's decree,
Springs thro' the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great Meneleaüs! to enhance thy fame;
High-tow'ring in the front, the warrior came.
Firſt the ſharp lance was by Atrides thrown;
The lance far diſtant by the winds was blown.
Nor pierc'd Piſander thro' Atrides' ſhield;
Piſander's ſpear fell ſhiver'd on the field.
Not ſo diſcourag'd, to the future blind,
Vain dreams of conqueſt ſwell his haughty mind;

The words of the original are theſe:

Αὐτὰρ ὁ ξυνέδησεν ἰῦτρόφῳ οἰὸς ἀάτῳ
Σφενδόνῃ, ἣν ἄρα οἱ θεράπων ἔχε ποιμένι λαῶν.

This paſſage, by the commentators ancient and modern, ſeems rightly underſtood in the ſenſe expreſſed in this tranſlation: the word σφενδόνη properly ſignifying a *ſling*; which (as Euſtathius obſerves from an old ſcholiaſt) was anciently made of woollen ſtrings. Chapman alone diſſents from the common interpretation, boldly pronouncing that ſlings are no where mentioned in the Iliad, without giving any reaſon for his opinion. He therefore tranſlates the word σφενδόνη a *ſcarf*, by no other authority but that he ſays, *it was a fitter thing to hang a wounded arm in, than a ſling*; and very prettily wheedles his reader into this opinion by a moſt gallant imagination, that *his ſquire might carry this ſcarf about him as a favour of his own or of his maſter's miſtreſs*. But for the uſe he has found for this ſcarf, there is not any pretence from the original; where it is only ſaid the wound was bound up, without any mention of hanging the arm. After all, he is hard put to it in his tranſlation; for being reſolved to have a *ſcarf*, and obliged to mention *wool*, we are left entirely at a loſs to know from whence he got the latter.

A like paſſage recurs near the end of this book, where the poet ſays, the Locrians went to war without ſhield or ſpear, only armed,

Τόξοισι καὶ ἰῦτρόφῳ οἰὸς ἀάτῳ. v. 716.

Which laſt expreſſion, as all the commentators agree, ſignifies a *ſling*, though the word σφενδόνη is not uſed. Chapman here likewiſe without any colour of authority, diſſents from the common opinion; but very inconſtant in his errors, varies his miſtake, and aſſures us, *this expreſſion is the true periphraſis of a light kind of armour, called a* Jack, *which all our archers uſed to ſerve in of old, and which were ever quilted with wool.*

Dauntleſs he ruſhes where the Spartan lord
Like light'ning brandiſh'd his far-beaming ſword.
His left arm high oppos'd the ſhining ſhield:
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-ax held;
(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Diſtinct with ſtuds; and brazen was the blade)
This on the helm diſcharg'd a noble blow;
The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below,
Shorn from the creſt. Atrides wav'd his ſteel:
Deep thro' his front the weighty falchion fell;
The craſhing bones before its force gave way;
In duſt and blood the groaning hero lay;
Forc'd from their ghaſtly orbs, and ſpouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the ſhore.
The fierce Atrides ſpurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and loud-exulting, ſaid.
Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear;
O race perfidious, who delight in war!

v. 766. *The cover'd pole-ax.*] Homer never aſcribes this weapon to any but the Barbarians, for the battle-ax was not uſed in war by the politer nations. It was the favourite weapon of the Amazons. *Euſtathius.*

v. 779. *The ſpeech of Menelaus.*] This ſpeech of Menelaus over his dying enemy, is very different from thoſe with which Homer frequently makes his heroes inſult the vanquiſhed, and anſwers very well the character of this good-natured prince. Here are no inſulting taunts, no cruel ſarcaſms, nor any ſporting with the particular misfortunes of the dead: the invectives he makes are general, ariſing naturally from a remembrance of his wrongs, and being almoſt nothing elſe but a recapitulation of them. Theſe reproaches come moſt juſtly from this prince, as being the only perſon among the Greeks who had received any perſonal injury from the Trojans. The apoſtrophe he makes to Jupiter, wherein he complains of his protecting a wicked people, has given occaſion to cenſure Homer as guilty of impiety, in making his heroes tax the Gods with injuſtice: but ſince, in the former part of his ſpeech, it is expreſly ſaid, that Jupiter will certainly puniſh the Trojans by the deſtruction of their city for violating the laws of hoſpitality, the latter part ought only to be conſidered as a complaint to Jupiter for delaying that vengeance: this reflection being no more than

Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,
A princeſs rap'd tranſcends a navy ſtorm'd:
In ſuch bold feats your impious might approve,
Without the aſſiſtance, or the fear of Jove.
The violated rites, the raviſh'd dame,
Our heroes ſlaughter'd, and our ſhips on flame,
Crimes heap'd on crimes ſhall bend your glory down,
And whelm in ruins yon' flagitious town.
O thou, great Father! Lord of earth and ſkies,
Above the thought of man, ſupremely wiſe!
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe,
A godleſs crew, abandon'd and unjuſt,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and luſt?
The beſt of things beyond their meaſure, cloy;
Sleep's balmy bleſſing, love's endearing joy;
The feaſt, the dance; whate'er mankind deſire,
Ev'n the ſweet charms of ſacred numbers tire.

what a pious ſuffering mind, grieved at the flouriſhing condition of proſperous wickedneſs, might naturally fall into. Not unlike this is the complaint of the prophet Jeremiah, ch. xii. v. 1. *Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee: yet let me talk with thee of thy judgments. Wherefore doth the way of the wicked proſper? Wherefore are all they happy that deal very treacherouſly.*

Nothing can more fully repreſent the cruelty and injuſtice of the Trojans, than the obſervation with which Menelaus finiſhes their character, by ſaying, that they have a more ſtrong, conſtant, and inſatiable appetite after bloodſhed and rapine, than others have to ſatisfy the moſt agreeable pleaſures and natural deſires.

v. 795. *The beſt of things beyond their meaſure, cloy.*] Theſe words comprehend a very natural ſentiment, which perfectly ſhews the wonderful folly of men: they are ſoon wearied with the moſt agreeable things, when they are innocent; but never with the moſt toilſome things in the world, when unjuſt and criminal. *Euſtathius. Dacier.*

v. 797. *The dance.*] In the original it is called ἀμύμων, *the blameleſs dance*; to diſtinguiſh (ſays Euſtathius) what ſort of dancing it is that Homer commends. For there were two kinds of dancing practiſed among the ancients, the one reputable, invented by Minerva, or by Caſtor and Pollux; the other diſhoneſt, of which Pan, or Bac-

But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
In thirſt of ſlaughter, and in luſt of fight.
This ſaid, he ſeiz'd (while yet the carcaſs heav'd)
The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:
Then ſudden mix'd among the warring crew,
And the bold ſon of Pylæmenes ſlew.
Harpalion had thro' Aſia travell'd far,
Following his martial father to the war:
Thro' filial love he left his native ſhore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unſucceſsful ſpear he chanc'd to fling
Againſt the target of the Spartan king;
Thus of his lance diſarm'd, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehenſive eyes.
Him, thro' the hip tranſpiercing as he fled,
The ſhaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point deſcends,
And driving down, the ſwelling bladder rends:
Sunk in his ſad companions arms he lay,
And in ſhort pantings ſobb'd his ſoul away;

chus, was the author. They were diſtinguiſhed by the name of the tragic, and the comic or ſatyric dance. But thoſe which probably our author commends were certain military dances uſed by the greateſt heroes. One of this ſort was known to the Macedonians and Perſians, practiſed by Antiochus the great, and the famous Polyperchon. There was another which was danced in compleat armour, called the Pyrrhic, from Pyrrhicus the Spartan its inventor, which continued in faſhion among the Lacedæmonians. Scaliger the father remarks, that this dance was too laborious to remain long in uſe even among the antients; however, it ſeems that labour could not diſcourage this bold critic from reviving that laudable kind of dance in the preſence of the emperor Maximilian and his whole court. It is not to be doubted but the performance raiſed their admiration; nor much to be wondered at, if they deſired to ſee more than once ſo extraordinary a ſpectacle, as we have it in his own words. *Poëtices, lib.* i. *cap.* 18. *Hanc ſaltationem* [Pyrrhicam] *nos & ſæpe, & diu, coram divo Maximiliano, juſſu Bonifacii patrui, non ſine ſtupero totius Germaniæ, repræſentavimus.*

(Like ſome vile worm extended on the ground)
While life's red torrent guſh'd from out the wound.
Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
In ſlow proceſſion bore from off the plain.
The penſive father, father now no more!
Attends the mournful pomp along the ſhore;

v. 819. *Like ſome vile worm extended on the ground.*] I cannot be of Euſtathius's opinion, that this ſimile was deſigned to debaſe the character of Harpalion, and to repreſent him in a mean and diſgraceful view, as one who had nothing noble in him. I rather think from the character he gives of this young man, whoſe piety carried him to the wars to attend his father, and from the air of this whole paſſage, which is tender and pathetic, that he intended this humble compariſon only as a mortifying picture of human miſery and mortality. As to the verſes which Euſtathius alledges for a proof of the cowardice of Harpalion,

Ἂψ δ' ἐπάρων εἰς ἧθος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων,
Παίονος ἀκοντιστύν.

The retreat deſcribed in the firſt verſe is common to the greateſt heroes in Homer; the ſame words are applied to Deïphobus and Meriones in this book, and to Patroclus in the xvith, v. 817. of the Greek. The ſame thing in other words is ſaid even of the great Ajax, Il. xv. v. 728. And we have Ulyſſes deſcribed in the ivth, v. 497. with the ſame circumſpection and fear of the darts: tho' none of thoſe warriors have the ſame reaſon as Harpalion for their retreat or caution, he alone being unarmed, which circumſtance takes away all imputation of cowardice.

v. 823. *The penſive father.*] We have ſeen in the vth Iliad the death of Pylæmenes general of the Paphlagonians. How comes he then in this place to be introduced as following the funeral of his ſon? Euſtathius informs us of a moſt ridiculous ſolution of ſome critics, who thought it might be the ghoſt of his unhappy father, who not being yet interred, according to the opinion of the ancients, wandered upon the earth. Zenodotus not ſatisfied with this (as indeed he had little reaſon to be) changed the name Pylæmenes into Kylæmenes. Didymus thinks there were two of the ſame name; as there are in Homer two Schedius's, two Eurymedon's, and three Adraſtus's. And others correct the verſe by adding a negative, μετὰ δ' οὐ σφι πατὴρ κίε; *his father did* not *follow his chariot with his face bathed in tears.* Which laſt, if not of more weight than the reſt, is yet more ingenious. *Euſtathius. Dacier.*

Nor did his valiant father (now no more)
Purſue the mournful pomp along the ſhore,
No fire ſurviv'd, to grace th' untimely bier,
Or ſprinkle the cold aſhes with a tear.

And unavailing tears profuſely ſhed;
And unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.
Paris from far the moving fight beheld,
With pity ſoften'd, and with fury ſwell'd:
His honour'd hoſt, a youth of matchleſs grace,
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race!
With his full ſtrength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his ſeat in Corinth's ſtately town;
Polydus' ſon, a ſeer of old renown.
Oft' had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or ſlow diſeaſe at home:
He climb'd his veſſel, prodigal of breath,
And choſe the certain, glorious path to death.
Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
The ſoul came iſſuing at the narrow vent:
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop uſeleſs on the ground,
And everlaſting darkneſs ſhades him round.
Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield,
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field)

v. 840. *And choſe the certain, glorious path to death.*] Thus we ſee Euchenor is like Achilles, who ſailed to Troy, though he knew he ſhould fall before it: this might ſomewhat have prejudiced the character of Achilles, every branch of which ought to be ſingle and ſuperior to all others, as he ought to be without a rival in every thing that ſpeaks a hero: therefore we find two eſſential differences between Euchenor and Achilles, which preſerve the ſuperiority of the hero of the poem. Achilles, if he had not ſailed to Troy, had enjoyed a long life; but Euchenor had been ſoon cut off by ſome cruel diſeaſe. Achilles being independent, and a king, could have lived at eaſe at home, without being obnoxious to any diſgrace; but Euchenor being but a private man, muſt either have gone to the war, or been expoſed to an ignominious penalty. *Euſtathius. Dacier.*

v. 845. *Nor knew great Hector, &c.*] Moſt part of this book being employed to deſcribe the brave reſiſtance the Greeks made on their left under Idomeneus and Meriones; the poet now ſhifts the ſcene, and returns to Hector, whom he left in the center of the ar-

Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
And conqueſt hovers o'er th' Achaian bands:
With ſuch a tide ſuperior virtue ſway'd,
And * he that ſhakes the ſolid earth, gave aid.
But in the center Hector fix'd remain'd,
Where firſt the gates were forc'd, and bulwarks gain'd;
There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval ſtation where th' Ajaces keep,
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whoſe humble barrier ſcarce the foes divides;
Where late in fight, both foot and horſe engag'd,
And all the thunder of the battle rag'd)
There join'd, the whole Bœotian ſtrength remains,
The proud Ionians with their ſweeping trains,
Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epæan force;
But join'd, repel not Hector's fiery courſe.
The flow'r of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led;
Bias, and great Meneſtheus at their head.

my, after he had paſſed the wall, endeavouring in vain to break the phalanx where Ajax commanded. And that the reader might take notice of this change of place, and carry diſtinctly in his mind each ſcene of action, Homer is very careful in the following lines to let us know that Hector ſtill continues in the place where he had firſt paſſed the wall, at that part of it which was loweſt, (as appears from Sarpedon's having pulled down one of its battlements on foot, lib. xii.) and which was neareſt the ſtation where the ſhips of Ajax were laid, becauſe that hero was probably thought a ſufficient guard for that part. As the poet is ſo very exact in deſcribing each ſcene as in a chart or plan, the reader ought to be careful to trace each action in it; otherwiſe he will ſee nothing but confuſion in things which are in themſelves very regular and diſtinct. This obſervation is the more neceſſary, becauſe even in this place, where the poet intended to prevent any ſuch miſtake, Dacier and other interpreters have applied to the preſent action what is only a recapitulation of the time and place deſcribed in the former book.

v. 861. *Phthians.*] The Phthians are not the troops of Achilles, for theſe were called Phthiotes; but they were the troops of Proteſilaus and Philoctetes. *Euſtathius.*

* Neptune.

Meges the ſtrong th' Epeian bands controll'd,
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold;
The Phthians Medon, fam'd for martial might,
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
This drew from Phylacus his noble line;
Iphiclus' ſon: and that (Oïleus) thine:
(Young Ajax' brother, by a ſtol'n embrace;
He dwelt far diſtant from his native place,
By his fierce ſtepdame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exil'd for her brother ſlain.)
Theſe rules the Phthians, and their arms employ
Mixt with Bœotians, on the ſhores of Troy.
Now ſide by ſide, with like unweary'd care,
Each Ajax labour'd thro' the field of war:
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright ploughſhare thro' the fallow ſoil,
Join'd to one yoke, the ſtubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the ſhining ſhare;
O'er their huge limbs the foam deſcends in ſnow,
And ſtreams of ſweat down their ſour foreheads flow.
A train of heroes follow'd thro' the field,
Who bore by turns great Ajax' ſev'nfold ſhield;
Whene'er he breath'd, remiſſive of his might,
Tir'd with th' inceſſant ſlaughters of the fight.
No following troops his brave aſſociate grace:
In cloſe engagement an unpractis'd race,
The Locrian ſquadrons nor the jav'lin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony ſhield;

v. 879. *So when two lordly bulls, &c.*] The image here given of the Ajaces is very lively and exact; there being no circumſtance of their preſent condition that is not to be found in the compariſon; and no particular in the compariſon that does not reſemble the action of the heroes. Their ſtrength and labour, their unanimity and nearneſs to each other, the difficulties they ſtruggle againſt; and the ſweat occaſioned by the ſtruggling, perfectly correſponding with the ſimile.

But ſkill'd from far the flying ſhaft to wing,
Or whirl the ſounding pebble from the ſling,
Dext'rous with theſe they aim a certain wound,
Or fell the diſtant warrior to the ground.
Thus in the van, the Telamonian train
Throng'd in bright arms, a preſſing fight maintain;
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whoſe ſtones and arrows intercept the ſky,
The mingled tempeſt on the foes they pour;
Troy's ſcatt'ring orders open to the ſhow'r.
Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd;
But ſage Polydamas, diſcreetly brave,
Addreſs'd great Hector, and this counſel gave.
Tho' great in all, thou ſeem'ſt averſe to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;
To gods and men thy matchleſs worth is known,
And ev'ry art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counſel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well?
Content with what the bounteous gods have giv'n,
Seek not alone t' engroſs the gifts of heav'n.
To ſome the pow'rs of bloody war belong,
To ſome, ſweet muſick, and the charm of ſong;
To few, and wond'rous few, has Jove aſſign'd
A wiſe, extenſive, all-conſid'ring mind;
Their guardians theſe, the nations round confeſs,
And towns and empires for their ſafety bleſs.
If heav'n have lodg'd this virtue in my breaſt,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the beſt.
See, as thou mov'ſt, on dangers dangers ſpread,
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.

Behold! diſtreſs'd within yon hoſtile wall,
How many Trojans yield, diſperſe, or fall?
What troops, out-number'd, ſcarce the war maintain?
And what brave heroes at the ſhips lie ſlain?
Here ceaſe thy fury; and the chiefs and kings
Convok'd to council, weigh the ſum of things.
Whether (the gods ſucceeding our deſires)
To yon' tall ſhips to bear the Trojan fires;
Or quit the fleet, and paſs unhurt away,
Contented with the conqueſt of the day.
I fear, I fear, leſt Greece not yet undone,
Pay the large debt of laſt revolving ſun;
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!
The counſel pleas'd; and Hector, with a bound,
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;
Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms reſound.

v. 937. *Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains*
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!]

There never was a nobler encomium than this of Achilles. It ſeems enough to ſo wiſe a counſellor as Polydamas, to convince ſo intrepid a warrior as Hector, in how great danger the Trojans ſtood, to ſay, Achilles *ſees us*. "Though he abſtains from the "fight, he ſtill caſts his eye on the battle; it is true, we are a "brave army, and yet keep our ground, but ſtill Achilles ſees us, "and we are not ſafe." This reflection makes him a god, a ſingle regard of whom can turn the fate of armies, and determine the deſtiny of a whole people. And how nobly is this thought extended in the progreſs of the poem, where we ſhall ſee in the xvith book the Trojans fly at the firſt ſight of his armour, worn by Patroclus; and in the xviiith their defeat compleated by his ſole appearance, unarmed on his ſhip.

v. 939. *Hector, with a bound, leap'd from his chariot.*] Hector having in the laſt book alighted, and cauſed the Trojans to leave their chariots behind them, when they paſs the trench, and no mention of any chariot but that of Aſius ſince occurring in the battle; we muſt neceſſarily infer, either that Homer has neglected to mention the advance of the chariots, (a circumſtance which ſhould not have been omitted) or elſe, that he is guilty here of a great miſtake in making Hector leap from his chariot. I think it

To guard this poſt (he cry'd) thy art employ,
And here detain the ſcatter'd youth of Troy;
Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
And haſten back to end the doubtful day.
This ſaid; the tow'ring chief prepares to go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
And ſeems a moving mountain topt with ſnow.

evident, that this is really a ſlip of the poet's memory: for in this very book, v. 533. (of the orig.) we ſee Polites leads off his wounded brother to the place where his chariot remained behind the army. And again in the next book, Hector being wounded, is carried out of the battle in his ſoldiers arms to the place where his horſes and chariot waited at a diſtance from the battle.

----------τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἑταῖροι
Χερσὶν ἀείραντες φέρον ἐκ πόνου, ὄφρ' ἵκεθ' ἵππους
Ὠκέας οἱ οἱ ὄπισθε μάχης ἠδὲ πολέμοιο.
Ἕσασαν -------- *Lib.* xiv. v. 428.

But what puts it beyond diſpute, that the chariots continued all this time in the place where they firſt quitted them, is a paſſage in the beginning of the xvth book, where the Trojans being overpowered by the Greeks, fly back over the wall and trench, till they came to the place where their chariots ſtood,

Οἱ μὲν ἄρ' παρ' ὄχεσφιν ἐρητύοντο μίνυνθες. *Lib.* xv. v. 3.

Neither Euſtathius nor Dacier have taken any notice of this incongruity, which would tempt one to believe they were willing to overlook what they could not excuſe. I muſt honeſtly own my opinion, that there are ſeveral other negligences of this kind in Homer. I cannot think otherwiſe of the paſſage in the preſent book concerning Pylæmenes, notwithſtanding the excuſes of the commentators which are there given. The very uſing the ſame name in different places for different perſons, confounds the reader in the ſtory, and is what certainly would be better avoided: ſo that it is to no purpoſe to ſay, there might as well be two Pylæmenes's as two Schedius's, two Eurymedon's, two Opheleſtes's, &c. ſince it is more blameable to be negligent in many inſtances than in one. Virgil is not free from this, as Macrobius has obſerved, *Sat.* lib. v. c. 13. But the abovementioned names are proofs of that critic's being greatly miſtaken in affirming that Homer is not guilty of the ſame. It is one of thoſe many errors he was led into, by his partiality to Homer above Virgil.

v. 948. *And ſeems a moving mountain topt with ſnow.*] This ſimile is very ſhort in the original, and requires to be opened a little to diſcover its full beauty. I am not of M. Dacier's opinion, that the

Thro' all his hoſt, inſpiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder riſe.
To Panthus' ſon, at Hector's high command,
Haſte the bold leaders of the Trojan band:
But round the battlements, and round the plain,
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deïphobus, nor Helenus the ſeer,
Nor Aſius' ſon, nor Aſius' ſelf appear.
For theſe were pierc'd with many a ghaſtly wound,
Some cold in death, ſome groaning on the ground;
Some low in duſt (a mournful object) lay;
High on the wall ſome breath'd their ſouls away.
Far on the left, amid the throng he found
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
The graceful Paris; whom, with fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd.
Ill-fated Paris! ſlave to womankind,
As ſmooth of face as fraudulent of mind!

luſtre of Hector's armour was that which furniſhed Homer with this image; it ſeems rather to allude to the plume upon his helmet, in the action of ſhaking which, this hero is ſo frequently painted by our author, and from thence diſtinguiſhed by the remarkable epithet κορυθαίολος. This is a very pleaſing image, and very much what painters call *pictureſque*. I fancy it gave the hint for a very fine one in Spenſer, where he repreſents the perſon of Contemplation in the figure of a venerable old man almoſt conſumed with ſtudy:

His ſnowy locks adown his ſhoulders ſpread,
As hoary froſt with ſpangles doth attire
The moſſy branches of an oak half dead.

v. 965. *Ill-fated Paris!*] The reproaches which Hector here caſts on Paris, gives us the character of this hero, who in many things reſembles Achilles; being (like him) unjuſt, violent, and impetuous, and making no diſtinction between the innocent and criminal. It is he who is obſtinate in attacking the entrenchments, yet aſks an account of thoſe who were ſlain in the attack from Paris; and though he ought to blame himſelf for their deaths, yet he ſpeaks to Paris, as if through his cowardice he had ſuffered theſe to be ſlain, whom he might have preſerved if he had fought courageouſly. *Euſtathius.*

Where is Deïphobus, where Aſius gone?
The god-like father, and th' intrepid ſon?
The force of Helenus, diſpenſing fate;
And great Othryoneus, ſo fear'd of late?
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging gods,
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods;
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins ſhalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance ſwallow all.
When Paris thus: My brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deſerv'd thy blame,
Tho' then not deedleſs, nor unknown to fame:
But ſince yon' rampart by thy arms lay low,
I ſcatter'd ſlaughter from my fatal bow.
The chiefs you ſeek on yonder ſhore lie ſlain;
Of all thoſe heroes, two alone remain;
Deïphobus, and Helenus the ſeer:
Each now diſabled by a hoſtile ſpear.
Go then, ſucceſsful, where thy ſoul inſpires:
This heart and hand ſhall ſecond all thy fires:
What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
'Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
But 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat; ſtrength is of the gods alone.
Theſe words the hero's angry mind aſſuage:
Then fierce they mingle where the thickeſt rage.
Around Polydamas, diſtain'd with blood,
Cebrion, Phalces, ſtern Orthæus ſtood,
Palmus, with Polypœtes the divine,
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line:
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Aſcania far,
The former day; the next engag'd in war.)
As when from gloomy clouds a whilwind ſprings,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,

Wide o'er the blaſted fields the tempeſt ſweeps;
Then gather'd, ſettled on the hoary deeps;
Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the ſhore:
Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:
Full in the blazing van great Hector ſhin'd,
Like Mar's commiſſion'd to confound mankind.
Before him flaming, his enormous ſhield
Like the broad ſun, illumin'd all the field:
His nodding helm emits a ſtreamy ray;
His piercing eyes thro' all the battle ſtray,
And, while, beneath his targe he flaſh'd along,
Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the ſtrong.
Thus ſtalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his look;
Whole nations fear'd: but not an Argive ſhook.
The tow'ring Ajax, with an ample ſtride
Advanc'd the firſt, and thus the chief defy'd.
Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear:
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thund'ring Jove we fear:
The ſkill of war to us not idly giv'n,
Lo! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but heav'n.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet the Greeks have hands, and hearts.
Long e'er in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boaſted city, and your god-built wall

v. 1005. *Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the ſhore.*] I have endeavoured in this verſe to imitate the confuſion, and broken ſound of the original, which images the tumult and roaring of many waters.

Κύμαλα παφλάζοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο Θαλάσσης
Κυρτὰ, φαληριόωντα.------

Shall ſink beneath us, ſmoking on the ground;
And ſpread a long, unmeaſur'd ruin round.
The time ſhall come, when chas'd along the plain
Ev'n thou ſhalt call on Jove, and call in vain;
Ev'n thou ſhalt wiſh, to aid thy deſp'rate courſe,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horſe;
Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
While clouds of friendly duſt conceal thy ſhame.

v. 1037. *Clouds of friendly duſt.*] A critic might take occaſion from hence, to ſpeak of the exact time of the year in which the actions of the Iliad are ſuppoſed to have happened. And (according to the grave manner of a learned diſſertator) begin by informing us, that he has found it muſt be the *ſummer* ſeaſon, from the frequent mention made of clouds of *duſt*: though what he diſcovers might be full as well inferred from common ſenſe, the ſummer being the natural ſeaſon for a campaign. However, he ſhould quote all theſe paſſages at large; and adding to the article of *duſt* as much as he can find of the *ſweat* of the heroes, it might fill three pages very much to his own ſatisfaction. It would look well to obſerve farther, that the fields are deſcribed flowery, Il. ii. v. 546. that the branches of a tamariſk-tree are flouriſhing, Il. x. v. 537. that the warriors ſometimes waſh themſelves in the ſea, Il. x. v. 674. and ſometimes refreſh themſelves by cool breezes from the ſea, Il. xi. v. 762. that Diomed ſleeps out of his tent on the ground, Il. x. v. 170. that the flies are very buſy about the dead body of Patroclus, Il. xix. v. 30. that Apollo covers the body of Hector with a cloud to prevent its being ſcorched, Il. xxiii. All this would prove the very thing which was ſaid at firſt, that it was *ſummer*. He might next proceed to enquire, what preciſe critical time of ſummer? And here the mention of new-made honey in Il. xi. v. 771. might be of great ſervice in the inveſtigation of this important matter: he would conjecture from hence, that it muſt be near the end of ſummer, honey being ſeldom taken till that time; to which having added the plague which rages in book i. and remarked, that infections of that kind generally proceed from the extremeſt heats, which heats are not till near the *autumn*; the learned enquirer might hug himſelf in this diſcovery, and conclude with triumph.

If any one think this too ridiculous to have been ever put in practice, he may ſee what Boſſu has done to determine the preciſe ſeaſon of the Æneid, lib. iii. c. 12. The memory of that learned critic failed him, when he produced as one of the proofs that it was autumn, a paſſage in the vith book, where the fall of the leaf is only mentioned in a *ſimile*. He has alſo found out a beauty in Homer, which few even of his greateſt admirers can believe he

As thus he ſpoke, behold, in open view,
On ſounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians riſe,
And hail, with ſhouts, his progreſs thro' the ſkies:
Far-echoing clamours bound from ſide to ſide;
They ceas'd; and thus the chief of Troy reply'd.
From whence this menace, this inſulting ſtrain?
Enormous boaſter! doom'd to vaunt in vain.
So may the gods on Hector life beſtow,
(Not that ſhort life which mortals lead below,
But ſuch as thoſe of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd Maid, or He that gilds the morn.)
As this deciſive day ſhall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.
And thou, imperious, if thy madneſs wait
The lance of Hector, thou ſhalt meet thy fate:
That giant-corſe, extended on the ſhore,
Shall largely feaſt the fowls with fat and gore.
He ſaid, and like a lion ſtalk'd along:
With ſhouts inceſſant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his foll'wing hoſt: the Grecian train
With anſwering thunders fill'd the echoing plain;
A ſhout that tore heav'n's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd ſplendors of the throne of Jove.

intended; which is, that to the *violence* and *fury* of the Iliad he artfully adapted the *heat* of *ſummer*, but to the Odyſſey the *cooler* and *maturer* ſeaſon of *autumn*, to correſpond with the *ſedateneſs* and *prudence* of Ulyſſes.

THE

ILIAD.

*BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the girdle of Venus.

NESTOR ſitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the encreaſing clamour of the war, and haſtens to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulyſſes, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon propoſes to make their eſcape by night, which Ulyſſes withſtands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they ſhould go forth and encourage the army with their preſence; which advice is purſued. Juno ſeeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a deſign to overreach him; ſhe ſets off her charms with the utmoſt care, and (the more ſurely to enchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herſelf to the god of Sleep, and, with ſome difficulty, perſuades him to ſeal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, ſhe goes to mount Ida, where the god, at firſt ſight, is raviſhed with her beauty, ſinks in her embraces, and is laid aſleep. Neptune takes advantage of his ſlumber, and ſuccours the Greeks: Hector is ſtruck to the ground with a prodigious ſtone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: ſeveral actions ſucceed; till the Trojans much diſtreſſed, are obliged to give way: the leſſer Ajax ſignalizes himſelf in a particular manner.

* The poet, to advance the character of Neſtor, and give us a due eſteem for his conduct and circumſpection, repreſents him as deeply ſollicitous for the common good: in the very article of mirth or relaxation from the toils of war, he is all attention to learn the fate and iſſue of the battle: and through his long uſe and ſkill in martial events, he judges from the nature of the uproar ſtill encreaſing, that the fortune of the day is held no longer in ſuſpenſe, but inclines to one ſide. *Euſtathius.*

BUT nor the genial feaſt, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Neſtor's watchful ſoul;
His ſtartled ears th' encreaſing cries attend;
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend.
What new alarm, divine Machaon, ſay,
What mixt events attend this mighty day?
Hark! how the ſhouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!
Here, with the cordial draught diſpel thy care,
Let Hecamede the ſtrength'ning bath prepare,
Refreſh thy wound, and cleanſe the clotted gore;
While I th' adventures of the day explore.
He ſaid: and ſeizing Thraſimedes' ſhield,
(His valiant offspring) haſten'd to the field;
(That day, the ſon his father's buckler bore)
Then ſnatch'd a lance, and iſſu'd from the door.
Soon as the proſpect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the ſcene of ſorrow knew;
Dire diſarray! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.

v. 1. *But nor the genial feaſt.*] At the end of the eleventh book we left Neſtor at the table with Machaon. The attack of the entrenchments, deſcribed through the twelfth and thirteenth books, happened while Neſtor and Machaon ſat at the table; nor is there any improbability herein, ſince there is nothing performed in thoſe two books, but what might naturally happen in the ſpace of two hours. Homer conſtantly follows the thread of his narration, and never ſuffers his reaſon to forget the train of action, or the time it employs. *Dacier.*

v. 10. *Let Hecamede the bath prepare.*] The cuſtom of women officiating to men in the bath, was uſual in ancient times. Examples are frequent in the Odyſſey. And it is not at all more odd, or to be ſneered at, than the cuſtom now uſed in France, of Valets de Chambres dreſſing and undreſſing the ladies.

As when old Ocean's ſilent ſurface ſleeps,
The waves juſt heaving on the purple deeps:
While yet th' expected tempeſt hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the ſky,
The maſs of waters will no wind obey;
Jove ſends one guſt, and bids them roll away.
While wav'ring counſels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian ſage,
To join the hoſt, or to the gen'ral haſte;
Debating long, he fixes on the laſt:

v. 21. *As when old Ocean's ſilent ſurface ſleeps.*] There are no where more finiſhed pictures of nature than thoſe which Homer draws in ſeveral of his compariſons. The beauty however of ſome of theſe will be loſt to many, who cannot perceive the reſemblance, having never had opportunity to obſerve the things themſelves. The life of this deſcription will be moſt ſenſible to thoſe who have been at ſea in a calm: in this condition the water is not entirely motionleſs, but ſwells gently in ſmooth waves, which fluctuate backwards and forwards in a kind of balancing motion: this ſtate continues till a riſing wind gives a determination to the waves, and rolls them one certain way. There is ſcarce any thing in the whole compaſs of nature that can more exactly repreſent the ſtate of an irreſolute mind, wavering between two different deſigns, ſometimes inclining to the one, ſometimes to the other, and then moving to that point to which its reſolution is at laſt determined. Every circumſtance of this compariſon is both beautiful and juſt; and it is the more to be admired, becauſe it is very difficult to find ſenſible images proper to repreſent the motions of the mind; wherefore we but rarely meet with ſuch compariſons even in the beſt poets. There is one of great beauty in Virgil, upon a ſubject very like this, where he compares his hero's mind, agitated with a great variety, and quick ſucceſſion of thoughts, to a dancing light reflected from a veſſel of water in motion:

Cuncta videns, magno curarum fluctuat æſtu,
Atque animum, nunc huc, celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
In parteſque rapit varias, perque omnia verſat.
Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis
Sole repercuſſum, aut radiantis imagine lunæ,
Omnia pervolitat latè loca; jamque ſub auras
Erigitur, ſummique ferit laquearia tecti.

Æn. lib. viii. v. 19.

v. 30. *He fixes on the laſt.*] Neſtor appears in this place a great friend to his prince; for upon deliberating whether he ſhould go

Yet, as he moves, the fight his boſom warms;
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;
The gleaming falchions flaſh, the jav'lins fly;
Blows echo blows, and all or kill, or die.

Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,
By tardy ſteps aſcending from the fleet:
The king of men, Ulyſſes the divine,
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
(Their ſhips at diſtance from the battle ſtand,
In lines advanc'd along the ſhelving ſtrand:

through the body of the Grecian hoſt, or elſe repair to Agamemnon's tent, he determines at laſt, and judges it the beſt way to go to the latter. Now becauſe it had been ill concerted to have made a man of his age walk a great way round about in queſt of his commander, Homer has ordered it ſo, that he ſhould meet Agamemnon in his way thither. And nothing could be better imagined than the reaſon, why the wounded princes left their tents; they were impatient to behold the battle, anxious for its ſucceſs, and deſirous to inſpirit the ſoldiers by their preſence. The poet was obliged to give a reaſon; for in Epic Poetry, as well as in Dramatic, no perſon ought to be introduced without ſome neceſſity, or at leaſt ſome probability for his appearance. *Euſtathius.*

v. 39. *Their ſhips at diſtance, &c.*] Homer being always careful to diſtinguiſh each ſcene of action, gives a very particular deſcription of the ſtation of the ſhips, ſhewing in what manner they lay drawn up on the land. This he had only hinted at before; but here taking occaſion on the wounded heroes coming from their ſhips, which were at a diſtance from the fight (while others were engaged in the defence of thoſe ſhips where the wall was broke down) he tells us, that the ſhore of the bay (comprehended between the Rhætan and Sigæan promontories) was not ſufficient to contain the ſhips in one line: which they were therefore obliged to draw up in ranks, ranged in parallel lines along the ſhore. How many of theſe lines there were, the poet does not determine. M. Dacier, without giving any reaſon for her opinion, ſays they were but two; one advanced near the wall, the other on the verge of the ſea. But it is more than probable, that there were ſeveral intermediate lines; ſince the order in which the veſſels lay is here deſcribed by a metaphor taken from the ſteps of a *ſcaling-ladder*; which had been no way proper to give an image only of two ranks, but very fit to repreſent a greater, though undetermined number. That there were more than two lines, may likewiſe be inferred from what we find in the beginning of the eleventh book; where it is ſaid, that the voice of *Diſcord*, ſtanding on the ſhip of Ulyſ-

Whoſe bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length; beſide the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crouded ſhips they moor:
Who landed firſt, lay higheſt on the ſhore.)
Supported on their ſpears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Neſtor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breaſt,
Whom thus the gen'ral of the hoſt addreſt.

O grace and glory of th' Achaian name!
What drives thee, Neſtor, from the field of fame?
Shall then proud Hector ſee his boaſt fulfill'd,
Our fleets in aſhes, and our heroes kill'd?
Such was his threat, ah now too ſoon made good,
On many a Grecian boſom writ in blood.

ſes, *in the middle of the fleet*, was heard as far as the ſtations of Achilles and Ajax, *whoſe ſhips were drawn up in the two extremities*: thoſe of Ajax were neareſt the wall (as is expreſly ſaid in the 682d verſe of the thirteenth book, *in the original*) and thoſe of Achilles neareſt the ſea, as appears from many paſſages ſcattered through the Iliad.

It muſt be ſuppoſed that thoſe ſhips were drawn higheſt upon land, which firſt approached the ſhore; the firſt line therefore conſiſted of thoſe who firſt diſembarked, which were the ſhips of Ajax and Proteſilaus; the latter of whom ſeems mentioned in the verſe above-cited of the thirteenth book, only to give occaſion to obſerve this; for he was ſlain as he landed firſt of the Greeks. And accordingly we ſhall ſee in the fifteenth book, it is his ſhip that is firſt attacked by the Trojans, as it lay the neareſt to them.

We may likewiſe gueſs how it happens, that the ſhips of Achilles were placed neareſt to the ſea; for in the anſwer of Achilles to Ulyſſes in the ninth book, v. 432. he mentions a naval expedition he had made while Agamemnon lay ſafe in the camp: ſo that his ſhips at their return did naturally lie next the ſea; which, without this conſideration, might appear a ſtation not ſo becoming this hero's courage.

v. 47. *Neſtor's approach alarm'd.*] That ſo laborious a perſon as Neſtor has been deſcribed, ſo indefatigable, ſo little indulgent of his extreme age, and one that never receded from the battle, ſhould approach to meet them; this it was that ſtruck the princes with amazement, when they ſaw he had left the field. *Euſtathius.*

Is ev'ry heart inflam'd with equal rage
Againſt your king, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to ſee with mournful eyes
In ev'ry Greek a new Achilles riſe?
Gerenian Neſtor then. So Fate has will'd;
And all-confirming Time has Fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from the aërial bow'r,
Not Jove himſelf, upon the paſt has pow'r.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And beſt defence, lies ſmoking on the ground:
Ev'n to the ſhips their conqu'ring arms extend,
And groans of ſlaughter'd Greeks to heav'n aſcend.
On ſpeedy meaſures then employ your thought,
In ſuch diſtreſs. If counſel profit ought;
Arms cannot much: tho' Mars our ſouls incite;
Theſe gaping wounds withold us from the fight.
To him the monarch. That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet aſcends,
And that the rampart, late our ſureſt truſt,
And beſt defence, lies ſmoking in the duſt:
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Paſt are the days when happier Greece was bleſt,
And all his favour, all his aid confeſt;
Now heav'n averſe, our hands from battle ties,
And liſts the Trojan glory to the ſkies.
Ceaſe we at length to waſte our blood in vain,
And launch what ſhips lie neareſt to the main;

v. 81. *Ceaſe we at length, &c.*] Agamemnon either does not know what courſe to take in this diſtreſs, or only ſounds the ſentiments of his nobles, (as he did in the ſecond book, of the whole army.) He delivers himſelf firſt after Neſtor's ſpeech, as it became a counſellor to do: but knowing this advice to be diſhonourable, and unſuitable to the character he aſſumes elſewhere ἰδρώτι μὲν τῷ Τελαμωνίῳ, &c. and conſidering that he ſhould do no better

Leave theſe at anchor 'till the coming night :
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to ſea, and hoiſt each ſail for flight.
Better from evils, when foreſeen, to run,
Than periſh in the danger we may ſhun.
Thus he. The ſage Ulyſſes thus replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes.
What ſhameful words (unkingly as thou art)
Fall from that trembling tongue, and tim'rous heart?
Oh were thy ſway the curſe of meaner pow'rs,
And thou the ſhame of any hoſt but ours!
A hoſt, by Jove endu'd with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight :

than abandon his poſt, when before he had threatened the deſerters with death; he reduces his counſel into the form of a proverb, diſguiſing it as handſomely as he can under a ſentence. *It is better to ſhun an evil, &c.* It is obſervable too how he has qualified the expreſſion: he does not ſay, to *ſhun the battle*, for that had been unſoldierly; but he ſoftens the phraſe, and calls it, to ſhun *evil*: and this word *evil* he applies twice together, in adviſing them to leave the engagement.

It is farther remarked, that this was the nobleſt opportunity for a general to try the temper of his officers; for he knew that in a calm of affairs, it was common with moſt people, either out of flattery or reſpect to ſubmit to their leaders: but in imminent danger fear does not bribe them, but every one diſcovers his very ſoul, valuing all other conſiderations, in regard to his ſafety, but in the ſecond place. He knew the men he ſpoke to were prudent perſons, and not eaſy to caſt themſelves into a precipitate flight. He might likewiſe have a mind to recommend himſelf to his army by the means of his officers; which he was not very able to do of himſelf, angry as they were at him, for the affront he had offered Achilles, and by conſequence thinking him the author of all their preſent calamities. *Euſtathius.*

v. 92. *Oh were thy ſway the curſe of meaner pow'rs,*
And thou the ſhame of any hoſt but ours!]

This is a noble compliment to his country and to the Grecian army, to ſhew that it was an impoſſibility for them to follow even their general in any thing that was cowardly, or ſhameful; though the lives and ſafeties of them all were concerned in it.

Advent'rous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus deſert the Trojan plain?
And have whole ſtreams of blood been ſpilt in vain?
In ſuch baſe ſentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whiſpers, leſt a Greek ſhould hear.
Lives there a man ſo dead to fame, who dares
To think ſuch meanneſs, or the thought declares?
And comes it ev'n from him whoſe ſov'reign ſway
The banded legions of all Greece obey?
Is this a gen'ral's voice, that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his ſoldiers fight?
What more could Troy? What yet their fate denies
Thou giv'ſt the foe: all Greece becomes their prize.
No more the troops, (our hoiſted ſails in view,
Themſelves abandon'd) ſhall the fight purſue;
But thy ſhips flying, with deſpair ſhall ſee;
And owe deſtruction to a prince like thee.
Thy juſt reproofs (Atrides calm replies)
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wiſe.
Unwilling as I am to loſe the hoſt,
I force not Greece to quit this hateful coaſt.
Glad I ſubmit, whoe'er, or young or old,
Aught, more conducive to our weal, unfold.

v. 104. *And comes it ev'n from him whoſe ſov'reign ſway*
The banded legions of all Greece obey?]

As who ſhould ſay, that another man might indeed have uttered the ſame advice, but it could not be a perſon of prudence; or if he had prudence, he could not be a governor, but a private man; or if a governor, yet one who had not a well-diſciplined and obedient army; or laſtly, if he had an army ſo conditioned, yet it could not be ſo large and numerous an one as that of Agamemnon. This is a fine climax, and of wonderful ſtrength. *Euſtathius.*

v. 118. *Whoe'er, or young or old, &c.*] This nearly reſembles an ancient cuſtom at Athens, where in times of trouble and diſtreſs, every one, of what age or quality ſoever, was invited to give in his opinion with freedom, by the public cryer. *Euſtathius.*

Tydides cut him ſhort, and thus began.
Such counſel if you ſeek, behold the man
Who boldly gives it, and what he ſhall ſay,
Young tho' he be, diſdain not to obey:
A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus ſprings,
May ſpeak to councils and aſſembled kings.
Hear then in me the great Oenides' ſon,
Whoſe honour'd duſt (his race of glory run)
Lies whelm'd in ruins on the Theban wall;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall.
With three bold ſons was gen'rous Prothous bleſt,
Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon poſſeſt;
Melas and Agrius, but (who far ſurpaſt
The reſt in courage) Oeneus was the laſt.
From him, my ſire. From Calydon expell'd,
He paſt to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;
The monarch's daughter there (ſo Jove ordain'd)
He won, and flouriſh'd where Adraſtus reign'd:

v. 120.] This ſpeech of Diomed is naturally introduced, beginning with an anſwer, as if he had been called upon to give his advice. The counſel he propoſes was that alone which could be of any real ſervice in their preſent exigency: however, ſince he ventures to adviſe where Ulyſſes is at a loſs, and Neſtor himſelf ſilent, he thinks it proper to apologize for this liberty by reminding them of his birth and deſcent, hoping thence to add to his counſel a weight and authority which he could not from his years and experience. It cannot indeed be denied that this hiſtorical digreſſion ſeems more out of ſeaſon than any of the ſame kind which we ſo frequently meet with in Homer, ſince his birth and parentage muſt have been ſufficiently known to all at the ſiege, as he here tells them. This muſt be owned a defect not altogether to be excuſed in the poet, but which may receive ſome alleviation, if conſidered as a fault of temperament. For he had certainly a ſtrong inclination to genealogical ſtories, and too frequently takes occaſion to gratify this humour.

v. 135. *He paſt to Argos.*] This is a very artful colour: he calls the flight of his father for killing one of his brothers, *travelling and dwelling at Argos*, without mentioning the cauſe and occaſion of his retreat. What immediately follows *(ſo Jove ordain'd)* does not only contain in it a diſguiſe of his crime, but is a juſt motive likewiſe for our compaſſion. *Euſtathius.*

There rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harveſt yield,
And num'rous flocks that whiten'd all the field.
Such Tydeus was, the foremoſt once in fame!
Nor lives in Greece a ſtranger to his name.
Then, what for common good my thoughts inſpire,
Attend, and in the ſon, reſpect the ſire.
Tho' ſore of battle, tho' with wounds oppreſt,
Let each go forth and animate the reſt,
Advance the glory which he cannot ſhare,
Tho' not partaker, witneſs of the war.
But leſt new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
Beyond the miſſile jav'lin's ſounding flight,
Safe let us ſtand; and from the tumult far,
Inſpire the ranks, and rule the diſtant war.
He added not: the liſt'ning kings obey,
Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.
The god of Ocean (to inflame their rage)
Appears a warrior furrow'd o'er with age;
Preſt in his own, the gen'ral's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero ſpoke.
Atrides, lo! with what diſdainful eye
Achilles ſees his country's forces fly;

v. 146. *Let each go forth, and animate the reſt.*] It is worth a remark, with what management and diſcretion the poet has brought theſe four kings, and no more, towards the engagement, ſince theſe are ſufficient alone to perform all he requires. For Neſtor propoſes to them to enquire, if there be any way or means which prudence can direct for their ſecurity. Agamemnon attempts to diſcover that method. Ulyſſes refutes him, as one whoſe method was diſhonourable, but propoſes no other project. Diomed ſupplies that deficiency, and ſhews what muſt be done; that wounded as they are, they ſhould go forth to the battle; for though they were not able to engage, yet their preſence would re-eſtabliſh their affairs by detaining in arms thoſe who might otherwiſe quit the field. This council is embraced, and readily obeyed by the reſt. *Euſtathius.*

Blind impious man! whoſe anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.
So may he periſh, ſo may Jove diſclaim
The wretch relentleſs, and o'erwhelm with ſhame!
But heav'n forſakes not thee: o'er yonder ſands
Soon ſhalt thou view the ſcatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverſe; while proud kings, and chiefs renown'd,
Driv'n heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
Of rolling duſt, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.
He ſpoke, then ruſh'd amid the warrior crew;
And ſent his voice before him as he flew,
Loud as the ſhout encount'ring armies yield,
When twice ten thouſand ſhake the lab'ring field;
Such was the voice, and ſuch the thund'ring ſound
Of him, whoſe trident rends the ſolid ground.
Each Argive boſom beats to meet the fight,
And griſly war appears a pleaſing ſight.
Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
High-thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below;

v. 179. *The ſtory of Jupiter and Juno.*] I do not know a bolder fiction in all antiquity, than this of Jupiter's being deceived and laid aſleep, or that has a greater air of impiety and abſurdity. It is an obſervation of Monſ. de St. Evremond upon the ancient poets, which every one will agree to: "That it is ſurpriſing enough "to find them ſo ſcrupulous to preſerve probability, in actions "purely human; and ſo ready to violate it in repreſenting the actions of the gods. Even thoſe who have ſpoken more ſagely "than the reſt, of their nature, could not forbear to ſpeak extravagantly of their conduct. When they eſtabliſh their being and "their attributes, they make them immortal, infinite, almighty, "perfectly wiſe, and perfectly good: but the moment they repreſent them acting, there is no weakneſs to which they do not "make them ſtoop, and no folly or wickedneſs they do not make "them commit." The ſame author anſwers this in another place by remarking, "That truth was not the inclination of the firſt "ages: a fooliſh lye or a lucky falſehood gave reputation to impoſtors, and pleaſure to the credulous. It was the whole ſecret

With joy the glorious conflict ſhe ſurvey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.

" of the great and the wiſe, to govern the ſimple and ignorant " herd. The vulgar, who pay a profound reverence to myſterious " errors, would have deſpiſed plain truth, and it was thought a piece " of prudence to deceive them. All the diſcourſes of the ancients " were fitted to ſo advantageous a deſign. There was nothing to " be ſeen but fictions, allegories, and ſimilitudes, and nothing " was to appear as it was in itſelf."

I muſt needs, upon the whole, as far as I can judge, give up the morality of this fable; but what colour of excuſe for it Homer might have from ancient tradition, or what myſtical or allegorical ſenſe might attone for the appearing impiety, is hard to be aſcertained at this diſtant period of time. That there had been before his age a tradition of Jupiter's being laid aſleep, appears from the ſtory of Hercules at Coos, referred to by our author, v. 285. There is alſo a paſſage in Diodorus, lib. i. c. 7. which gives ſome ſmall light to this fiction. Among other reaſons which that hiſtorian lays down to prove that Homer travelled into Ægypt, he alledges this paſſage of the interview of Jupiter and Juno, which he ſays was grounded upon an Ægyptian feſtival, *whereon the nuptial ceremonies of thoſe two deities were celebrated, at which time both their tabernacles, adorned with all ſorts of flowers, are carried by the prieſts to the top of a high mountain.* Indeed as the greateſt part of the ceremonies of the ancient religions conſiſted in ſome ſymbolical repreſentations of certain actions of their gods, or rather deified mortals, ſo a great part of ancient poetry conſiſted in the deſcription of the actions exhibited in thoſe ceremonies. The loves of Venus and Adonis are a remarkable inſtance of this kind, which, though under different names, were celebrated by annual repreſentations, as well in Ægypt as in ſeveral nations of Greece and Aſia: and to the images which were carried in theſe feſtivals, ſeveral ancient poets were indebted for their moſt happy deſcriptions. If the truth of this obſervation of Diodorus be admitted, the preſent paſſage will appear with more dignity, being grounded on religion; and the conduct of the poet will be more juſtifiable, if that, which has been generally counted an indecent, wanton fiction, ſhould prove to be the repreſentation of a religious ſolemnity. Conſidering the great ignorance we are in of many ancient ceremonies, there may be probably in Homer many incidents entirely of this nature; wherefore we ought to be reſerved in our cenſures, leſt what we decry as wrong in the poet, ſhould prove only a fault in his religion. And indeed it would be a very unfair way to tax any people, or any age whatever, with groſſneſs in general, purely from the groſs or abſurd ideas or practices that are to be found in their religions.

In the next place, if we have recourſe to allegory, (which ſoftens and reconciles every thing) it may be imagined that by the

But plac'd aloft, on Ida's ſhady height
She ſees her Jove, and trembles at the ſight.
Jove to deceive, what methods ſhall ſhe try,
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?

congreſs of Jupiter and Juno, is meant the mingling of the æther and the air (which are generally ſaid to be ſignified by theſe two deities.) The ancients believed the æther to be igneous, and that by its kind influence upon the air, it was the cauſe of all vegetation: to which nothing more exactly correſponds, than the fiction of the earth putting forth her flowers immediately upon this congreſs. Virgil has ſome lines in the ſecond Georgick, that ſeem a perfect explanation of the fable into this ſenſe. In deſcribing the ſpring, he hints as if ſomething of a vivifying influence was at that time ſpread from the upper heavens into the air. He calls Jupiter expreſly Æther, and repreſents him operating upon his ſpouſe for the production of all things:

Tum pater omnipotens fœcundis imbribus æther
Conjugis in gremium lætæ deſcendit, & omnes
Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, fœtus.
Parturit omnis ager, &c.

But, be all this as it will, it is certain, that whatever may be thought of this fable in a theological or philoſophical view, it is one of the moſt beautiful pieces that ever was produced by poetry. Neither does it want its moral: an ingenious modern writer (whom I am pleaſed to take any occaſion of quoting) has given it us in theſe words:

"This paſſage of Homer may ſuggeſt abundance of inſtruction "to a woman who has a mind to preſerve or recall the affection of "her huſband. The care of her perſon and dreſs, with the particu"lar blandiſhments woven in the Ceſtus, are ſo plainly recommen"ded by this fable, and ſo indiſpenſably neceſſary in every female "who deſires to pleaſe, that they need no farther explanation. "The diſcretion likewiſe in covering all matrimonial quarrels "from the knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended viſit "to Tethys, in the ſpeech where Juno addreſſes herſelf to Ve"nus; as the chaſte and prudent management of a wife's charms "is intimated by the ſame pretence for her appearing before Ju"piter, and by the concealment of the Ceſtus in her boſom. I "ſhall leave this tale to the conſideration of ſuch good houſewives, "who are never well dreſſed but when they are abroad, and think "it neceſſary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their "huſbands: as alſo to thoſe prudent ladies, who, to avoid the "appearance of being over-fond, entertain their huſbands with "indifference, averſion, ſullen ſilence, or exaſperating language."

At length ſhe truſts her pow'r; reſolv'd to prove
The old, yet ſtill ſucceſsful, cheat of love;
Againſt his wiſdom to oppoſe her charms,
And lull the Lord of Thunders in her arms.
Swift to her bright apartment ſhe repairs,
Sacred to dreſs and beauty's pleaſing cares:
With ſkill divine had Vulcan form'd the bow'r,
Safe from acceſs of each intruding pow'r.
Touch'd with her ſecret key, the doors unfold:
Self-clos'd, behind her ſhut the valves of gold.
Here firſt ſhe bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambroſial ſhow'rs:

v. 191. *Swift to her bright apartment ſhe repairs, &c.*] This paſſage may be of conſideration to the ladies, and, for their ſakes, I take a little pains to obſerve upon it. Homer tells us that the very goddeſſes, who are all over charms, never dreſs in ſight of any one: the queen of heaven adorns herſelf in private, and the doors lock after her. In Homer there are no *dieux des ruelles*, no gods are admitted to the toilet.

I am afraid there are ſome earthly goddeſſes of leſs prudence, who have loſt much of the adoration of mankind by the contrary practice. Lucretius (a very good judge in gallantry) preſcribes as a cure to a deſperate lover, the frequent ſight of his miſtreſs undreſſed. Juno herſelf has ſuffered a little by the very Muſe's peeping into her chamber, ſince ſome nice critics are ſhocked in this place of Homer, to find that the goddeſs waſhes herſelf, which preſents ſome idea as if ſhe was dirty. Thoſe who have delicacy will profit by this remark.

v. 198. *Soft oils of fragrance.*] The practice of Juno in anointing her body with perfumed oils, was a remarkable part of ancient coſmetics, though entirely diſuſed in the modern arts of dreſs. It may poſſibly offend the niceneſs of modern ladies; but ſuch of them as paint, ought to conſider that this practice might, without much greater difficulty, be reconciled to cleanlineſs. This paſſage is a clear inſtance of the antiquity of this cuſtom, and clearly determines againſt Pliny, (who is of opinion that it was not ſo ancient as thoſe times) where, ſpeaking of perfumed unguents, he ſays, *Quis primus inueneret, non traditur; Iliacis temporibus non erant*, lib. xiii. c. 1. Beſides the cuſtom of anointing kings among the Jews, which the Chriſtians have borrowed; there are ſeveral alluſions in the Old Teſtament which ſhew, that this practice was thought ornamental among them. The Pſalmiſt, ſpeaking of the gifts of God, mentions wine and oil, the former to make glad the

The winds, perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
Thro' heav'n, thro' earth, and all th' aërial way:
Spirit divine! whoſe exhalation greets
The ſenſe of gods with more than mortal ſweets.
Thus while ſhe breath'd of heav'n, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant treſſes ty'd;

heart of man, and the latter to give him a chearful countenance. It ſeems moſt probable that this was an eaſtern invention, agreeable to the luxury of the Aſiatics, among whom the moſt proper ingredients for theſe unguents were produced; from them this cuſtom was propagated among the Romans, by whom it was eſteemed a pleaſure of a very refined nature. Whoever is curious to ſee inſtances of their expence and delicacy therein, may be ſatisfied in the three firſt chapters of the thirteenth book of Pliny's Natural Hiſtory.

v. 203. *Thus while ſhe breath'd of heav'n, &c.*] We have here a compleat picture from head to foot of the dreſs of the *fair ſex*, and of the mode between two and three thouſand years ago. May I have leave to obſerve the great ſimplicity of Juno's dreſs, in compariſon with the innumerable equipage of a modern toilet? The goddeſs, even when ſhe is ſetting herſelf out on the greateſt occaſion, has only her own locks to tie, a white veil to caſt over them, a mantle to dreſs her whole body, her pendants, and her ſandals. This the poet expreſly ſays was *all her dreſs* [πάντα κόσμον;] and one may reaſonably conclude it was all that was uſed by the greateſt princeſſes and fineſt beauties of thoſe times. The good Euſtathius is raviſhed to find, that here are no waſhes for the face, no dyes for the hair, and none of thoſe artificial embelliſhments ſince in practice; he alſo rejoices not a little, that Juno has no looking-glaſs, tire-woman, or waiting-maid. One may preach till doomſday on this ſubject, but all the commentators in the world will never prevail upon a lady to ſtick one pin the leſs in her gown, except ſhe can be convinced that the ancient dreſs will better ſet off her perſon.

As the Aſiatics always ſurpaſſed the Grecians in whatever regarded magnificence and luxury, ſo we find their women far gone in the contrary extreme of dreſs. There is a paſſage in Iſaiah, ch. iii. that gives us a particular account of their wardrobe, with the number and uſeleſſneſs of their ornaments; and which I think appears very well in contraſt to this of Homer. *The bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon: the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings, the rings and noſe-jewels, the changeable ſuits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the criſping-pins, the glaſſes, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils.*

Part on her head in ſhining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her ſhoulders wav'd like melted gold.
Around her next a heav'nly mantle flow'd,
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd:
Large claſps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
A golden zone her ſwelling boſom bound.
Far-beaming pendants tremble in the ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple ſtar.
Then o'er her head ſhe caſts a veil more white
Then new-fall'n ſnow, and dazling as the light.
Laſt her fair feet celeſtial ſandals grace.
Thus iſſuing radiant, with majeſtic pace,

I could be glad to aſk the ladies which they ſhould like beſt to imitate, the Greeks or the Aſiatics? I would deſire thoſe that are handſome and well-made, to conſider, that the dreſs of Juno (which is the ſame they ſee in *ſtatues*) has manifeſtly the advantage of the preſent, in diſplaying whatever is beautiful: that the charms of the *neck* and *breaſt* are not leſs laid open, than by the modern ſtays; and that thoſe of the *leg* are more gracefully diſcovered, than even by the hoop-petticoat: that the fine turn of the *arms* is better obſerved; and that ſeveral natural graces of the *ſhape* and *body* appear much more conſpicuous. It is not to be denied but the Aſiatic and our preſent modes were better contrived to conceal ſome people's defects, but I do not ſpeak to ſuch people: I ſpeak only to ladies of that beauty, who can make any faſhion prevail by their being ſeen in it; and who put others of their ſex under the wretched neceſſity of being like them in their habits, or not being like them at all. As for the reſt, let them follow the mode of Judæa, and be content with the name of Aſiatics.

v. 216. *Thus iſſuing radiant, &c.*] Thus the goddeſs comes from her apartment, againſt her ſpouſe, in compleat armour. The women of pleaſure moſtly prevail by pure cunning, and the artful management of their perſons; for there is but one way for the weak to ſubdue the mighty, and that is by pleaſure. The poet ſhews at the ſame time, that men of underſtanding are not maſtered without a great deal of artifice and addreſs. There are but three ways whereby to overcome another, by violence, by perſuaſion, or by craft: Jupiter was invincible by main force; to think of perſuading was as fruitleſs, after he had paſſed his nod to Achilles; therefore Juno was obliged of neceſſity to turn her thoughts entirely upon craft; and by the force of pleaſure it is, that ſhe inſnares and manages the god. *Euſtathius.*

Forth from the dome th' imperial goddeſs moves,
And calls the mother of the Smiles and Loves.

v. 218. *And calls the mother of the Smiles and Loves.*] Notwithſtanding all the pains Juno has been at, to adorn herſelf, ſhe is ſtill conſcious that neither the natural beauty of her perſon, nor the artificial one of her dreſs, will be ſufficient to work upon a huſband. She therefore has recourſe to the Ceſtus of Venus, as a kind of love-charm, not doubting to enflame his mind by *magical enchantment*; a folly which in all ages has poſſeſt her ſex. To procure this, ſhe applies to the goddeſs of love; from whom hiding her real deſign under a *feigned ſtory*, (another propriety in the character of the fair) ſhe obtains the valuable preſent of this wonder-working girdle. The allegory of the Ceſtus lies very open, though the impertinences of Euſtathius on this head are unſpeakable: in it are compriſed the moſt powerful *incentives* to love, as well as the ſtrongeſt *effects* of the paſſion. The juſt admiration of this paſſage has been always ſo great and univerſal, that the Ceſtus of Venus is become proverbial. The beauty of the lines, which in a few words comprehend this agreeable fiction, can ſcarce be equalled: ſo beautiful an original has produced very fine imitations, wherein we may obſerve a few additional figures, expreſſing ſome of the improvements which the affectation, or artifice of the fair ſex, have introduced into the art of love ſince Homer's days. Taſſo has finely imitated this deſcription in the magical girdle of Armida, *Gieruſalemme Liberata*, cant. xvi.

Teneri Sdegni, e placide e tranquille
Repulſe, e cari vezzi, e liete paci,
Sorriſi, parolette, e dolci ſtille
Di pianto, e ſoſpir tronchi, e molli baci.

Monſ. de la Motte's imitation of this fiction is likewiſe wonderfully beautiful.

Ce tiſſu, le ſimbole, & la cauſe à la fois,
Du pouvoir de l'amour, du charme de ſes loix.
Elle enflamme les yeux, de cet ardeur qui touche;
D'un ſourire enchanteur, elle anime la bouche;
Paſſionne la voix, en audoucit les ſons,
Prête ces tours heureux, plus forts que les raiſons;
Inſpire, pour toucher, ces tendres ſtratagêmes,
Ces refus attirans, l'ecueil des ſages mêmes.
Et la nature enfin, y voulut renfermer,
Tout ce qui perſuade, & ce qui fait aimer.
En prenant ce tiſſu, que Venus lui preſente,
Junon n'etoit que belle, elle devient charmante.
Les graces, & les ris, les plaiſirs, & les jeux,
Surpris cherchent Venus, doutent qui l'eſt des deux.

How long (to Venus thus apart ſhe cry'd)
Shall human ſtrife celeſtial minds divide?
Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And ſet aſide the cauſe of Greece and Troy?
Let heav'n's dread empreſs (Cytheræa ſaid)
Speak her requeſt, and deem her will obey'd.
Then grant me (ſaid the queen) thoſe conqu'ring charms,
That pow'r, which mortals and immortals warms,
That love, which melts mankind in fierce deſires,
And burns the ſons of heav'n with ſacred fires!
For lo! I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents (ſacred ſource of gods!)
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the laſt limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were paſt;
What-time old Saturn, from Olympus caſt,
Of upper heav'n to Jove reſign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge maſs of earth and main.
For ſtrife, I hear, has made the union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love ſhall I obtain,
If I compoſe thoſe fatal feuds again;
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And what my youth has ow'd, repay their age?

L'amour même trompè, trove Junon plus belle;
Et ſon arc à la main, deja vole après elle.

Spenſer, in his fourth book, canto 5. deſcribes a girdle of Venus of a very different nature: for *this* had the power to raiſe up looſe deſires in others; *that* had a more wonderful faculty, to ſuppreſs them in the perſon that wore it: but it had a moſt dreadful quality, to burſt aſunder whenever tied about any but a chaſte boſom. Such a girdle, it is to be feared, would produce effects very different from the other: Homer's Ceſtus would be a peace-maker to reconcile man and wife; but Spenſer's Ceſtus would probably deſtroy the good agreement of many a happy couple.

She ſaid. With awe divine the Queen of Love
Obey'd the ſiſter and the wife of Jove:
And from her fragrant breaſt the zone unbrac'd,
With various ſkill, and high embroid'ry grac'd.
In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay deſire,
The kind deceit, the ſtill-reviving fire,
Perſuaſive ſpeech, and more perſuaſive ſighs,
Silence that ſpoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This, on her hand the Cyprian goddeſs laid;
Take this, and with it all thy wiſh, ſhe ſaid.
With ſmiles ſhe took the charm; and ſmiling preſt
The pow'rful Ceſtus to her ſnowy breaſt.
Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;
Whilſt from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.
O'er high Pieria thence her courſe ſhe bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleaſing ſhore,
O'er Hæmus' hills with ſnows eternal crown'd;
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty ſteep,
She ſpeeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
And ſeeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.

v. 255. ------*And preſt The pow'rful Ceſtus to her ſnowy breaſt.*] Euſtathius takes notice, that the word Ceſtus is not the name, but epithet only, of Venus's girdle; though the epithet has prevailed ſo far as to become the proper name in common uſe. This has happened to others of our author's epithets; the word Pygmy is of the ſame nature. Venus wore this girdle below her neck, and in open fight, but Juno hides it in her boſom, to ſhew the difference of the two characters: it ſuits well with Venus to make a ſhew of whatever is engaging in her; but Juno, who is a matron of prudence and gravity, ought to be more modeſt.

v. 264. *She ſpeeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,*
And ſeeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.]

In this fiction Homer introduces a new divine perſonage: it does

Sweet pleaſing Sleep! (Saturnia thus began)
Who ſpread'ſt thy empire o'er each god and man;
If e'er obſequious to thy Juno's will,
O pow'r of ſlumbers! hear, and favour ſtill.

not appear whether this god of Sleep was a god of Homer's creation, or whether his pretenſions to divinity were of more ancient date. The poet indeed ſpeaks of him as of one formerly active in ſome heavenly tranſactions. Be this as it will, ſucceeding poets have always acknowledged his title. Virgil would not let his Æneid be without a perſon ſo proper for poetical machinery; though he has employed him with much leſs art than his maſter, ſince he appears in the fifth book without provocation or commiſſion, only to deſtroy the Trojan pilot. The critics, who cannot ſee all the allegories which the commentators pretend to find in Homer's divinities, muſt be obliged to acknowledge the reality and propriety of this; ſince every thing that is here ſaid of this imaginary deity is juſtly applicable to Sleep. He is called the *Brother of Death*; ſaid to be protected by *Night*; and is employed very naturally to lull a huſband to reſt in the embraces of his wife; which effect of this *conjugal opiate*, even the modeſt Virgil has remarked in the perſons of Vulcan and Venus, probably with an eye to this paſſage of Homer:

-------- *Placidumque petivit*
Conjugis infuſus gremio per membra ſoporem.

v. 264. *To Lemnos.*] The commentators are hard put to it, to give a reaſon why Juno ſeeks for Sleep in Lemnos. Some finding out that Lemnos anciently abounded with wine, inform us that it was a proper place of reſidence for him, wine being naturally a great provoker of Sleep. Others will have it, that this god being in love with Paſithaë, who reſided with her ſiſter the wife of Vulcan, in Lemnos, it was very probable he might be found haunting near his miſtreſs. Other commentators, perceiving the weakneſs of theſe conjectures, will have it that Juno met Sleep here by mere accident; but this is contradictory to the whole thread of the narration. But who knows whether Homer might not deſign this fiction as a piece of raillery upon the ſluggiſhneſs of the Lemnians; though this character of them does not appear? a kind of ſatire like that of Arioſto, who makes the angel find Diſcord in a monaſtery? or like that of Boileau in his Lutrin, where he places Moleſſe in a dormitory of the monks of St. Bernard.

v. 266. *Sweet pleaſing Sleep, &c.*] Virgil has copied ſome part of this converſation between Juno and Sleep, where he introduces the ſame goddeſs making a requeſt to Æolus. Scaliger, who is always eager to depreciate Homer, and zealous to praiſe his favourite author, has highly cenſured this paſſage: but notwithſtanding this critic's judgment, an impartial reader will find, I do not doubt,

Shed thy ſoft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,
While ſunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A ſplendid footſtool, and a throne, that ſhine
With gold unfading, Somnus, ſhall be thine;
The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy eaſe,
When wine and feaſts thy golden humours pleaſe.
Imperial dame (the balmy pow'r replies)
Great Saturn's heir, and empreſs of the ſkies!
O'er other gods I ſpread my eaſy chain;
The fire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
And his huſh'd waves lie ſilent on the main.

much more art and beauty in the original than the copy. In the former, Juno endeavours to engage Sleep in her deſign by the promiſes of a proper and valuable preſent; but having formerly run a great hazard in a like attempt, he is not prevailed upon. Hereupon the goddeſs, knowing his paſſion for one of the Graces, engages to give her to his deſires: this hope brings the lover to conſent, but not before he obliges Juno to confirm her promiſe by an oath in the moſt ſolemn manner, the very words and ceremony whereof he preſcribes to her. Theſe are all beautiful and poetical circumſtances, moſt whereof are untouched by Virgil, and which Scaliger therefore calls low and vulgar. He only makes Juno demand a favour from Æolus, which he had no reaſon to refuſe; and promiſe him a reward, which it does not appear he was fond of. The Latin poet has indeed with great judgment added one circumſtance concerning the promiſe of children,

------ *& pulchrâ faciat te prole parentem.*

And this is very conformable to the religion of the Romans, among whom Juno was ſuppoſed to preſide over human birth; but it does not appear ſhe had any ſuch office in the Greek theology.

v. 272. *A ſplendid footſtool.*] Notwithſtanding the cavils of Scaliger, it may be allowed that an eaſy chair was no improper preſent for Sleep. As to the footſtool, Madam Dacier's obſervation is a very juſt one; that beſides its being a conveniency, it was a mark of honour, and was far from preſenting any low or trivial idea. It is upon that account we find it ſo frequently mentioned in ſcripture, where the earth is called *the footſtool of the throne of God.* In Jeremiah, Judæa is called, (as a mark of diſtinction) the footſtool of the feet of God. *Lament.* ii. v. 1. *And he remembered not the footſtool of his feet, in the day of his wrath.* We ſee here the ſame image, founded no doubt upon the ſame cuſtoms. *Dacier.*

v. 279. *The ſire of all, old Ocean.*] "Homer (ſays Plutarch) calls

But how, unbidden, ſhall I dare to ſteep,
Jove's awful temples in the dew of ſleep?
Long ſince too vent'rous, at thy bold command,
On thoſe eternal lids I laid my hand:
What-time, deſerting Ilion's waſted plain,
His conqu'ring ſon, Alcides, plough'd the main.
When lo! the deeps ariſe, the tempeſts roar,
And drive the hero to the Coan ſhore;
Great Jove awaking, ſhook the bleſt abodes
With riſing wrath, and tumbled gods on gods;
Me chief he ſought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether ſky,
But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
(The friend of earth and heav'n) her wings diſplay'd;
Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,
Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable dame.

" calls the ſea *Father of All*, with a view to this doctrine, that all " things were generated from water. Thales the Mileſian, the " head of the Ionic ſect, who ſeems to have been the firſt au- " thor of philoſophy, affirmed water to be the principle from " whence all things ſpring, and into which all things are reſolved; " becauſe the prolific ſeed of all animals is a moiſture; all plants " are nouriſhed by moiſture; the very ſun and ſtars, which are " fire, are nouriſhed by moiſt vapours and exhalations; and conſe- " quently he thought the world was produced from this element." *Plut. Opin. of Philoſ.* lib. i. cap. 3.

v. 281. *But how, unbidden, &c.*] This particularly is worth remarking; Sleep tells Juno that he dares not approach Jupiter without his own order; whereby he ſeems to intimate, that a ſpirit of a ſuperior kind may give itſelf up to a voluntary ceſſation of thought and action, though it does not want this relaxation from any weakneſs or neceſſity of its nature.

v. 285. *What-time deſerting Ilion's waſted plain, &c.*] One may obſerve from hence, that to make falſity in fables uſeful and ſubſervient to our deſigns, it is not enough to cauſe the ſtory to reſemble truth, but we are to corroborate it by parallel places; which method the poet uſes elſewhere. Thus many have attempted great difficulties, and ſurmounted them. So did Hercules, ſo did Juno, ſo did Pluto. Here therefore the poet feigning that Sleep is going to practiſe inſiduouſly upon Jove, prevents the ſtrangeneſs and incredibility of the tale, by ſquaring it to an ancient ſtory; which ancient ſtory was, that Sleep had once before got the maſtery of Jove in the caſe of Hercules. *Euſtathius.*

v. 296. *Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable dame.*] Jupiter is repre-

Vain are thy fears (the queen of heav'n replies,
And ſpeaking, rolls her large majeſtic eyes)
Think'ſt thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,
Like great Alcides, his all-conqu'ring ſon?
Hear, and obey the miſtreſs of the ſkies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
For know thy lov'd-one ſhall be ever thine,
The youngeſt Grace, Paſithaë the divine.
Swear then (he ſaid) by thoſe tremendous floods
That roar thro' hell, and bind th' invoking gods:
Let the great parent Earth one hand ſuſtain,
And ſtretch the other o'er the ſacred Main.

ſented as unwilling to do any thing that might be offenſive or ungrateful to *Night*; the poet (ſays Euſtathius) inſtructs us by this, that a wiſe and honeſt man will curb his wrath before any awful and venerable perſons. Such was *Night* in regard of Jupiter, feigned as an anceſtor, and honourable on account of her antiquity and power. For the Greek theology teaches that *Night* and *Chaos* were before all things. Wherefore it was held ſacred to obey the *Night* in the conflicts of war, as we find by the admonitions of the heralds to Hector and Ajax, in the ſeventh Iliad.

Milton has made a fine uſe of this ancient opinion in relation to *Chaos* and *Night*, in the latter part of his ſecond book, where he deſcribes the paſſage of Satan through their empire. He calls them,

------- *Eldeſt* Night
And Chaos, *anceſtors of nature*; -----

And alludes to the ſame, in thoſe noble verſes,

-------- *Behold the throne*
Of Chaos, *and his dark pavilion ſpread*
Wide on the waſteful deep: with him enthron'd
Sat ſable-veſted Night, *eldeſt of things,*
The conſort of his reign.--------

That fine apoſtrophe of Spenſer has alſo the ſame alluſion, book i,

O thou, moſt ancient grandmother of all,
More old than Jove, whom thou at firſt didſt breed,
Or that great houſe of gods celeſtial;
Which was begot in Dæmogorgon's hall,
And ſaw'ſt the ſecrets of the world unmade.

v. 307. *Let the great parent Earth one hand ſuſtain,*
And ſtretch the other o'er the ſacred Main, &c.]

Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
To hear and witneſs from the depths of hell;
That ſhe, my lov'd one, ſhall be ever mine,
The youngeſt Grace, Paſithaë the divine.

The queen aſſents, and from th' infernal bow'rs,
Invokes the ſable Subtartarean pow'rs,
And thoſe who rule th' inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian gods.

Then ſwift as wind, o'er Lemnos ſmoky iſle,
They wing their way, and Imbrus' ſea-beat ſoil;
Thro' air, unſeen, involv'd in darkneſs glide,
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide;
(Mother of ſavages, whoſe echoing hills
Are heard reſounding with a hundred rills)
Fair Ida trembles underneath the god;
Huſh'd are her mountains, and her foreſts nod;
There on a fir, whoſe ſpiry branches riſe
To join its ſummit to the neighb'ring ſkies;

There is ſomething wonderfully ſolemn in this manner of ſwearing propoſed by *Sleep* to Juno. How anſwerable is this idea to the dignity of the queen of the goddeſſes, where Earth, Ocean, and Hell itſelf, where the whole creation, all things viſible and inviſible, are called to be witneſſes of the oath of the Deity?

v. 311. *That ſhe, my lov'd-one, &c.*] *Sleep* is here made to repeat the words of Juno's promiſe, than which repetition nothing, I think, can be more beautiful or better placed. The lover fired with theſe hopes, inſiſts on the promiſe, dwelling with pleaſure on each circumſtance that relates to his fair one. The throne and footſtool, it ſeems, are quite out of his head.

v. 323. *Fair Ida trembles.*] It is uſually ſuppoſed, at the approach or preſence of any heavenly being, that upon their motion all ſhould ſhake that lies beneath them. Here the poet giving a deſcription of the deſcent of theſe deities upon the ground at Lectos, ſays that the loftieſt of the wood trembled under their feet: which expreſſion is to intimate the lightneſs and ſwiftneſs of the motions of heavenly beings; the wood does not ſhake under their feet from any corporeal weight, but from a certain awful dread and horror. *Euſtathius.*

Dark in embow'ring ſhade, conceal'd from ſight
Sat Sleep, in likeneſs of the bird of night.
(Chalcis his name by thoſe of heav'nly birth,
But call'd Cymindis by the race of earth)
To Ida's top ſucceſsful Juno flies;
Great Jove ſurveys her with deſiring eyes:
The god, whoſe light'ning ſets the heav'ns on fire,
Thro' all his boſom feels the fierce deſire;
Fierce as when firſt by ſtealth he ſeiz'd her charms,
Mix'd with her ſoul, and melted in her arms,
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then preſs'd her hand, and thus with tranſport ſpoke.
Why comes my goddeſs from th' ætherial ſky,
And not her ſteeds and flaming chariot nigh?

v. 328. *In likeneſs of the bird of night.*] This is a bird about the ſize of a hawk, entirely black; and that is the reaſon why Homer deſcribes *Sleep* under its form. Here (ſays Euſtathius) Homer lets us know, as well as in many other places, that he is no ſtranger to the language of the gods. Hobbes has taken very much from the dignity of this ſuppoſition, in tranſlating the preſent lines in this manner.

And there ſat Sleep, *in likeneſs of a fowl,*
Which gods do Chalcis *call, and men an Owl.*

We find in Plato's Cratylus a diſcourſe of great ſubtilty, grounded chiefly on this obſervation of Homer, that the gods and men call the ſame thing by different names. The philoſopher ſuppoſes that in the original language every thing was expreſſed by a word; whoſe ſound was naturally apt to mark the nature of the thing ſignified. This great work he aſcribes to the gods, ſince it required more knowledge both in the nature of ſounds and things, than man had attained to. This reſemblance, he ſays, was almoſt loſt in modern languages by the unſkilful alterations men had made, and the great licence they had taken in compounding of words. However, he obſerves there were yet among the Greeks ſome remains of this original language, of which he gives a few inſtances, adding, that many more were to be found in ſome of the barbarous languages, that had deviated leſs from the original, which was ſtill preſerved entire among the gods. This appears a notion ſo uncommon, that I could not forbear to mention it.

Then ſhe——I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents of the deathleſs gods,
The rev'rend Ocean and grey Tethys reign,
On the laſt limits of the land and main.
I viſit theſe, to whoſe indulgent cares
I owe the nurſing of my tender years.
For ſtrife, I hear, has made that union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long this ancient pair in peace.
The ſteeds, prepar'd my chariot to convey
O'er earth and ſeas, and thro' th' aërial way,
Wait under Ide: of thy ſuperior pow'r
To aſk conſent, I leave th' Olympian bow'r;
Nor ſeek, unknown to thee, the ſacred cells
Deep under ſeas, where hoary Ocean dwells.
For that (ſaid Jove) ſuffice another day;
But eager love denies the leaſt delay.
Let ſofter cares the preſent hour employ,
And be theſe moments ſacred all to joy.
Ne'er did my ſoul ſo ſtrong a paſſion prove,
Or for an earthly, or a heav'nly love:
Not when I preſs'd Ixion's matchleſs dame,
Whence roſe Perithous like the gods in fame.

v. 345. ----*To whoſe indulging cares I owe the nurſing, &c.*] The allegory of this is very obvious. Juno is conſtantly underſtood to be the *air*: and we are here told ſhe was nouriſhed by the vapours which riſe from the *Ocean* and the *Earth*. For Tethys is the ſame with Rhea. *Euſtathius.*

v. 359. This courtſhip of Jupiter to Juno may poſſibly be thought pretty ſingular. He endeavours to prove the ardour of his paſſion to her, by the inſtances of its warmth to other women. A great many people will look upon this as no very likely method to recommend himſelf to Juno's favour. Yet, after all, ſomething may be ſaid in defence of Jupiter's way of thinking with reſpect to the ladies. Perhaps a man's love to the ſex in general may be no ill recommendation of him to a particular. And to be known or thought to have been ſucceſsful with a good many, is what ſome moderns have found no unfortunate qualification in gaining a lady, even a moſt virtuous one like Juno, eſpecially one who (like her) has had the experience of a married ſtate.

Not when fair Danaë felt the ſhow'r of gold
Stream into life, whence Perſeus brave and bold.
Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame,
(Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came.)
Not Phœnix' daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos ſprung.
Not thus I burn'd for fair Latona's face,
Nor comelier Ceres' more majeſtic grace,
Not thus ev'n for thyſelf I felt deſire,
As now my veins receive the pleaſing fire.
He ſpoke; the goddeſs with the charming eyes
Glows with celeſtial red, and thus replies.
Is this a ſcene for love? On Ida's height
Expos'd to mortal, and immortal ſight;
Our joys profan'd by each familiar eye;
The ſport of heav'n, and fable of the ſky.
How ſhall I e'er review the bleſt abodes,
Or mix among the ſenate of the gods?
Shall I not think, that, with diſorder'd charms,
All heav'n beholds me recent from thy arms?
With ſkill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bow'r,
Sacred to love and to the genial hour;
If ſuch thy will, to that receſs retire,
And ſecret there indulge thy ſoft deſire.
She ceas'd; and ſmiling with ſuperior love,
Thus anſwer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove.
Nor god, nor mortal ſhall our joys behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold;
Not ev'n the ſun, who darts thro' heav'n his rays,
And whoſe broad eye th' extended earth ſurveys.
Gazing he ſpoke, and kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the goddeſs threw.
Glad earth perceives, and from her boſom pours
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flow'rs:

v. 395. *Glad earth perceives, &c.*] It is an obſervation of Ari-

Thick new-born vi'lets a ſoft carpet ſpread,
And cluſt'ring lotos ſwell'd the riſing bed,

ſtotle in the xxvth chapter of his Poetics, that when Homer is obliged to deſcribe any thing of itſelf abſurd or too improbable, he conſtantly contrives to blind and dazzle the judgment of his readers with ſome ſhining deſcription. This paſſage is a remarkable inſtance of that artifice; for having imagined a fiction of very great abſurdity, that the Supreme Being ſhould be laid aſide in a female embrace, he immediately, as it were to divert his reader from reflecting on his boldneſs, pours forth a great variety of poetical ornaments; by deſcribing the various flowers the earth ſhoots up to compoſe their couch, the golden clouds that encompaſſed them, and the bright heavenly dews that were ſhowered round them. Euſtathius obſerves it as an inſtance of Homer's modeſt conduct in ſo delicate an affair, that he has purpoſely adorned the bed of Jupiter with ſuch a variety of beautiful flowers, that the reader's thoughts being entirely taken up with theſe ornaments, might have no room for looſe imaginations. In the ſame manner an ancient ſcholiaſt has obſerved, that the golden cloud was contrived to lock up this action from any farther enquiry of the reader.

I cannot conclude the notes on this ſtory of Jupiter and Juno, without obſerving with what particular care Milton has imitated the ſeveral beautiful parts of this epiſode, introducing them upon different occaſions as the ſubjects of his poem would admit. The circumſtance of Sleep's ſitting in likeneſs of a bird on the fir-tree upon mount Ida, is alluded to in his ivth book, where Satan ſits in likeneſs of a cormorant on the tree of life. The creation is made to give the ſame tokens of joy at the performance of the nuptial rites of our firſt parents, as ſhe does here at the congreſs of Jupiter and Juno. Lib. viii.

- - - - - - To the nuptial bow'r
I led her bluſhing like the morn; all heav'n
And happy conſtellations on that hour
Shed their ſelecteſt influence; the earth
Gave ſign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; freſh gales and gentle airs
Whiſper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung roſe, flung odours from the ſpicy ſhrub.

Thoſe lines alſo in the ivth book are manifeſtly from the ſame original.

- - - - - - Roſes and jeſſamine
Rear'd high their flouriſh'd heads between, and wrought
Moſaic; under-foot the violet,
Crocus and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground. - - - - - -

Where the very turn of Homer's verſes is obſerved, and the cadence, and almoſt the words, finely tranſlated.

And ſudden hyacinths the turf beſtrow,
And flamy crocus made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal the heav'nly pair,
Steep'd in ſoft joys and circumfus'd with air;
Celeſtial dews, deſcending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambroſia round.
At length with love and ſleep's ſoft pow'r oppreſt,
The panting thund'rer nods, and ſinks to reſt.
Now to the navy borne on ſilent wings,
To Neptune's ear ſoft Sleep his meſſage brings;
Beſide him ſudden, unperceiv'd he ſtood,
And thus with gentle words addreſs'd the God.
Now, Neptune! now, th' important hour employ,
To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy:
While Jove yet reſts, while yet my vapours ſhed
The golden viſion round his ſacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleaſing ties,
Have clos'd thoſe awful and eternal eyes.

But it is with wonderful judgment and decency he has uſed that exceptionable paſſage of the dalliance, ardour, and enjoyment: that which ſeems in Homer an impious fiction, becomes a moral leſſon in Milton; ſince he makes that laſcivious rage of the paſſion the immediate effect of the ſin of our firſt parents after the fall. Adam expreſſes it in the words of Jupiter;

For never did thy beauty ſince the day
I ſaw thee firſt, and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, ſo enflame my ſenſe,
With ardour to enjoy thee; fairer now
Than ever; bounty of this virtuous tree!
So ſaid he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well underſtood
Of Eve, whoſe eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he ſeiz'd, and to a ſhady bank
Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,
Her led her, nothing loath; flow'rs were the couch,
Panſies, and violets, and aſphodel,
And hyacinth; earth's freſheſt, ſoft'ſt lap.
There they their fill of love and love's diſport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the ſeal;
The ſolace of their ſin: till dewy Sleep
Oppreſs'd them, weary of their amorous play.

Milton, l. ix.

Thus having ſaid, the pow'r of ſlumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal encreas'd, renews his care,
And tow'ring in the foremoſt ranks of war,
Indignant thus----Oh once of martial fame!
O Greeks! if yet ye can deſerve the name!
This half-recover'd day, ſhall Troy obtain?
Shall Hector thunder at your ſhips again?
Lo ſtill he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,
While ſtern Achilles in his wrath retires.
One hero's loſs too tamely you deplore,
Be ſtill yourſelves, and we ſhall need no more.
Oh yet, if glory any boſom warms,
Brace on your firmeſt helms, and ſtand to arms:
His ſtrongeſt ſpear each valiant Grecian wield,
Each valiant Grecian ſeize his broadeſt ſhield;
Let, to the weak, the lighter arms belong,
The pond'rous targe be wielded by the ſtrong.
(Thus arm'd) not Hector ſhall our preſence ſtay;
Myſelf, ye Greeks! myſelf will lead the way.
The troops aſſent; their martial arms they change,
The buſy chiefs their banded legions range.
The kings, tho' wounded, and oppreſs'd with pain,
With helpful hands themſelves aſſiſt the train.

v. 417. *The pow'r of ſlumber flew.*] M. Dacier in her tranſlation of this paſſage has thought fit to diſſent from the common interpretation, as well as obvious ſenſe of the words. She reſtrains the general expreſſion ἐπὶ κλυτὰ φῦλ' ἀνθρώπων, *the famous nations of men*, to ſignify only the country of the Lemnians, who, ſhe ſays, were much *celebrated* on account of Vulcan. But this ſtrained interpretation cannot be admitted, eſpecially when the obvious meaning of the words expreſs what is very proper and natural. The god of Sleep having haſtily delivered his meſſage to Neptune, immediately leaves the hurry of the battle, (which was no proper ſcene for him) and retires among the tribe of mankind. The word κλυτὰ, on which M. Dacier grounds her criticiſm, is an expletive epithet very common in Homer, and no way fit to point out one certain nation, eſpecially in an author, one of whoſe moſt diſtinguiſhing characters is *particularity* in deſcription.

The ſtrong and cumb'rous arms the valiant wield,
The weaker warrior takes a lighter ſhield.
Thus ſheath'd in ſhining braſs, in bright array
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way:
His brandiſh'd falchion flames before their eyes,
Like light'ning flaſhing thro' the frighted ſkies.
Clad in his might, th' Earth-ſhaking pow'r appears;
Pale mortals tremble, and confeſs their fears.
Troy's great defender ſtands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud hoſt, and dares oppoſe a god:

v. 442. *The weaker warrior takes a lighter ſhield.*] Plutarch ſeems to allude to this paſſage in the beginning of the life of Pelopidas. "Homer, ſays he, makes the braveſt and ſtouteſt of his warriors "march to battle in the beſt arms. The Grecian legiſlators "puniſhed thoſe who caſt away their ſhields, but not thoſe who "loſt their ſpears or their ſwords; as an intimation that the care "of preſerving and defending ourſelves is preferable to the wound-"ing our enemy, eſpecially in thoſe who are generals of armies, "or governors of ſtates." Euſtathius has obſerved, that the poet here makes the beſt warriors take the largeſt ſhields and longeſt ſpears, that they might be ready prepared, with proper arms, both offenſive and defenſive, for a new kind of fight, in which they are ſoon to be engaged, when the fleet is attacked. Which indeed ſeems the moſt rational account that can be given for Neptune's advice in this exigence.

Mr. Hobbes has committed a great overſight in this place; he makes the wounded princes (who it is plain were unfit for the battle, and do not engage in the enſuing fight) put on arms as well as the others; whereas they do no more in Homer than ſee their orders obeyed by the reſt, as to this change of arms.

v. 444. *The legions march, and Neptune leads the way.*] The chief advantage the Greeks gain by the ſleep of Jupiter, ſeems to be this: Neptune unwilling to offend Jupiter, has hitherto concealed himſelf in diſguiſed ſhapes; ſo that it does not appear that Jupiter knew of his being among the Greeks, ſince he takes no notice of it. This precaution hinders him from aſſiſting the Greeks otherwiſe than by his advice. But upon the intelligence received of what Juno had done, he aſſumes a form that manifeſts his divinity; inſpiring courage into the Grecian chiefs, appearing at the head of their army, and brandiſhing a ſword in his hand, the ſight of which ſtruck ſuch a terror into the Trojans, that, as Homer ſays, none durſt approach it. And therefore it is not to be wondered, that the Trojans, who are no longer ſuſtained by Jupiter, immediately gave way to the enemy.

And lo! the god, and wond'rous man appear:
The ſea's ſtern ruler there, and Hector here.
The roaring main, at her great maſter's call,
Roſe in huge ranks, and form'd a wat'ry wall
Around the ſhips: ſeas hanging o'er the ſhores,
Both armies join: earth thunders, ocean roars.
Not half ſo loud the bellowing deeps reſound,
When ſtormy winds diſcloſe the dark profound;

v. 451. *And lo! the God and wond'rous man appear.*] What magnificence and nobleneſs is there in this idea? where Homer oppoſes Hector to Neptune, and equalizes him in ſome degree to a god. *Euſtathius.*

v. 453. *The roaring main, &c.*] This ſwelling and inundation of the ſea towards the Grecian camp, as if it had been agitated by a ſtorm, is meant for a prodigy, intimating that the waters had the ſame reſentments with their commander Neptune, and ſeconded him in his quarrel. *Euſtathius.*

v. 457. *Not half ſo loud, &c.*] The poet having ended the epiſode of Jupiter and Juno, returns to the battle, where the Greeks being animated and led on by Neptune, renew the fight with vigour. The noiſe and outcry of this freſh onſet, he endeavours to expreſs by theſe three ſounding compariſons; as if he thought it neceſſary to awake the reader's attention, which by the preceding deſcriptions might be lulled into a forgetfulneſs of the fight. He might likewiſe deſign to ſhew how ſoundly Jupiter ſlept, ſince he is not awaked by ſo terrible an uproar.

This paſſage cannot be thought juſtly liable to the objections which have been made againſt heaping compariſons one upon another, whereby the principal object is loſt amidſt too great a variety of different images. In this caſe the principal image is more ſtrongly impreſſed on the mind by a multiplication of ſimilies, which are the natural product of an imagination labouring to expreſs ſomething very faſt: but finding no ſingle idea ſufficient to anſwer its conceptions, it endeavours by redoubling the compariſons to ſupply this defect: the different ſounds of waters, winds, and flames, being as it were united in one. We have ſeveral inſtances of this ſort even in ſo caſtigated and reſerved a writer as Virgil, who has joined together the images of this paſſage in the fourth Georgic, v. 261. and applied them, beautifully ſoftened by a kind of parody, to the buzzing of a bee-hive:

Frigidus ut quondam ſylvis immurmurat auſter,
Ut mare ſollicitum ſtridet refluentibus undis,
Æſtuat ut clauſis rapidus fornacibus ignis.

Taſſo has not only imitated this particular paſſage of Homer, but likewiſe added to it. Cant. ix. Sta. 22.

Leſs loud ths winds, that from th' Æolian hall
Roar thro' the woods, and make whole foreſts fall;
Leſs loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain, and its ſhades devour:
With ſuch a rage the meeting hoſts are driv'n,
And ſuch a clamour ſhakes the ſounding heav'n.
The firſt bold jav'lin urg'd by Hector's force,
Direct at Ajax' boſom wing'd its courſe;
But there no paſs the croſſing belts afford,
(One brac'd his ſhield, and one ſuſtain'd his ſword.)
Then back the diſappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
But 'ſcap'd not Ajax; his tempeſtuous hand
A pond'rous ſtone up-heaving from the ſand,
(Where heaps laid looſe beneath the warrior's feet,
Or ſerv'd to ballaſt, or to prop the fleet)
Toſs'd round and round, the miſſive marble flings;
On the raz'd ſhield the falling ruin rings,
Full on his breaſt and throat with force deſcends;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury ſpends,
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the duſt, and ploughs into the ground.

Rapido ſi che torbida procella
De cavernoſi monti eſce piu tarda:
Fiume, ch' alberi inſieme, e caſe ſvella:
Folgore, che le torri abbatta, & arda:
Tervemote, che 'l mondo empia d' horrore,
Son picciole ſembianze al ſuo furore.

v. 480. *Smokes in the duſt, and ploughs into the ground.*]

Στρόμβον δ' ὡς ἴσσουσι βαλὼν, &c.

Theſe words are tranſlated by ſeveral, as if they ſignified that Hector was turned round with the blow, like a whirlwind; which would enhance the wonderful greatneſs of Ajax's ſtrength. Euſtathius rather inclines to refer the words to the ſtone itſelf, and the violence of its motion. Chapman, I think, is in the right to prefer the latter, but he ſhould not have taken the intrepretation to himſelf. He ſays, it is above the wit of man to give a more fiery

As when the bolt, red-hiſſing from above,
Darts on the conſecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and ſmokes of ſulphur riſe;
Stiff with amaze the pale beholders ſtand,
And own the terrors of th' almighty hand!
So lies great Hector proſtrate on the ſhore;
His ſlacken'd hand deſerts the lance it bore;
His following ſhield the fallen chief o'erſpread;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
His load of armour ſinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field; a dead, and hollow ſound.
Loud ſhouts of triumph fill the crowded plain;
Greece ſees, in hope, Troy's great defender ſlain:
All ſpring to ſeize him; ſtorms of arrows fly;
And thicker jav'lins intercept the ſky.
In vain an iron tempeſt hiſſes round;
He lies protected, and without a wound.
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warrior of Anchiſes' line,

illuſtration both of Ajax's ſtrength and Hector's; of Ajax, for giving ſuch a force to the ſtone, that it could not ſpend itſelf on Hector; but afterwards turned upon the earth with that violence; and of Hector, for ſtanding the blow ſo ſolidly: for without that conſideration, the ſtone could never have recoiled ſo fiercely. This image, together with the noble ſimile following it, ſeem to have given Spenſer the hint of thoſe ſublime verſes:

As when almighty Jove, in wrathful mood,
To wreak the guilt of mortal ſins is bent,
Hurls forth his thund'ring dart with deadly food
Enroll'd, of flames, and ſmouldring dreariment:
Thro' riven clouds, and molten firmament,
The fierce three-forked engine making way,
Both lofty towr's and higheſt trees hath rent,
And all that might his dreadful paſſage ſtay,
And ſhooting in the earth, caſts up a mound of clay.
His boiſt'rous club ſo buried in the ground,
He could not rear again, &c.

And each bold leader of the Lycian band;
With cov'ring ſhields (a friendly circle) ſtand.
His mournful followers, with aſſiſtant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear;
His foaming courſers, ſwifter than the wind,
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.
When now they touch'd the mead's enamell'd ſide,
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his eaſy tide,
With wat'ry drops the chief they ſprinkle round,
Plac'd on the margin of the flow'ry ground.
Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
Now faints a-new, low-ſinking on the ſhore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting ſkies,
And ſeals again, by fits, his ſwimming eyes.
Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,
With double fury each invades the field.
Oïlean Ajax firſt his jav'lin ſped,
Pierc'd by whoſe point the ſon of Enops bled;
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neïs bore
Amidſt her flocks on Satnio's ſilver ſhore)
Struck thro' the belly's rim, the warrior lies
Supine, and ſhades eternal veil his eyes.
An arduous battle roſe around the dead;
But turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled.
Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near,
And at Prothœnor ſhook the trembling ſpear;
The driving jav'lin thro' his ſhoulder thruſt,
He ſinks to earth, and graſps the bloody duſt.
Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:
From this unerring hand there flies no dart
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.
Propt on that ſpear to which thou ow'ſt thy fall,
Go, guide thy darkſome ſteps to Pluto's dreary hall!

v. 533. *Propt on that ſpear, &c.*] The occaſion of this ſarcaſm

He ſaid, and ſorrow touch'd each Argive breaſt:
The ſoul of Ajax burn'd above the reſt.
As by his ſide the groaning warrior fell,
At the fierce foe he lanch'd his piercing ſteel;
The foe reclining, ſhunn'd the flying death;
But fate, Archelocus, demands thy breath:
Thy lofty birth no ſuccour could impart,
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart,
Swift to perform heav'n's fatal will it fled,
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
The dropping head firſt tumbled to the plain.
So juſt the ſtroke, that yet the body ſtood
Erect, then roll'd along the ſands in blood.
Here, proud Polydamas here turn thy eyes!
(The tow'ring Ajax loud inſulting cries)
Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor ſlain?
Mark well his port! his figure and his face
Nor ſpeak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his ſon.
He ſpake, and ſmil'd ſevere, for well he knew
The bleeding youth: Troy ſadden'd at the view.
But furious Acamas aveng'd his cauſe;
As Promachus his ſlaughter'd brother draws,
He pierc'd his heart----Such fate attends you all,
Proud Argives! deſtin'd by our arms to fall.

of Polydamas ſeems taken from the attitude of his falling enemy, who is transfixed with a ſpear through his right ſhoulder. This poſture bearing ſome reſemblance to that of a man leaning on a ſtaff, might probably ſuggeſt the conceit.

The ſpeech of Polydamas begins a long ſtring of ſarcaſtic raillery, in which Euſtathius pretends to obſerve very different characters. This of Polydamas, he ſays, is *pleaſant*; that of Ajax, *heroic*; that of Acamas, *plain*; and that of Peneleus, *pathetic*.

Not Troy alone but haughty Greece ſhall ſhare
The toils, the ſorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath,
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.
Heart-piercing anguiſh ſtruck the Grecian hoſt,
But touch'd the breaſt of bold Peneleus moſt;
At the proud boaſter he directs his courſe;
The boaſter flies, and ſhuns ſuperior force.
But young Ilioneus receiv'd the ſpear;
Ilioneus, his father's only care:
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain)
Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres ſcoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove thro' the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:
He lifts his miſerable arms in vain!
Swift his broad falchion fierce Peneleus ſpread,
And from the ſpouting ſhoulders ſtruck his head;
To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
The lance, yet ſtriking thro' the bleeding eye,
The victor ſeiz'd; and as aloft he ſhook
The gory viſage, thus inſulting ſpoke.
Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
Haſte, to his father, let the tale be told:
Let his high roofs reſound with frantic woe,
Such, as the houſe of Promachus muſt know;
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such, as to Promachus ſad ſpouſe we bear;
When we, victorious ſhall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.
Dreadful he ſpoke, then toſs'd the head on high;
The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly.

Aghaſt they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.
Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus ſhine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording nine!
O ſay, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero firſt embru'd the field?
Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
And whoſe bleſt trophies will ye raiſe to fame?
Thou firſt, great Ajax! on th' enſanguin'd plain
Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Myſian train.
Phalces and Mermer, Neſtor's ſon o'erthrew,
Bold Merion, Morys, and Hippotion ſlew.
Strong Periphætes and Prothoön bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead.
Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaüs ſteel,
His people's paſtor, Hyperenor fell;

v. 599. *Daughters of Jove! &c.*] Whenever we meet with theſe freſh invocations in the midſt of action, the poets would ſeem to give their readers to underſtand, that they are come to a point where the deſcription being above their own ſtrength, they have occaſion for ſupernatural aſſiſtance; by this artifice at once exciting the reader's attention, and gracefully varying the narration. In the preſent caſe, Homer ſeems to triumph in the advantage the Greeks had gained in the flight of the Trojans, by invoking the Muſes to ſnatch the brave actions of his heroes from oblivion, and ſet them in the light of eternity. This power is vindicated to them by the poets on every occaſion, and it is to this taſk they are ſo ſolemnly and frequently ſummoned by our author. Taſſo has, I think, introduced one of theſe invocations in a very noble and peculiar manner; where, on occaſion of a battle by night, he calls upon the Night to allow him to draw forth thoſe mighty deeds, which were performed under the concealment of her ſhades, and to diſplay their glories, notwithſtanding their diſadvantage, to all poſterity:

Notte, che nel profondo oſcuro ſeno
Chiudeſti, e ne l' oblio fatto ſi grande;
Piacciati, ch' io nel tragga, e 'n bel ſereno
A la future età lo ſpieghi, e mande.
Vivi la fame loro, e trà lor gloria
Splenda del foſco tuo l' alta memoria.

Eternal darkneſs wrapt the warrior round,
And the fierce ſoul came ruſhing thro' the wound.
But ſtretch'd in heaps before Oïleus ſon,
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the leſs, of all the Grecian race
Skill'd in purſuit, and ſwifteſt in the chace.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fifth battle, at the ſhips; and the acts of Ajax.

JUPITER awaking, ſees the Trojans repulſed from the trenches, Hector in a ſwoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks: he is highly incenſed at the artifice of Juno, who appeaſes him by her ſubmiſſions; ſhe is then ſent to Iris and Apollo. Juno repairing to the aſſembly of the Gods, attempts with extraordinary addreſs to incenſe them againſt Jupiter; in particular ſhe touches Mars with a violent reſentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and paſſion, he conſents. Apollo re-inſpires Hector with vigor, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his Ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans ruſh in, and attempt to fire the firſt line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious ſlaughter.

NOW in ſwift flight they paſs the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gaſping on the ground:
Then ſtopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.
Meanwhile awaken'd from his dream of love,
On Ida's ſummit ſat imperial Jove:
Round the wide fields he caſt a careful view,
There ſaw the Trojans fly, the Greeks purſue;

Theſe proud in arms, thoſe ſcatter'd o'er the plain;
And, 'midſt the war, the monarch of the main.
Not far, great Hector on the duſt he ſpies,
(His ſad aſſociates round with weeping eyes)
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His ſenſes wand'ring to the verge of death.
The God beheld him with a pitying look,
And thus, incens'd, to fraudful Juno ſpoke.

O thou, ſtill adverſe to th' eternal will,
For ever ſtudious in promoting ill!
Thy arts have made the god-like Hector yield,
And driv'n his conqu'ring ſquadrons from the field.
Can'ſt thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withſtand
Our pow'r immenſe, and brave th' almighty hand?
Haſt thou forgot, when bound and fix'd on high,
From the vaſt concave of the ſpangled ſky,

v. 17.] Adam, in Paradiſe Loſt, awakes from the embrace of Eve, in much the ſame humour with Jupiter in this place. Their circumſtance is very parallel; and each of them, as ſoon as his paſſion is over, appears full of that reſentment natural to a ſuperior, who is impoſed upon by one of leſs worth and ſenſe than himſelf; and impoſed upon in the worſt manner, by ſhews of tenderneſs and love.

v. 23. *Haſt thou forgot, &c.*] It is in the original to this effect. *Have you forgot how you ſwung in the air, when I hung a load of two anvils at your feet, and a chain of gold on your hands?* "Though it "is not my deſign, ſays M. Dacier, to give a reaſon for every ſtory "in the pagan theology, yet I cannot prevail upon myſelf to paſs "over this in ſilence. The phyſical allegory ſeems very apparent "to me: Homer myſteriouſly in this place explains the nature of "the Air, which is Juno; the two anvils which ſhe had at her "feet are the two elements, earth and water: and the chains of "gold about her hands are the æther, or fire which fills the ſupe-"rior region: the two groſſer elements are called anvils, to ſhew "us, that in thoſe two elements only, arts are exerciſed. I do not "know but that a moral allegory may here be found, as well as "a phyſical one; the poet by theſe maſſes tied to the feet of Ju-"no, and by the chain of gold with which her hands were bound, "might ſignify, not only, that domeſtic affairs ſhould like fetters "detain the wife at home; but that proper and beautiful works "like chains of gold ought to employ her hands."

I hung thee trembling, in a golden chain;
And all the raging Gods oppos'd in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from th' Olympian hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathleſs with the fall.
For god-like Hercules theſe deeds were done,
Nor ſeem'd the vengeance worthy ſuch a ſon;
When by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas toſt
The ſhipwreck'd hero on the Coan coaſt:
Him thro' a thouſand forms of death I bore,
And ſent to Argos, and his native ſhore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Leſt arts and blandiſhments ſucceſsleſs prove,
Thy ſoft deceits, and well-diſſembled love.
The Thund'rer ſpoke: imperial Juno mourn'd,
And trembling, theſe ſubmiſſive words return'd.
By ev'ry oath that pow'rs immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all-infolding ſkies,
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow
Thro' the drear realms of gliding ghoſts below:

The phyſical part of this note belongs to Heraclides Ponticus, Euſtathius, and the Scholiaſt: M. Dacier might have been contented with the credit of the moral one, as it ſeems an obſervation no leſs ſingular in a lady.

v. 23.] Euſtathius tells us, that there were in ſome manuſcripts of Homer two verſes, which are not to be found in any of the printed editions, (which Hen. Stephens places here.)

Πάλιν γ' ὅτε δὴ σ' ἀπέλυσα ποδῶν, μέδρας δ' ἐνὶ Τροίῃ
Κάββαλον ἔφρα πέλοιτο καὶ ἰσσομένοισι πυθέσθαι.

By theſe two verſes Homer ſhews us, that what he ſays of the puniſhment of Juno was not an invention of his own, but founded upon an ancient tradition. There had probably been ſome ſtatue of Juno with anvils at her feet, and chains on her hands; and nothing but chains and anvils being left by time, ſuperſtitious people raiſed this ſtory; ſo that Homer only followed common report. What farther confirms it, is what Euſtathius adds, That there were ſhewn near Troy certain ruins, which were ſaid to be the remains of theſe maſſes. *Dacier.*

v. 43. *By thy black waves, tremendous Styx.*] The epithet Homer

By the dread honours of thy ſacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
Not by my arts the ruler of the main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain:
By his own ardour, his own pity ſway'd
To help his Greeks; he fought, and diſobey'd:
Elſe had thy Juno better counſel giv'n,
And taught ſubmiſſion to the ſire of heav'n.
Think'ſt thou with me? fair empreſs of the ſkies!
(Th' immortal Father with a ſmile replies!)
Then ſoon the haughty ſea god ſhall obey,
Nor dare to act but when we point the way.

here gives to Styx is καταῤῥέμενον, *ſubterlabens*, which I take to refer to its paſſage through the infernal regions. But there is a refinement upon it, as if it ſignified *ex alto ſtillans*, falling drop by drop from on high. Herodotus, in his ſixth book writes thus. "The Arcadians ſay, that near the city Nonacris flows the water of Styx, "and that it is a ſmall rill, which diſtilling from an exceeding high "rock, falls into a little cavity or baſon, environed with a hedge." Pauſanias, who had ſeen the place, gives light to this paſſage of Herodotus. "Going from Phereus, ſays he, in the country of the "Arcadians, and drawing towards the weſt, we find on the left "the city of Clytorus, and on the right that of Nonacris, and the "fountain of Styx, which from the height of a ſhaggy precipice "falls drop by drop upon an exceeding high rock, and before it "has traverſed this rock, flows into the river Crathis: this water "is mortal both to man and beaſt, and therefore it is ſaid to be an "infernal fountain. Homer gives it a place in his poems, and by the "deſcription which he delivers, one would think he had ſeen it." This ſhews the wonderful exactneſs of Homer, in the deſcription of places which he mentions. The gods ſwore by Styx, and this was the ſtrongeſt oath they could take; but we likewiſe find that men too ſwore by this fatal water: for Herodotus tells us, Cleomenes going to Arcadia to engage the Arcadians to follow him in a war againſt Sparta, had a deſign to aſſemble at the city of Nonacris, and make them ſwear by the water of this fountain. *Dacier. Euſtath.* in Odyſſ.

v. 47. *Not by my arts, &c.*] This apology is well contrived; Juno could not ſwear that ſhe had not deceived Jupiter, for this had been entirely falſe, and Homer would be far from authorizing perjury by ſo great an example. Juno, we ſee, throws part of the fault on Neptune, by ſhewing ſhe had not acted in concert with him. *Euſtatbius.*

If truth inſpires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon' bright ſynod on th' Olympian hill;
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the god that bears the ſilver bow.
Let her deſcend, and from th' embattl'd plain
Command the ſea-god to his wat'ry reign:
While Phœbus haſtes, great Hector to prepare
To riſe afreſh, and once more wake the war,
His lab'ring boſom re-inſpires with breath,
And calls his ſenſes from the verge of death.
Greece chas'd by Troy ev'n to Achilles' fleet,
Shall fall by thouſands at the hero's feet.

v. 67. *Greece chas'd by Troy, &c.*] In this diſcourſe of Jupiter, the poet opens his deſign, by giving his reader a ſketch of the principal events he is to expect. As this conduct of Homer may to many appear no way artful, and ſince it is a principal article of the charge brought againſt him by ſome late French critics, it will not be improper here to look a little into this diſpute. The caſe will be beſt ſtated by tranſlating the following paſſage from Mr. de la Motte's *Reflections ſur la Critique.*

" I could not forbear wiſhing that Homer had an art, which he " ſeems to have neglected, that of preparing events without mak- " ing them known beforehand; ſo that when they happen, one " might be ſurpriſed agreeably. I could not be quite ſatisfied to " hear Jupiter, in the middle of the Iliad, give an exact abridg- " ment of the remainder of the action. Madam Dacier alledges " as an excuſe, that this paſt only between Jupiter and Juno; as " if the reader was not let into the ſecret, and had not as much " ſhare in the confidence."

She adds, " that as we are capable of a great deal of pleaſure at " the repreſentation of a tragedy which we have ſeen before, ſo " the ſurpriſes which I require are no way neceſſary to our enter- " tainment. This I think a pure piece of ſophiſtry: one may " have two ſorts of pleaſure at the repreſentation of a tragedy; in " the firſt place, that of taking part in an action of importance " the firſt time it paſſes before our eyes, of being agitated by fear " and hope for the perſons one is moſt concerned about, and in fine, " of partaking their felicity or misfortune, as they happen to ſuc- " ceed, or be diſappointed.

" This therefore is the firſt pleaſure which the poet ſhould de- " ſign to give his auditors, to tranſport them by pathetic ſurpriſes " which excite terror or pity. The ſecond pleaſure muſt pro- " ceed from a view of that art which the author has ſhewn in " raiſing the former.

" 'Tis true, when we have ſeen a piece already, we have no

He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall ſend Patroclus, but ſhall ſend in vain. 70

" longer that firſt pleaſure of the ſurpriſes, at leaſt not in all its vi-
" vacity; but there ſtill remains the ſecond, which could never
" have its turn, had not the poet laboured ſucceſsfully to excite the
" firſt, it being upon that indiſpenſable obligation that we judge of
" his art.

" The art therefore conſiſts in telling the hearer only what is ne-
" ceſſary to be told him, and in telling him only as much as is re-
" quiſite to the deſign of pleaſing him. And although we know
" this already when we read it a ſecond time, we yet taſte the plea-
" ſure of that order and conduct which the art required.

" From hence it follows, that every poem ought to be contrived
" for the firſt impreſſion it is to make. If it be otherwiſe, it gives
" us (inſtead of two pleaſures which we expected) two ſorts of
" diſguſts: the one, that of being cool and untouched when we
" ſhould be moved and tranſported; the other, that of perceiving
" the defect which cauſed that diſguſt.

" This, in one word, is what I have found in the Iliad. I was
" not intereſted or touched by the adventures, and I ſaw it was this
" cooling preparation which prevented my being ſo."

It appears clearly that M. Dacier's defence no way excuſes the poet's conduct; wherefore I ſhall add two or three conſiderations which may chance to ſet it in a better light. It muſt be owned that a ſurpriſe artfully managed, which ariſes from unexpected revolutions of great actions, is extremely pleaſing. In this conſiſts the principal pleaſure of a romance, or well-writ tragedy. But beſides this, there is in the relation of great events a different kind of pleaſure, which ariſes from the artful unravelling a knot of actions, which we knew before in the groſs. This is a delight peculiar to hiſtory and epic poetry, which is founded on hiſtory. In theſe kinds of writing, a preceding ſummary knowledge, of the events deſcribed, does no way damp our curioſity, but rather makes it more eager for the detail. This is evident in a good hiſtory, where generally the reader is affected with a greater delight in proportion to his preceding knowledge of the facts deſcribed: the pleaſure in this caſe is like that of an architect's firſt view of ſome magnificent building, who was before well acquainted with the proportions of it. In an epic poem the caſe is of a like nature; where, as if the hiſtorical fore-knowledge were not ſufficient, the moſt judicious poets never fail to excite their readers curioſity by ſome ſmall ſketches of their deſign; which, like the outlines of a fine picture, will neceſſarily raiſe in us a greater deſire to ſee it in its finiſhed colouring.

Had our author been inclined to follow the method of managing our paſſions by ſurpriſes, he could not well have ſucceeded by this manner in the ſubject he choſe to write upon, which being a ſtory of great importance, the principal events of which were well known to the Greeks, it was not poſſible for him to alter the groundwork of his piece; and probably he was willing to mark ſometimes

What youth he ſlaughters under Ilion's walls?
Ev'n my lov'd ſon, divine Sarpedon falls!
Vanquiſh'd at laſt by Hector's lance he lies.
Then, nor 'till then, ſhall great Achilles riſe:
And lo! that inſtant, god-like Hector dies.
From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
Pallas aſſiſts, and lofty Ilion burns.
Not 'till that day ſhall Jove relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heav'nly hoſt engage
In aid of Greece. The promiſe of a God
I gave, and ſeal'd it with th' almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the ſtars to raiſe;
Such was our word, and fate the word obeys.
The trembling queen (th' almighty order giv'n)
Swift from th' Idæan ſummit ſhot to heav'n.
As ſome way-faring man, who wanders o'er
In thought a length of lands he trod before,

by anticipation, ſometimes by recapitulations, how much of his ſtory was founded on hiſtorical truths, and that what is ſuperadded were the poetical ornaments.

There is another conſideration worth remembering on this head, to juſtify our author's conduct. It ſeems to have been an opinion in thoſe early times, deeply rooted in moſt countries and religions, that the actions of men were not only foreknown, but predeſtinated by a ſuperior being. This ſentiment is very frequent in the moſt ancient writers both ſacred and profane, and ſeems a diſtinguiſhing character of the writings of the greateſt antiquity. *The word of the Lord was fulfilled*, is the principal obſervation in the hiſtory of the Old Teſtament; and Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή is the declared and moſt obvious moral of the Iliad. If this great moral be fit to be repreſented in poetry, what means ſo proper to make it evident, as this introducing Jupiter foretelling the events which he had decreed?

v. 86. *As ſome way-faring man, &c.*] The diſcourſe of Jupiter to Juno being ended, ſhe aſcends to heaven with wonderful celerity, which the poet explains by this compariſon. On other occaſions he has illuſtrated the action of the mind by ſenſible images from the motion of bodies; here he inverts the caſe, and ſhews the great velocity of Juno's flight by comparing it to the quickneſs of thought. No other compariſon could have equalled the ſpeed of an heavenly being. To render this more beautiful and exact, the poet deſcribes a traveller who revolves in his mind the ſeveral places which

Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and meaſures ſpace with ſpace:
So ſwift flew Juno to the bleſt abodes,
If thought of man can match the ſpeed of gods.
There ſat the pow'rs in awful ſynod plac'd;
They bow'd, and made obeiſance as ſhe paſs'd,
Thro' all the brazen dome: with goblets crown'd
They hail her queen; the nectar ſtreams around.
Fair Themis firſt preſents the golden bowl,
And anxious aſks what cares diſturbs her ſoul?

To whom the white-arm'd goddeſs thus replies.
Enough thou know'ſt the tyrant of the ſkies,
Severely bent his purpoſe to fulfil,
Unmov'd his mind, and unreſtrained his will.
Go thou, the feaſts of heav'n attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall;

he has ſeen, and in an inſtant paſſes in imagination from one diſtant part of the earth to another. Milton ſeems to have had it in his eye in that elevated paſſage:

------ *The ſpeed of gods*
Time counts not, tho' with ſwifteſt minutes wing'd.

As the ſenſe in which we have explained this paſſage is exactly literal, as well as truly ſublime, one cannot but wonder what ſhould induce both Hobbes and Chapman to ramble ſo wide from it in their tranſlations.

This ſaid, when Juno to Olympus high,
As when a man looks o'er an ample plain,
To any diſtance quickly goes his eye:
So ſwiftly Juno went with little pain.

Chapman's is yet more foreign to the ſubject:

But as the mind of ſuch a man, that hath a great way gone,
And either knowing not his way, or then would let alone
His purpos'd journey; is diſtract, and in his vexed mind
Reſolves now not to go, now goes, ſtill many ways inclin'd----

v. 102. *Go thou, the feaſts of heav'n attend thy call.*] This is a paſſage worthy our obſervation. Homer feigns, that Themis, that is Juſtice, preſides over the feaſts of the gods; to let us know, that ſhe ought much more to preſide over the feaſts of men. *Euſtathius.*

But Jove ſhall thunder thro' th' ethereal dome,
Such ſtern decrees, ſuch threatned woes to come,
As ſoon ſhall freeze mankind with dire ſurpriſe,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the ſkies.
The goddeſs ſaid, and ſullen took her place;
Blank horrour ſadden'd each celeſtial face.
To ſee the gath'ring grudge in every breaſt,
Smiles on her lips a ſpleenful joy expreſt;
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sat ſtedfaſt care, and low'ring diſcontent.
Thus ſhe proceeds----Attend ye pow'rs above!
But know, 'tis madneſs to conteſt with Jove:
Supreme he ſits; and ſees, in pride of ſway,
Your vaſſal godheads grudgingly obey:
Fierce in the majeſty of pow'r, controls;
Shakes all the thrones of heav'n, and bends the poles.
Submiſs, immortals! all he wills, obey;
And thou, great Mars, begin and ſhew the way.
Behold Aſcalaphus! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a ſigh;
Thy own lov'd boaſted offſpring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boaſted offſpring be thy own.

v. 114. *Juno's ſpeech to the gods.*] It was no ſort of exaggeration what the ancients have affirmed of Homer, that the examples of all kinds of oratory are to be found in his works. The preſent ſpeech of Juno is a maſter-piece in that ſort, which ſeems to ſay one thing, and perſuades another: for while ſhe is only declaring to the gods the orders of Jupiter, at the time that ſhe tells them they muſt obey, ſhe fills them with a reluctance to do it. By repreſenting ſo ſtrongly the ſuperiority of his power, ſhe makes them uneaſy at it; and by particularly adviſing that god to ſubmit, whoſe temper could leaſt brook it, ſhe incites him to downright rebellion. Nothing can be more ſly and artfully provoking, than that ſtroke on the death of his darling ſon. *Do thou, O Mars, teach obedience to us all, for it is upon thee that Jupiter has put the ſevereſt trial: Aſcalaphus thy ſon lies ſlain by his means: bear it with ſo much temper and moderation, that the world may not think he was thy ſon.*

Stern Mars, with anguiſh for his ſlaughter'd ſon,
Smote his rebelling breaſt, and fierce begun.
Thus then, immortals! thus ſhall Mars obey;
Forgive me gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Deſcending firſt to yon' forbidden plain,
The god of battles dare avenge the ſlain;
Dares, tho' the thunder burſting o'er my head
Should hurl me blazing on thoſe heaps of dead.
With that, he gives command to Fear and Flight
To join his rapid courſers for the fight:
Then grim in arms, with haſty vengeance flies;
Arms, that reflect a radiance thro' the ſkies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driv'n,
Diſcharg'd his wrath on half the hoſt of heav'n;
But Pallas ſpringing thro' the bright abode,
Starts from her azure throne to calm the god.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic Mars ſhe ſnatch'd the ſhield and ſpear;
Then the huge helmet liſting from his head,
Thus, to th' impetuous homicide ſhe ſaid.
By what wild paſſion, furious! art thou toſt?
Striv'ſt thou with Jove? thou art already loſt.
Shall not the Thund'rer's dread command reſtrain,
And was imperial Juno heard in vain?
Back to the ſkies would'ſt thou with ſhame be driv'n,
And in thy guilt involve the hoſt of heav'n?
Ilion and Greece no more ſhould Jove engage;
The ſkies would yield an ampler ſcene of rage,

v. 134. *To Fear and Flight*----] Homer does not ſay, that Mars commanded they ſhould join his horſes to his chariot, which horſes were called Fear and Flight. Fear and Flight are not the names of the horſes of Mars, but the names of two furies in the ſervice of this god: it appears likewiſe by other paſſages, that they were his children, book xiii. v. 299. of the original. This is a very ancient miſtake; Euſtathius mentions it as an error of Antimachus, yet Hobbes and moſt others have fallen into it.

Guilty and guiltleſs find an equal fate,
And one vaſt ruin whelm th' Olympian ſtate.
Ceaſe then thy offspring's death unjuſt to call;
Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet ſhall fall.
Why ſhould heav'n's law with fooliſh man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?
This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne;
Sullen he ſat, and curb'd the riſing groan.
Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
The winged Iris, and the God of Day.
Go wait the Thund'rer's will (Saturnia cry'd)
On yon' tall ſummit of the fount-full Ide:
There in the father's awful preſence ſtand,
Receive, and execute his dread command.
She ſaid, and ſat: the god that gilds the day,
And various Iris, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hills they came,
(Fair nurſe of fountains, and of ſavage game)
There ſat th' Eternal; he, whoſe nod controlls
The trembling world, and ſhakes the ſteady poles.

v. 164. *Go wait the Thund'rer's will.*] It is remarkable, that whereas it is familiar with the poet to repeat his errands and meſſages, here he introduces Juno with very few words, where ſhe carries a diſpatch from Jupiter to Iris and Apollo. She only ſays, "Jove commands you to attend him on mount Ida," and adds nothing of what had paſſed between herſelf and her conſort before. The reaſon of this brevity is not only that ſhe is highly diſguſted with Jupiter, and ſo unwilling to tell her tale from the anguiſh of her heart; but alſo becauſe Jupiter had given her no commiſſion to relate fully the ſubject of their diſcourſe: wherefore ſhe is cautious of declaring what poſſibly he would have concealed. Neither does Jupiter himſelf in what follows reveal his decrees: for he lets Apollo only ſo far into his will, that he would have him diſorder and rout the Greeks: their good fortune, and the ſucceſs which was to enſue, he hides from him, as one who favoured the cauſe of Troy. One may remark in this paſſage Homer's various conduct and diſcretion concerning what ought to be put in practice, or left undone: whereby his reader may be informed how to regulate his own affairs. *Euſtathius.*

Veil'd in a miſt of fragance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circle round.
Well-pleas'd the Thund'rer ſaw their earneſt care,
And prompt obedience to the Queen of Air;
Then (while a ſmile ſerenes his awful brow)
Commands the goddeſs of the ſhow'ry bow.
Iris! deſcend, and what we here ordain
Report to yon' mad tyrant of the main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from ſlaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuſe, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright and ſuperior ſway.
How ſhall his raſhneſs ſtand the dire alarms,
If heav'n's omnipotence deſcend in arms?
Strives he with me, by whom his pow'r was giv'n,
And is there Equal to the Lord of Heav'n?
Th' Almighty ſpoke; the Goddeſs wing'd her flight
To ſacred Ilion from th' Idæan height.
Swift as the ratt'ling hail, or fleecy ſnows
Drive thro' the ſkies, when Boreas fiercely blows;
So from the clouds deſcending Iris falls;
And to blue Neptune thus the Goddeſs calls.
Attend the mandate of the Sire above,
In me behold the meſſenger of Jove:
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birth-right, and ſuperior ſway.
How ſhall thy raſhneſs ſtand the dire alarms,
If heav'n's omnipotence deſcend in arms?
Striv'ſt thou with him, by whom all pow'r is giv'n?
And art thou equal to the Lord of Heav'n?

What means the haughty Sov'reign of the ſkies,
(The King of Ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;
No vaſſal God, nor of his train am I.
Three brother Deities from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhea, earth's immortal dame:
Aſſign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
Infernal Pluto ſways the ſhades below;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the ſtarry plain,
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain;
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And huſh the roarings of the ſacred deep:

v. 210. *Three brother Deities from Saturn came,*
And ancient Rhea, earth's immortal dame;
Aſſign'd by lot, our triple rule we know, &c.]

Some have thought the Platonic philoſophers drew from hence the notion of their Triad (which the Chriſtian Platoniſts ſince imagined to be an obſcure hint of the Sacred Trinity.) The Trias of Plato is well known, τὸ αὐτὸ ὄν, ὁ νοῦς ὁ δημιουργὸς, ἡ τοῦ κόσμου ψυχή. In his Gorgias he tells us, τὸν Ὅμηρον (*autorem ſc. fuiſſe*) τῆς τῶν δημιουργικῶν τριαδικῆς ὑποστάσεως. See *Proclus in Plat. Theol.* lib. i. cap. 5. *Lucian Philopatr.* *Ariſtotle de Cælo*, lib. i. cap. 1. ſpeaking of the Ternarian number from Pythagoras, has theſe words; Τὰ τρία πάντα, καὶ τὸ τρὶς πᾶν. Καὶ καθάπερ τοῖς ἀρχαίοις τῶν θείων, χρώμεθα τῷ ἀριθμῷ τούτῳ. Καθάπερ γάρ φασιν καὶ οἱ Πυθαγόρειοι, τὸ πᾶν καὶ τὰ πάντα τοῖς τρισὶν ὥρισται. Τελευτὴ γὰρ καὶ ἐστιν καὶ ἀρχὴ τὸν ἀριθμὸν ἔχει τὸν τοῦ παντὸς· ταῦτα δὲ τὸν τῆς τριάδος. From which paſſage Trapezuntius endeavoured very ſeriouſly to prove, that Ariſtotle had a perfect knowledge of the Trinity. Duport (who furniſhed me with this note, and who ſeems to be ſenſible of the folly of Trapezuntius) nevertheleſs in his Gnomologia Homerica, or compariſon of our author's ſentences with thoſe of the Scripture, has placed, oppoſite to this verſe, that of St. John: *There are three who give teſtimony in heaven, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt.* I think this the ſtrongeſt inſtance I ever met with of the manner of thinking of ſuch men, whoſe too much learning has made them mad.

Lactantius, de Falſ. Relig. lib. i. cap. 11. takes this fable to be a remain of ancient hiſtory, importing, that the empire of the then known world was divided among the three brothers; to Jupiter the oriental part which was called Heaven, as the region of light, or the ſun; to Pluto the occidental, or darker regions: and to Neptune the ſovereignty of the ſeas,

Olympus, and this earth, in common lie;
What claim has here the tyrant of the ſky?
Far in the diſtant clouds let him controul,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;
There to his children his commands be giv'n,
The trembling, ſervile, ſecond race of heav'n.
And muſt I then (ſaid ſhe) O Sire of Floods!
Bear this fierce anſwer to the King of Gods?
Correct it yet, and change thy raſh intent;
A noble mind diſdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are giv'n,
To ſcourge the wretch inſulting them and heav'n.
Great is the profit (thus the God rejoin'd)
When miniſters are bleſt with prudent mind:
Warn'd by thy words, to pow'rful Jove I yield,
And quit, tho' angry, the contended field.
Not but his threats with juſtice I diſclaim,
The ſame our honours, and our birth the ſame.
If yet forgetful of his promiſe giv'n
To Hermes, Pallas, and the Queen of heav'n;
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race:
Give him to know, unleſs the Grecian train
Lay yon' proud ſtructures level with the plain,
Howe'er th' offence by other gods be paſt,
The wrath of Neptune ſhall for ever laſt.

v. 228. *To elder brothers.*] Iris, that ſhe may not ſeem to upbraid Neptune with weakneſs of judgment, out of regard to the greatneſs and dignity of his perſon, does not ſay that Jupiter is ſtronger or braver; but attacking him from a motive not in the leaſt invidious, ſuperiority of age, ſhe ſays ſententiouſly, that the Furies wait upon our elders. The Furies are ſaid to wait upon men in a double ſenſe: either for evil, as they did upon Oreſtes after he had ſlain his mother; or elſe for their good, as upon elders when they are injured, to protect them and avenge their wrongs. This is an inſtance that the Pagans looked upon birth-right as a right divine. *Euſtathius.*

Thus ſpeaking, furious from the field he ſtrode,
And plung'd into the boſom of the flood.
The Lord of Thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus beſpoke the Source of light.
Behold! the God whoſe liquid arms are hurl'd
Around the globe, whoſe earthquakes rock the world;
Deſiſts at length his rebel-war to wage,
Seeks his own ſeas, and trembles at our rage;
Elſe had my wrath, heav'n's thrones all ſhaking round,
Burn'd to the bottom of the ſeas profound;
And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell,
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.
Well was the crime, and well the veng'ance ſpar'd;
Ev'n pow'r immenſe had found ſuch battle hard.
Go thou, my ſon! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad Ægis on thy active arm,
Be god-like Hector thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his ſtrength to war:
Let Ilion conquer, till th' Achaian train
Fly to their ſhips and Helleſpont again:
Then Greece ſhall breathe from toils—the godhead ſaid;
His will divine the ſon of Jove obey'd.
Not half ſo ſwift the ſailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle thro the liquid ſkies;

v. 852. *Elſe had my wrath, &c.*] This repreſentation of the terrors which muſt have attended the conflict of two ſuch mighty powers as Jupiter and Neptune, whereby the elements had been mixed in confuſion, and the whole frame of nature endangered, is imaged in theſe few lines with a nobleneſs ſuitable to the occaſion. Milton has a thought very like it in his fourth book, where he repreſents what muſt have happened if Satan and Gabriel had encountered:

------ Not only Paradiſe
In this commotion, but the ſtarry cope
Of heav'n, perhaps, and all the elements
At laſt had gone to wreck, diſturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict; had not ſoon
Th' Almighty, to prevent ſuch horrid fray, &c.

As Phæbus ſhooting from th' Idæan brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector ſeated by the ſtream he ſees,
His ſenſe returning with the coming breeze;
Again his pulſes beat, his ſpirits riſe;
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;
Jove thinking of his pains, they paſt away.
To whom the god who gives the golden day.
Why ſits great Hector from the field ſo far?
What grief, what wound, with-holds thee from the war?
The fainting hero, as the viſion bright
Stood ſhining o'er him, half unſeal'd his ſight;
What bleſt immortal, with commanding breath,
Thus wakens Hector from the ſleep of death?
Has fame not told, how, while my truſty ſword
Bath'd Greece in ſlaughter, and her battle gor'd,
The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow
Had almoſt ſunk me to the ſhades below?
Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghoſts I ſpy,
And hell's black horrors ſwim before my eye.
To him Apollo. Be no more diſmay'd;
See, and be ſtrong! the Thund'rer ſends thee aid.
Behold! thy Phœbus ſhall his arms employ,
Phœbus, propitious ſtill to thee, and Troy.
Inſpire thy warriors then with manly force,
And to the ſhips impel thy rapid horſe:
Ev'n I will make thy fiery courſers way,
And drive the Grecians headlong to the ſea.

v. 274. *Jove thinking of his pains, they paſt away.*] Euſtathius obſerves, that this is a very ſublime repreſentation of the power of Jupiter, to make Hector's pains ceaſe from the moment wherein Jupiter firſt turned his thoughts towards him. Apollo finds him ſo far recovered, as to be able to ſit up, and know his friends. Thus much was the work of Jupiter; the god of health perfects the cure.

Thus to bold Hector ſpoke the ſon of Jove,
And breath'd immortal ardor from above.
As when the pamper'd ſteed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and pours along the ground;
With ample ſtrokes he ruſhes to the flood,
To bathe his ſides, and cool his fiery blood;
His head now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevel'd o'er his ſhoulders flies:
He ſnuffs the females on the well-known plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his fields again:
Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
Full of the God; and all his hoſts purſue.
As when the force of men and gods combin'd
Invade the mountain goat, or branching hind;
Far from the hunter's rage ſecure they lie
Cloſe in the rock, (not fated yet to die)

v. 298. *As when the pamper'd ſteed.*] This compariſon is repeated from the ſixth book, and we are told that the ancient critics retained no more than the two firſt verſes and the four laſt in this place, and that they gave the verſes two marks; by the one (which was the aſteriſm) they intimated, that the four lines were very beautiful; but by the other (which was the *obelus*) that they were ill placed. I believe an impartial reader who conſiders the two places will be of the ſame opinion.

Taſſo has improved the juſtneſs of this ſimile in his ſixteenth book, where Rinaldo returning from the arms of Armida to battle, is compared to the ſteed that is taken from his paſtures and mares to the ſervice of the war: the reverſe of the circumſtance better agreeing with the occaſion.

Qual feroce deſtrier, ch' al faticoſo
Honor de l'arme vincitor ſia tolto,
E laſcivo marito in vil ripoſo
Fra gli armenti, e ne' paſchi erri diſciolto;
Se' l deſta o ſuon di tromba, o luminoſo
Acciar, colà toſto annitendo è volto;
Già già brama l'arringo, e l'huom sùl dorſo
Portando, urtato riurtar nel corſo.

v. 311. *Not fated yet to die.*] Dacier has a pretty remark on this paſſage, that Homer extended deſtiny (that is, the care of Providence) even over the beaſts of the field; an opinion that agrees

When lo! a lion ſhoots acroſs the way!
They fly: at once the chaſers and the prey.
So Greece, that late in conqu'ring troops purſu'd,
And mark'd their progreſs thro' the ranks in blood,
Soon as they ſee the furious chief appear,
Forget to vanquiſh and conſent to fear.
Thoas with grief obſerv'd his dreadful courſe,
Thoas, the braveſt of th' Ætolian force:
Skill'd to direct the jav'lin's diſtant flight,
And bold to combat in the ſtanding fight;
Nor more in councils fam'd for ſolid ſenſe,
Than winning words and heav'nly eloquence.
Gods! what portent (he cry'd) theſe eyes invades?
Lo! Hector riſes from the Stygian ſhades!
We ſaw him, late, by thund'ring Ajax kill'd:
What god reſtores him to the frighted field;
And not content that half of Greece lie ſtain,
Pours new deſtruction on her ſons again?
He comes not, Jove, without thy pow'rful will;
Lo! ſtill he lives, purſues, and conquers ſtill!
Yet hear my counſel, and his worſt withſtand.
The Greeks main body to the fleet command;
But let the few whom briſker ſpirits warm,
Stand the firſt onſet, and provoke the ſtorm.
Thus point your arms; and when ſuch foes appear,
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.

perfectly with true theology. In the book of Jonas, the regard of the Creator extending to the meaneſt rank of his creatures, is ſtrongly expreſſed in thoſe words of the Almighty, where he makes his compaſſion to the brute beaſts one of the reaſons againſt deſtroying Nineveh. *Shall I not ſpare the great city, in which there are more than ſix ſcore thouſand perſons, and alſo much cattle?* And what is ſtill more parallel to this paſſage, in St. Matthew, ch. x. *Are not two ſparrows ſold for a farthing? And yet one of them ſhall not fall to the ground, without your father.*

The warrior ſpoke, the liſt'ning Greeks obey,
Thick'ning their ranks, and form a deep array.
Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion gave command,
The valiant leader of the Cretan band.
And Mars-like Meges: theſe the chiefs excite,
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
To flank the navy, and the ſhores defend.
Full on the front the preſſing Trojans bear,
And Hector firſt came tow'ring to the war.
Phœbus himſelf the ruſhing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
High-held before him, Jove's enormous ſhield
Portentous ſhone, and ſhaded all the field;
Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift conſign'd,
To ſcatter hoſts, and terrify mankind.
The Greeks expect the ſhock, the clamours riſe
From diff'rent parts, and mingle in the ſkies.
Dire was the hiſs of darts, by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-ſtring ſung;
Theſe drink the life of gen'rous warriors ſlain;
Thoſe guiltleſs fall, and thirſt for blood in vain.
As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the ſhield,
Sat doubtful Conqueſt hov'ring o'er the field;
But when aloft he ſhakes it in the ſkies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,

v. 362. *But when aloft he ſhakes.*] Apollo in this paſſage, by this mere ſhaking his Ægis, without acting offenſively, annoys and put the Greeks into diſorder. Euſtathius thinks that ſuch a motion might poſſibly create the ſame confuſion, as hath been reported by hiſtorians to proceed from *panic fears*: or that it might intimate ſome dreadful confuſion in the air, and a noiſe iſſuing from thence; a notion which ſeems to be warranted by Apollo's out-cry, which preſently follows in the ſame verſe. But perhaps we need not go ſo far to account for this fiction of Homer: the ſight of a hero's armour often has the like effect in an epic poem: the ſhield of

Deep horror ſeizes ev'ry Grecian breaſt,
Their force is humbled, and their fear confeſt.
So flies a herd of oxen, ſcatter'd wide,
No ſwain to guard 'em, and no day to guide,
When two fell lions from the mountain come,
And ſpread the carnage thro' the ſhady gloom.
Impending Phœbus pours around 'em fear,
And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
Heaps fall on heaps: the ſlaughter Hector leads;
Firſt great Arceſilas, then Stichius bleeds;
One to the bold Bœotians ever dear,
And one Meneſtheus' friend and fam'd compeer.
Medon and Iäſus, Æneas ſped;
This ſprung from Phelus', and th' Athenians led;
But hapleſs Medon from Oïleus came;
Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name.
Tho' born of lawleſs love: from home expell'd,
A baniſh'd man, in Phylacè he dwell'd,
Preſs'd by the vengeance of an angry wife;
Troy ends, at laſt, his labours and his life.
Mecyſtus next, Polydamas o'erthrew;
And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor ſlew.
By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
Pierc'd thro' the ſhoulder as he baſely flies.
Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors ſpoil the ſlain.

prince Arthur in Spenſer works the ſame wonders with this Ægis of Apollo.

v. 386. *By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,*
Pierc'd thro' the ſhoulder as he baſely flies.]

Here is one that falls under the ſpear of Paris, ſmitten in the extremity of his ſhoulder as he was flying. This gives occaſion to a pretty obſervation in Euſtathius, that this is the only Greek who falls by a wound in the back; ſo careful is Homer of the honour of his countrymen. And this remark will appear not ill grounded, if we except the death of Eioneus in the beginning of lib. vi.

The Greeks diſmay'd, confus'd, diſperſe or fall,
Some ſeek the trench, ſome ſkulk behind the wall.
While theſe fly trembling, others pant for breath,
And o'er the ſlaughter ſtalks gigantic Death.
On ruſh'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night;
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight.
Points to the fleet: for by the Gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;
No weeping ſiſter his cold eye ſhall cloſe,
No friendly hand his fun'ral pyre compoſe.
Who ſtops to plunder at this ſignal hour,
The birds ſhall tear him, and the dogs devour.
Furious he ſaid; the ſmarting ſcourge reſounds;
The courſers fly; the ſmoking chariot bounds:
The hoſts ruſh on; loud clamours ſhake the ſhore;
The horſes thunder, Earth and Ocean roar!
Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,
Puſh'd at the bank: down ſunk th' enormous mound:
Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
A ſudden road! a long and ample way.

v. 396. *For by the Gods, who flies, &c.*] It ſometimes happens (ſays Longinus) that a writer in ſpeaking of ſome perſon, all on a ſudden puts himſelf in that other's place, and acts his part; a figure which marks the impetuoſity and hurry of paſſion. It is this which Homer practiſes in theſe verſes; the poet ſtops his narration, forgets his own perſon, and inſtantly, without any notice, puts this precipitate menace into the mouth of his furious and tranſported hero. How muſt his diſcourſe have languiſhed, had he ſtaid to tell us, *Hector then ſaid theſe, or the like words?* Inſtead of which, by this unexpected tranſition he prevents the reader, and the tranſition is made before the poet himſelf ſeems ſenſible he had made it. The true and proper place for this figure is when the time preſſes, and when the occaſion will not allow of any delay: it is elegant then to paſs from one perſon to another, as in that of Hecatæus. *The herald, extremely diſcontented at the orders he had received, gave command to the Heraclidæ to withdraw.---It is no way in my power to help you; if therefore you would not periſh entirely, and if you would not involve me in your ruin, depart, and ſeek a retreat among ſome other people.* Longinus, chap. xxiii.

O'er the dread foſſe (a late impervious ſpace)
Now ſteeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous paſs.
The wond'ring crouds the downward level trod;
Before them ſtam'd the ſhield, and march'd the god.
Then with his hand he ſhook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.
Eaſy, as when aſhore an infant ſtands,
And draws imagin'd houſes in the ſands;
The ſportive wanton, pleas'd with ſome new play,
Sweeps the ſlight works and faſhion'd domes away.
Thus vaniſh'd, at thy touch the tow'rs and walls;
The toil of thouſands in a moment falls.
The Grecians gaze around with wild deſpair,
Confus'd, and weary all the pow'rs with pray'r;
Exhort their men, with praiſes, threats, commands;
And urge the gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
Experienc'd Neſtor chief obteſts the ſkies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes.
O Jove! if ever, on his native ſhore,
One Greek enrich'd thy ſhrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fatteſt firſtlings of the fold;

v. 416. *As when aſhore an infant ſtands.*] This ſimile of the ſand is inimitable; it is not eaſy to imagine any thing more exact and emphatical to deſcribe the tumbling and confuſed heap of a wall, in a moment. Moreover the compariſon here, taken from ſand, is the juſter, as it riſes from the very place and ſcene before us. For the wall here demoliſhed, as it was founded on the coaſt, muſt needs border on the ſand; wherefore the ſimilitude is borrowed immediately from the ſubject-matter under view. *Euſtathius.*

v. 428. *O Jove! if ever, &c.*] The form of Neſtor's prayer in this place reſembles that of Chryſes in the firſt book. And it is worth remarking, that the poet well knew, what ſhame and confuſion the reminding one of paſt benefits is apt to produce. From the ſame topic Achilles talks with his mother, and Thetis herſelf accoſts Jove; and likewiſe Phœnix, where he holds a parley with Achilles. This righteous prayer hath its wiſhed accompliſhment. *Euſtathius.*

If e'er thou ſign'ſt our wiſhes with thy nod;
Perform the promiſe of a gracious god!
This day, preſerve our navies from the flame,
And ſave the reliques of the Grecian name.
Thus pray'd the ſage: th' Eternal gave conſent,
And peals of thunder ſhook the firmament.
Preſumptuous Troy miſtook th' accepting ſign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
As, when black tempeſts mix the ſeas and ſkies,
The roaring deeps in wat'ry mountains riſe,
Above the ſides of ſome tall ſhip aſcend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
Thus louldly roaring, and o'erpow'ring all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;
Legions on legions from each ſide ariſe;
Thick ſound the keels; the ſtorm of arrows flies,
Fierce on the ſhips above, the cars below,
Theſe wield the mace, and thoſe the jav'lin throw.

v. 438. *Preſumptuous Troy miſtook the ſign.*] The thunder of Jupiter is deſigned as a mark of his acceptance of Neſtor's prayers, and a ſign of his favour to the Greeks. However there being nothing in the prodigy particular to the Greeks, the Trojans expound it in their own favour, as they ſeem warranted by their preſent ſucceſs. This ſelf-partiality of men in appropriating to themſelves the protection of heaven, has always been natural to them. In the ſame manner Virgil makes Turnus explain the transformation of the Trojan ſhips into nymphs, as an ill omen to the Trojans.

Trojanos hæc monſtra petunt, his Jupiter ipſe
Auxilium ſolitum eripuit. - - - - - -

Hiſtory furniſhes many inſtances of oracles, which, by reaſon of this partial interpretation, have proved an occaſion to lead men into great misfortunes: it was the caſe of Crœſus in his wars with Cyrus; and a like miſtake engaged Phyrrus to make war upon the Romans.

v. 448. *On the ſhips above, the cars below.*] This is a new ſort of battle, which Homer has never before mentioned; the Greeks on their ſhips, and the Trojans in their chariots, as on a plain. *Euſtathius.*

47
48
49
50
39
38
37
36
MACEDO-
-NIA
PARS
THESSA-
-LIA
PERRHÆBII
EPI-
-RUS
ACAR-
-NA-
-NIA
AT O-
-LI A
PHOCIS
ACHAIA
EPETARRHAIA
MESSENIA
-LIA
CO NIA
BŒOTIA
EUBŒA
INSULA
Phæacia Inf.
Zacynthus Inf.
Sinus Cyparissius
Sinus Messeniacus
Sinus Argolicus
Sinus Saronicus
Malea Prom
Tænarum Prom
Dodona
Pindus M.
Oeta M.
Parnassus M.
Helicon M.
Cyllene M.
Taygetus M.
Corinth
Sparta
Thebæ
Athenæ
Salamis
Aegina
Lacedæmon
Pylos
Dorium
Ithaca
Cephallenia
Samos

GRÆCIA
HOMERICA
PHRYGIA
cum
Oris Maritimis
Ægeum
Mare
Cretum
Creta Insula
Cyclades
Sporades
Troas
Lesbos
Lycia
Caria
Lydia
Mysia
Meonia
Cilicia
Leleges
Pars Thraciæ
Cicones
Propontis
Ismarus
Pars Magnesiæ
Cos Insula
Rhodus Insula
Carpathus
Cythera Insula
Malea Prom.
Sunium Prom.
Gerestus Prom.
Scyros
Euboea Insula
Andros
Delos
Samos
Chios
Lesbos
Lemnos
Tenedos
Imbros
Lemnos
Athos
Thasos
Abantum
Cirrhæus
Oeta M.
Carystos
Athenæ
Tænarus
Argos
Sparta
Messene
Pylos
Elis
Ephesus
Miletus
Halicarnassus
Cnidus
Patara
Xanthus
Telmessus
Ida M.
Phæstus
Gortyna
Rhytium
Cydonia
Mycale M.
Tmolus M.
Latmus M.
Taygetus M.
Cyllene M.
Ida M.
Cadmus M.
Messogis M.
Cragus M.
Phthia
Thessalia
Pharsalus
Larissa
Pelasgia
Troja
Scamander fl.
Caicus fl.
Hermus fl.
Meander fl.
Eurotas fl.
Alpheus fl.
Peneus fl.
Sangarius fl.
Scamandrus fl.
Simois fl.
Xanthus fl.
Cayster fl.
Mæ

While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,
And lab'ring armies round the works engag'd;
Still in the tent Patroclus ſat, to tend
The good Eurypylus his wounded friend.
He ſprinkles healing balms, to anguiſh kind,
And adds diſcourſe the med'cine of the mind.
But when he ſaw, aſcending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy; then, ſtarting from his ſeat,
With bitter groans his ſorrows he expreſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breaſt.
Tho' yet thy ſtate requires redreſs (he cries)
Depart I muſt: what horrors ſtrike my eyes?
Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
A mournful witneſs of this ſcene of woe:
I haſte to urge him, by his country's care,
To riſe in arms, and ſhine again in war.
Perhaps ſome fav'ring God his ſoul may bend;
The voice is pow'rful of a faithful friend.
He ſpoke; and ſpeaking, ſwifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the war behind.
Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack ſuſtain,
But ſtrive, tho' num'rous, to repulſe in vain:
Nor could the Trojans, thro' that firm array,
Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.
As when a ſhipwright with Palladian art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels ev'ry part;
With equal hand he guides his whole deſign,
By the juſt rule, and the directing line:

v. 472. *Nor could the Trojans---Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.*] Homer always marks diſtinctly the place of battle; he here ſhews us clearly, that the Trojans attacked the firſt line of the fleet that ſtood next the wall, or the veſſels which were drawn foremoſt on the land: theſe veſſels were a ſtrong rampart to the tents which were pitched behind, and to the other line of the navy which ſtood nearer to the ſea; to penetrate therefore to the tents, they muſt neceſſarily force the firſt line, and defeat the troops which defended it. *Euſtathius.*

The martial leaders, with like ſkill and care,
Preſerv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms thro' all the ranks were try'd,
And ev'ry ſhip ſuſtain'd an equal tide.
At one proud bark, high-tow'ring o'er the fleet,
Ajax the great, and god-like Hector meet;
For one bright prize the matchleſs chiefs contend;
Nor this the ſhips can fire, nor that defend;
One kept the ſhore, and one the veſſel trod;
That fix'd as Fate, this acted by a God.
The ſon of Clytius in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, ſhakes a flaming brand;
But pierc'd by Telamon's huge lance expires;
Thund'ring he falls, and drops th' extinguiſh'd fires.
Great Hector view'd him with a ſad ſurvey,
As ſtretch'd in duſt before the ſtern he lay.
Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous ſpace:
Lo! where the ſon of royal Clytius lies;
Ah ſave his arms, ſecure his obſequies!
This ſaid, his eager jav'lin ſought the foe:
But Ajax ſhunn'd the meditated blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It ſtretch'd in duſt unhappy Lycophron:
An exile long, ſuſtain'd at Ajax' board,
A faithful ſervant to a foreign lord;
In peace, in war, for ever at his ſide,
Near his lov'd maſter, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
From the high poop he tumbles on the ſand,
And lies a lifeleſs load, along the land.
With anguiſh Ajax views the piercing ſight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight.
Teucer, behold! extended on the ſhore
Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!

Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplor'd, to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are thoſe darts on which the Fates attend?
And where the bow which Phœbus taught to bend?
  Impatient Teucer, haſt'ning to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow diſplay'd;
The well-ſtor'd quiver on his ſhoulders hung:
Then hiſs'd his arrow, and the bow-ſtring ſung.
Clytus, Piſenor's ſon, renown'd in fame,
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name)
Drove thro' the thickeſt of th' embattl'd plains
The ſtartling ſteeds, and ſhook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arreſts him from behind:
Thro' his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's firſt bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty ſeat, at diſtance far,
The headlong courſers ſpurn his empty car;
'Till ſad Polydamas the ſteeds reſtrain'd,
And gave, Aſtynous, to thy careful hand;
Then fir'd to vengeance ruſh'd amidſt the foe,
Rage edg'd his ſword, and ſtrengthen'd ev'ry blow.
  Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cauſe,
At Hector's breaſt, a choſen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the deſtin'd way,
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.
But Hector was not doom'd to periſh then:
Th' all-wiſe diſpoſer of the fates of men,
(Imperial Jove) his preſent death withſtands;
Nor was ſuch glory due to Teucer's hands.
At its full ſtretch as the tough ſtring he drew,
Struck by an arm unſeen, it burſt in two;

Down dropp'd the bow: the ſhaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the duſt lay dead.
Th' aſtoniſh'd archer to great Ajax cries;
Some God prevents our deſtin'd enterpriſe:
Some God propitious to the Trojan foe,
Has, from my arm unfailing, ſtruck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.
Since heav'n commands it (Ajax made reply)
Diſmiſs the bow, and lay thy arrows by;
(Thy arms no leſs ſuffice the lance to wield,)
And quit the quiver for the pond'rous ſhield.
In the firſt ranks indulge thy thirſt of fame,
Thy brave example ſhall the reſt inflame.
Fierce as they are, by long ſucceſſes vain;
To force our fleet, or ev'n a ſhip to gain,
Aſks toil, and ſweat, and blood: their utmoſt might
Shall find its match—no more: 'tis ours to fight.
Then Teucer laid his faithleſs bow aſide;
The four-fold buckler o'er his ſhoulder ty'd;
On his brave head a creſted helm he plac'd,
With nodding horſe-hair formidably grac'd;
A dart, whoſe point with braſs refulgent ſhines,
The warrior wields, and his great brother joins.
This Hector ſaw, and thus expreſs'd his joy,
Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
Be mindful of yourſelves, your ancient fame,
And ſpread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us; I ſaw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer ſtrike his vaunted bow.
Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours ſhine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How eaſy then, to ſee the ſinking ſtate
Of realms accurſt, deſerted, reprobate!

Such is the fate of Greece, and ſuch is ours:
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your pow'rs.
Death is the worſt; a fate which all muſt try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliſs to die.
The gallant man, tho' ſlain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation ſafe, his children free;
Entails a debt on all the grateful ſtate;
His own brave friends ſhall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race ſucceed;
And late poſterity enjoy the deed!
This rous'd the ſoul in ev'ry Trojan breaſt:
The god-like Ajax next his Greeks addreſt.
How long, ye warriors of the Argive race,
(To gen'rous Argos what a dire diſgrace!)

v. 582. *Death is the worſt, &c.*] It is with very great addreſs, that to the bitterneſs of death, he adds the advantages that were to accrue after it. And the ancients are of opinion, that it would be as advantageous for young ſoldiers to read this leſſon, conciſe as it is, as all the volumes of Tyrtæus, wherein he endeavours to raiſe the ſpirits of his countrymen. Homer makes a noble enumeration of the parts wherein the happineſs of a city conſiſts. For having told us in another place, the three great evils to which a town, when taken, is ſubject; the ſlaughter of the men, the deſtruction of the place by fire, the leading of their wives and children into captivity; now he reckons up the bleſſings that are contrary to thoſe calamities. To the ſlaughter of the men indeed he makes no oppoſition; becauſe it is not neceſſary to the well-being of a city, that every individual ſhould be ſaved, and not a man ſlain. *Euſtathius.*

v. 591. *The god-like Ajax next.*] The oration of Hector is more ſplendid and ſhining than that of Ajax, and alſo more ſolemn, from his ſentiments concerning the favour and aſſiſtance of Jupiter. But that of Ajax is the more politic, fuller of management, and apter to perſuade; for it abounds with no leſs than ſeven generous arguments to inſpire reſolution. He exhorts his people even to death, from the danger to which their navy was expoſed, which, if once conſumed, they were never like to get home. And as the Trojans were bid to die, ſo he bids his men dare to die likewiſe; and indeed with great neceſſity, for the Trojans may recruit after the engagment, but for the Greeks, they had no better way than to hazard their lives; and if they ſhould gain nothing elſe by it, yet at leaſt they would have a ſpeedy diſpatch, not a lingering and dilatory deſtruction. *Euſtathius.*

How long, on theſe curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live, or die!
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your veſſels catch the Trojan fire?
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'Tis now no time for wiſdom or debates;
To your own hands are truſted all your fates;
And better far in one deciſive ſtrife,
One day ſhould end our labour, or our life;
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren ſands,
Still preſs'd, and preſs'd by ſuch inglorious hands.
The liſt'ning Grecians feel their leader's flame,
And ev'ry kindling boſom pants for fame.
Then mutual ſlaughters ſpread on either ſide;
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius dy'd;
There pierc'd by Ajax, ſunk Laodamas,
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.
Polydamas laid Otus on the ſand,
The fierce commander of th' Epeian band.
His lance bold Meges at the victor threw;
The victor ſtooping, from the death withdrew;
(That valu'd life, O Phœbus! was thy care)
But Crœſmus' boſom took the flying ſpear:
His corpſe fell bleeding on the ſlipp'ry ſhore;
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.
Dolops, the ſon of Lampus, ruſhes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,
And fam'd for proweſs in a well-fought field;
He pierc'd the centre of his ſounding ſhield:
But Meges, Phyleus' ample breaſt-plate wore,
(Well-known in fight on Selles' winding ſhore;

For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed ſcale)
Which oft, in cities ſtorm'd, and battles won,
Had ſav'd the father, and now ſaves the ſon.
Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New ting'd with Tyrian dye: in duſt below
Shorn from the creſt, the purple honours glow.
Meantime their fight the Spartan king ſurvey'd,
And ſtood by Meges' ſide, a ſudden aid,
Thro' Dolops' ſhoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its paſſage thro' the panting heart,
And iſſu'd at his breaſt. With thund'ring ſound
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.
In ruſh the conqu'ring Greeks to ſpoil the ſlain:
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;
The hero moſt, from Hicetaon ſprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young.
He (e'er to Troy the Grecians croſs the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain;
But when oppreſs'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war;
For this, in Priam's court, he held his place,
Belov'd no leſs than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector ſingled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead.
Lo Melanippus! lo where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kinſman dies?
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on—a diſtant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage:
'Till Greece at once, and all her glory end;
Or Ilion from her tow'ry height deſcend,

Heav'd from the loweſt ſtone; and bury all
In one ſad ſepulchre, one common fall.
Hector (this ſaid) ruſh'd forwar'd on the foes:
With equal ardour Melanippus glows:
Then Ajax thus——Oh Greeks! reſpect your fame,
Reſpect yourſelves, and learn an honeſt ſhame:
Let mutual rev'rence mutual warmth inſpire,
And catch from breaſt to breaſt the noble fire.
On valour's ſide the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worſe than death, eternal ſhame.
His gen'rous ſenſe he not in vain imparts;
It ſunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts,
They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And flank the navy with a brazen wall;
Shields touching ſhields, in order blaze above,
And ſtop the Trojans, tho' impell'd by Jove.
The fiery Spartan firſt, with loud applauſe,
Warms the bold ſon of Neſtor in his cauſe.
Is there (he ſaid) in arms a youth like you,
So ſtrong to fight, ſo active to purſue?
Why ſtand you diſtant, nor attempt a deed?
Lift the bold lance, and make ſome Trojan bleed.
He ſaid; and backward to the lines retir'd;
Forth ruſh'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
Beyond the foremoſt ranks; his lance he threw,
And round the black battalions caſt his view.

v. 677. *And flank the navy with a brazen wall.*] The poet has built the Grecians a new ſort of wall out of their arms; and perhaps one might ſay, it was from this paſſage Apollo borrowed that oracle which he gave to the Athenians about their wall of wood; in like manner the Spartans were ſaid to have a wall of bones: if ſo, we muſt allow the god not a little obliged to the poet. *Euſtathius.*

The troops of Troy recede with ſudden fear,
While the ſwift jav'lin hiſs'd along in air.
Advancing Melanippus met the dart
With his bold breaſt, and felt it in his heart:
Thund'ring he falls; his falling arms reſound,
And his broad buckler rings againſt the ground.
The victor leaps upon his proſtrate prize;
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,
And rends his ſide, freſh-bleeding with the dart
The diſtant hunter ſent into his heart.
Obſerving Hector to the reſcue flew;
Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.
So when a ſavage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the ſhepherd's dog, or ſhepherd ſwain;
While conſcious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gath'ring multitude reſound,
Timely he flies the yet untaſted food,
And gains the friendly ſhelter of the wood.
So fears the youth; all Troy with ſhouts purſue,
While ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſt flew;
But enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns
His manly breaſt, and with new fury burns.
  Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
Fierce to fulfil the ſtern decrees of Jove:
The Sire of Gods, confirming Thetis' pray'r,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep deſpair;
But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
Swells all their hearts, and ſtrengthens all their hands.
On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the ſkies;
Then, nor 'till then, the ſcale of war ſhall turn,
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.

Theſe fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
He raiſes Hector to the work deſign'd,
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a light'ning, on the foe.
So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge jav'lin, and whole armies fall.
Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vaſt mountains, and involves the poles.
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For Jove his ſplendor round the chief had thrown,
And caſt the blaze of both the hoſts on one.
Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to ſtern Pallas, and Pelides' ſpear:

v. 723. *He raiſes Hector, &c.*] This picture of Hector, impulſed by Jupiter, is a very finiſhed piece, and excels all the drawings of this hero which Homer has given us in ſo various attitudes. He is here repreſented as an inſtrument in the hand of Jupiter, to bring about thoſe deſigns the god had long projected: and as his fatal hour now approaches, Jove is willing to recompenſe his haſty death with this ſhort-lived glory. Accordingly, this being the laſt ſcene of victory he is to appear in, the poet introduces him with all imaginable pomp, and adorns him with all the terror of a conqueror: his eyes ſparkle with fire, his mouth foams with fury, his figure is compared to the god of war, his rage is equalled to a conflagration and a ſtorm, and the deſtruction he cauſes is reſembled to that which a lion makes among the herds. The poet, by this heap of compariſons, raiſes the idea of the hero higher than any ſimple deſcription could reach.

v. 736. ----- *His fate was near* ----- *Due to ſtern Pallas.*] It may be aſked, what Pallas has to do with the Fates, or what power has ſhe over them? Homer ſpeaks thus, becauſe Minerva has already reſolved to ſuccour Achilles, and deceive Hector in the combat between theſe two heroes, as we find in book xxii. Properly ſpeaking, Pallas is nothing but the knowledge and wiſdom of Jove, and it is wiſdom which preſides over the counſels of his providence; therefore ſhe may be looked upon as drawing all things to the fatal term to which they are decreed. *Dacier.*

Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what fate allow'd, the honours of a day!
Now all on fire for fame, his breaſt, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and ſingle ev'ry prize;
Still at the cloſeſt ranks, the thickeſt fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
The Grecian phalanx moveleſs as a tow'r
On all ſides batter'd, yet reſiſts his pow'r:
So ſome tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds aſſail'd, by billows beat in vain,
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempeſt blow,
And ſees the wat'ry mountains break below.
Girt in ſurrounding flames, he ſeems to fall
Like fire from Jove, and burſts upon them all:
Burſts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And ſwell'd with tempeſts on the ſhip deſcends;

v. 752. *Burſts as a wave, &c.*] Longinus, obſerving that oftentimes the principal beauty of writing conſiſts in the judicious aſſembling together of the great circumſtances, and the ſtrength with which they are marked in the proper place, chuſes this paſſage of Homer as a plain inſtance of it. "Where (ſays that noble critic) in deſcribing the terror of a tempeſt, he takes care to expreſs "whatever are the accidents of moſt dread and horror in ſuch a "ſituation: he is not content to tell us that the mariners were in "danger, but he brings them before our eyes, as in a picture, "upon the point of being every moment overwhelmed by every "wave; nay, the very words and ſyllables of the deſcription, give "us an image of their peril." He ſhews, that a poet of leſs judgment would amuſe himſelf in leſs important circumſtances, and ſpoil the whole effect of the image by minute, ill-choſen, or ſuperfluous particulars. Thus Aratus endeavouring to refine upon that line,

And inſtant death on every wave appears!

He turned it thus,

A ſlender plank preſerves them from their fate.

Which, by flouriſhing upon the thought, has loſt the loftineſs and terror of it, and is ſo far from improving the image, that it leſſens and vaniſhes in his management. By confining the danger to a ſingle line, he has ſcarce left the ſhadow of it; and indeed the word *preſerves* takes away even that. The ſame critic produces a

White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the maſts, and ſing thro' ev'ry ſhroud:
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the ſailors freeze with fears;
And inſtant death on ev'ry wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief ſo thunders, and ſo ſhakes the fleet.
As when a lion, ruſhing from his den,
Amidſt the plain of ſome wide-water'd fen,
(Where num'rous oxen, as at eaſe they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead;)
Leaps on the herds before the herdſman's eyes;
The trembling herdſman far to diſtance flies:
Some lordly bull (the reſt diſpers'd and fled)
He ſingles out; arreſts, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he ſeiz'd, and ſlew:
Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,
In wiſdom great, in arms well known to fame;
The miniſter of ſtern Euryſtheus' ire,
Againſt Alcides, Copreus was his ſire:
The ſon redeem'd the honours of the race,
A ſon as gen'rous as the ſire was baſe;

fragment of an old poem on the Arimaſpians, written in this falſe taſte, whoſe author, he doubts not, imagined he had ſaid ſomething wonderful in the following affected verſes. I have done my beſt to give them the ſame turn, and I believe there are thoſe who will not think them bad ones.

Ye pow'rs! what madneſs! How on ſhips ſo frail,
(Tremendous thought!) can thoughtleſs mortals ſail?
For ſtormy ſeas they quit the pleaſing plain,
Plant woods in waves, and dwell amidſt the main.
Far o'er the deep (a trackleſs path) they go,
And wander oceans in purſuit of woe.
No eaſe their hearts, no reſt their eyes can find,
On heav'n their looks, and on the waves their mind;
Sunk are their ſpirits, while their arms they rear;
And gods are weary'd with their fruitleſs pray'r.

O'er all his country's youth conſpicuous far
In ev'ry virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to Hector's ſtronger force to yield!
Againſt the margin of his ample ſhield
He ſtruck his haſty foot: his heels up-ſprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan preſt,
And plung'd the pointed jav'lin in his breaſt.
His circling friends, who ſtrove to guard too late
Th' unhappy hero; fled, or ſhar'd his fate.

Chas'd from the foremoſt line, the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main:
Wedg'd in one body at the tents they ſtand,
Wall'd round with ſterns, a gloomy deſp'rate band.
Now manly ſhame forbids th' inglorious flight;
Now fear itſelf confines them to the fight:
Man courage breathes in man; but Neſtor moſt
(The ſage preſerver of the Grecian hoſt)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard theſe utmoſt ſhores;
And by their parents, by themſelves, implores.

O friends! be men: your gen'rous breaſts inflame
With equal honour, and with mutual ſhame!

v. 796. *Neſtor's ſpeech.*] This popular harangue of Neſtor is juſtly extolled as the ſtrongeſt and moſt perſuaſive piece of oratory imaginable. It contains in it every motive by which men can be affected; the preſervation of their wives and children, the ſecure poſſeſſions of their fortunes, the reſpect of their living parents, and the due regard for the memory of thoſe that were departed: by theſe he diverts the Grecians from any thoughts of flight in the article of extreme peril. *Euſtathius.*

This noble exhortation is finely imitated by *Taſſo*, *Jeruſalem*, lib. x.

------ *O valoroſo, hor via con queſta*
Faccia, a ritor la preda a noi rapita.
L' imagine ad alcuno in mente deſta,
Glie la figura quaſi, e glie l' addita
De la pregante patria e de la meſta
Supplice famiglivola ſbigottita.
Credi (dicea) che la tua patri ſpiegbi
Per la mia lingua in tai parole i pregbi,

Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents ſhare:
Think of each living father's rev'rend head:
Think of each anceſtor with glory dead:
Abſent, by me they ſpeak, by me they ſue;
They aſk their ſafety, and their fame, from you:
The gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are loſt, if you deſert the day.

He ſpoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires;
Minerva ſeconds what the ſage inſpires.
The miſt of darkneſs Jove around them threw
She clear'd, reſtoring all the war to view;
A ſudden ray ſhot beaming o'er the plain,
And ſhew'd the ſhores, the navy, and the main:
Hector they ſaw, and all who fly, or fight,
The ſcene wide-opening to the blaze of light.
Firſt of the field great Ajax ſtrikes their eyes,
His port majeſtic, and his ample ſize:
A pond'rous mace with ſtuds of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long he ſwings around;
Nor fights like others fix'd to certain ſtands,
But looks a moving tow'r above the bands;
High on the decks, with vaſt gigantic ſtride,
The god-like hero ſtrides from ſide to ſide.

Guarda tù le mie leggi, e i ſacri tempi
Fà ch' io del ſangue mio non bagni, e lavi,
Aſſicura le virgini da gli empi,
E i ſepolchri, e le cinere de gli avi.
A te piangendo i lor paſſati tempi
Moſtran la bianca chioma i vecchi gravi:
A tè la moglie, e le mammelle, e'l petto,
Le cune, e i figli, e'l marital ſuo letto.

v. 814. *Firſt of the field, great Ajax.*] In this book Homer, to raiſe the valour of Hector, gives him Neptune for an antagoniſt; and to raiſe that of Ajax, he firſt oppoſed to him Hector, ſupported by Apollo, and now the ſame Hector ſupported and impelled by Jupiter himſelf. Theſe are ſtrokes of a maſter-hand. *Euſtathius.*

So when a horſeman from the wat'ry mead
(Skill'd in the manage of a bounding ſteed)
Drives four fair courſers, practis'd to obey,
To ſome great city thro' the public way;
Safe in his art, as ſide by ſide they run,
He ſhifts his ſeat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies;
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.
From ſhip to ſhip thus Ajax ſwiftly flew,
No leſs the wonder of the warring crew.
As furious Hector thunder'd threats aloud,
And ruſh'd enrag'd before the Trojan croud:
Then ſwift invades the ſhips, whoſe beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending ſhores:
So the ſtrong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the ſwans' or cranes' embody'd flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And ſtooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,
And breathes fierce ſpirits in his following band.

v. 824. *Drives four fair courſers, &c.*] The compariſon which Homer here introduces, is a demonſtration that the art of mounting and managing horſes was brought to ſo great a perfection in theſe early times, that one man could manage four at once, and leap from one to the other even when they run full ſpeed. But ſome object, that the cuſtom of riding was not known in Greece at the time of the Trojan war: beſides, they ſay the compariſon is not juſt, for the horſes are ſaid to run full ſpeed, whereas the ſhips ſtand firm and unmoved. Had Homer put the compariſon in the mouth of one of his heroes, the objection had been juſt, and he guilty of an inconſiſtency: but it is he himſelf who ſpeaks: ſaddle-horſes were in uſe in his age, and any poet may be allowed to illuſtrate pieces of antiquity by images familiar to his times. This is ſufficient for the firſt objection; nor is the ſecond more reaſonable; for it is not abſolutely neceſſary, that compariſons ſhould correſpond in every particular; it ſuffices if there be a general reſemblance. This is only introduced to ſhew the agility of Ajax, who paſſes ſwiftly from one veſſel to another, and is therefore entirely juſt. *Euſtathius.*

The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the ſounding prores.
Thou would'ſt have thought, ſo furious was their fire,
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair;
Troy in proud hopes, already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes ſlain!
Like ſtrength is felt from hope, and from deſpair,
And each contends, as his were all the war.
'Twas thou, bold Hector, whoſe reſiſtleſs hand
Firſt ſeiz'd a ſhip on that conteſted ſtrand;
The ſame which dead Proteſilaüs bore,
The firſt that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan ſhore:
For this in arms the warring nations ſtood,
And bath'd their gen'rous breaſts with mutual blood.
No room to poize the lance or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man they grow:
Wounded they wound; and ſeek each other's hearts
With falchions, axes, ſwords, and ſhorten'd darts.
The falchions ring, ſhields rattle, axes ſound,
Swords flaſh in air, or glitter on the ground;
With ſtreaming blood the ſlipp'ry ſhores are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.
Still raging Hector with his ample hand
Graſps the high ſtern, and gives this loud command.
Haſte, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years
Is finiſh'd; and the day deſir'd appears!

v. 856. *The ſame which dead Proteſilaüs bore.*] Homer feigns that Hector laid hold on the ſhip of the dead Proteſilaüs, rather than on that of any other, that he might not diſgrace any of his Grecian generals. *Euſtathius.*

This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with deſtruction of yon' hoſtile fleet.
The coward counſels of a tim'rous throng
Of rev'rend dotards, check'd our glory long:
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms:
In this great day he crowns our full deſires,
Wakes all our force, and ſeconds all our fires.
He ſpoke—the warriors at his fierce command,
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
Ev'n Ajax paus'd (ſo thick the jav'lins fly)
Step'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.
Yet where the oars are plac'd, he ſtands to wait
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate:
Ev'n to the laſt, his naval charge defends,
Now ſhakes his ſpear, now lifts, and now protends;
Ev'n yet, the Greeks with piercing ſhouts inſpires,
Amidſt attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.

v. 874. *The coward counſels of a tim'rous throng*
Of rev'rend dotards.------]

Homer adds this with a great deal of art and prudence, to anſwer beforehand all the objections which he well foreſaw might be made, becauſe Hector never till now attacks the Grecians in their camp, or endeavours to burn their navy. He was retained by the elders of Troy, who frozen with fear at the ſight of Achilles, never ſuffered him to march from the ramparts. Our author forgets nothing that has the reſemblance of truth; but he had yet a farther reaſon for inſerting this, as it exalts the glory of his principal hero: theſe elders of Troy thought it leſs difficult to defeat the Greeks, though defended with ſtrong entrenchments, while Achilles was not with them, than to overcome them without entrenchments when he aſſiſted them. And this is the reaſon that they prohibited Hector before, and permit him now, to ſally upon the enemy. *Dacier.*

v. 877. *But now Jove calls to arms, &c.*] Hector ſeems to be ſenſible of an extraordinary impulſe from heaven, ſignified by theſe words, *the moſt mighty hand of Jove puſhing him on.* It is no more than any other perſon would be ready to imagine, who ſhould riſe from a ſtate of diſtreſs or indolence, into one of good fortune, vigour, and activity. *Euſtathius.*

O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,
Once ſons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!
Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers virtues and your own.
What aids expect you in this utmoſt ſtrait?
What bulwarks riſing between you and fate?
No aids, no bulwarks your retreat attend,
No friends to help, no city to defend.
This ſpot is all you have, to loſe or keep;
There ſtand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.

v. 890. *The ſpeech of Ajax.*] There is great ſtrength, cloſeneſs, and ſpirit in this ſpeech, and one might (like many critics) employ a whole page in extolling and admiring it in general terms. But ſure the perpetual rapture of ſuch commentators, who are always giving us exclamations inſtead of criticiſms, may be a mark of great admiration, but of little judgment. Of what uſe is this either to a reader who has a taſte, or to one who has not? To admire a fine paſſage, is what the former will do without us, and what the latter cannot be taught to do by us. However, we ought gratefully to acknowledge the good nature of moſt people, who are not only pleaſed with this ſuperficial applauſe given to fine paſſages, but are likewiſe inclined to transfer to the critic, who only points at theſe beauties, part of the admiration juſtly due to the poet. This is a cheap and eaſy way to fame, which many writers ancient and modern have purſued with great ſucceſs. Formerly indeed this ſort of authors had modeſty, and were humbly content to call their performances only Florilegia or Poſies: but ſome of late have paſſed ſuch collections on the world for criticiſms of great depth and learning, and ſeem to expect the ſame flowers ſhould pleaſe us better, in theſe paltry noſegays of their own making up, than in the native gardens where they grew. As this practice of extolling without giving reaſons is very convenient for moſt writers, ſo it excellently ſuits the ignorance or lazineſs of moſt readers, who will come into any ſentiment rather than take the trouble of refuting it. Thus the compliment is mutual: for as ſuch critics do not tax their readers with any thought to underſtand them, ſo their readers in return, advance nothing in oppoſition to ſuch critics. They may go roundly on, admiring and exclaiming in this manner; *What an exquiſite ſpirit of poetry-----How beautiful a circumſtance----What delicacy of ſentiments----With what art has the poet----In how ſublime and juſt a manner---How finely imagined---How wonderfully beautiful and poetical*----And ſo proceed, without one reaſon to interrupt the courſe of their eloquence, moſt comfortably and ignorantly apoſtrophiſing to the end of the chapter.

'Tis hoſtile ground you tread; your native lands
Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.
Raging he ſpoke; nor farther waſtes his breath,
But turns his jav'lin to the work of death.
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
Againſt the ſable ſhips, with flaming brands;
So well the chief his naval weapon ſped,
The luckleſs warrior at his ſtern lay dead:
Full twelve, the boldeſt, in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell.

THE ILIAD.

*BOOK XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſixth battle: the acts and death of Patroclus.

PATROCLUS (in purſuance of the requeſt of Neſtor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to ſuffer him to go to the aſſiſtance of the Greeks with Achilles's troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the ſame time charges him to content himſelf with reſcuing the fleet, without farther purſuit of the enemy. The armour, horſes, ſoldiers, and officers of Achilles are deſcribed. Achilles offers a libation for the ſucceſs of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans at the ſight of Patroclus in Achilles's armour, taking him for that hero, are caſt into the utmoſt conſternation: he beats them off from the veſſels, Hector himſelf flies, Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averſe to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are deſcribed; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, purſues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulſes and diſarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book.

* We have at the entrance of this book one of the moſt beautiful parts of the Iliad. The two different characters are admirably ſuſtained in the dialogue of the two heroes, wherein there is not a period but ſtrongly marks not only their natural temper, but that particular diſpoſition of mind in either, which ariſes from the preſent ſtate of affairs. We ſee Patroclus touched with the deepeſt compaſſion for the misfortune of the Greeks, (whom the Trojans had forced to retreat to their ſhips, and which ſhips were on the point of burning) proſtrating himſelf before the veſſel of Achilles, and pouring out his tears at his feet. Achilles, ſtruck with the

So warr'd both armies on th' enſanguin'd ſhore,
While the black veſſels ſmok'd with human gore.
Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies;
The ſtreaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
Not faſter, trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the ſable waters flow.

grief of his friend, demands the cauſe of it. Patroclus, pointing to the ſhips, where the flames already began to riſe, tells him he is harder than the rocks or ſea which lay in proſpect before them, if he is not touched with ſo moving a ſpectacle, and can ſee in cold blood his friends periſhing before his eyes. As nothing can be more natural and affecting than the ſpeech of Patroclus, ſo nothing is more lively and pictureſque than the attitude he is here deſcribed in.

The *pathetic* of Patroclus's ſpeech is finely contraſted by the *fierté* of that of Achilles. While the former is melting with ſorrow for his countrymen, the utmoſt he can hope from the latter, is but to borrow his armour and troops; to obtain his perſonal aſſiſtance he knows is impoſſible. At the very inſtant that Achilles is moved to aſk the cauſe of his friend's concern, he ſeems to ſay that nothing could deſerve it but the death of their fathers: and in the ſame breath ſpeaks of the total deſtruction of the Greeks as of too ſlight a cauſe for tears. Patroclus, at the opening of his ſpeech, dares not name Agamemnon even for being wounded; and after he has tried to bend him by all the arguments that could affect a human breaſt, concludes by ſuppoſing that ſome oracle or ſupernatural inſpiration is the cauſe that with-holds his arms. What can match the fierceneſs of his anſwer: which implies, that not the oracles of heaven itſelf ſhould be regarded, if they ſtood in competition with his reſentment: that if he yields, it muſt be through his own mere motive: the only reaſon he has ever to yield, is that nature itſelf cannot ſupport anger eternally: and if he yields now, it is only becauſe he had before determined to do ſo at a certain time, (Il. ix. v. 767.) That time was not till the flames ſhould approach to his own ſhips, till the laſt article of danger, and that not of danger to Greece, but to himſelf. Thus his very pity has the ſterneſt qualifications in the world. After all, what is it he yields to? only to ſuffer his friend to go in his ſtead, juſt to ſave them from preſent ruin, but he expreſſly forbids him to proceed any farther in their aſſiſtance, than barely to put out the fires, and ſecure his own and his friends return into their country: and all this concludes with a wiſh, that (if it were poſſible) every Greek and every Trojan might periſh except themſelves. Such is that *wrath* of Achilles, that more than wrath, as the Greek μῆνις implies, which Homer has painted in ſo ſtrong a colouring.

Divine Pelides, with compaſſion mov'd,
Thus ſpoke, indulgent to his beſt belov'd.
Patroclus, ſay, what grief thy boſom bears,
That flows ſo faſt in theſe unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breaſt, with fonder paſſion weeps;

v. 8. *Indulgent to his beſt belov'd.*] The friendſhip of Achilles and Patroclus is celebrated by all antiquity: and Homer, notwithſtanding the anger of Achilles was his profeſſed ſubject, has found the ſecret to diſcover, through that very anger, the ſofter parts of his character. In this view we ſhall find him generous in his temper, deſpiſing gain and booty, and as far as his honour is not concerned, fond of his miſtreſs, and eaſy to his friend: not proud, but when injured; and not more revengeful when ill uſed, than grateful and gentle when reſpectfully treated. "Patroclus (ſays Philoſtratus, "who probably grounds his aſſertion on ſome ancient tradition) was "not ſo much elder than Achilles as to pretend to direct him, but "of a tender, modeſt, and unaſſuming nature; conſtant and dili-"gent in his attendance, and ſeeming to have no affections but "thoſe of his friend." The ſame author has a very pretty paſſage, where Ajax is introduced enquiring of Achilles, "Which of all "his warlike actions were the moſt difficult and dangerous to him? "He anſwers, thoſe which he undertook for the ſake of his friends. "And which (continues Ajax) were the moſt pleaſing and eaſy? "The very ſame, replies Achilles. He then aſks him, Which of "all the wounds he ever bore in battle was the moſt painful to "him? Achilles anſwers, that which he received from Hector. "But Hector, ſays Ajax, never gave you a wound. Yes, replies "Achilles, a mortal one, when he ſlew my friend Patroclus."

It is ſaid in the life of Alexander the Great, that when that prince viſited the monuments of the heroes at Troy, and placed a crown upon the tomb of Achilles; his friend Hephœſtion placed another on that of Patroclus, as an intimation of his being to Alexander what the other was to Achilles. On which occaſion the ſaying of Alexander is recorded; *That Achilles was happy indeed, for having had ſuch a* friend *to love him living, and ſuch a* poet *to celebrate him dead.*

v. 11. *No girl, no infant, &c.*] I know the obvious tranſlation of this paſſage makes the compariſon conſiſt only in the tears of the infant, applied to thoſe of Patroclus. But certainly the idea of the ſimile will be much finer, if we comprehend alſo in it the mother's fondneſs and concern, awakened by this uneaſineſs of the child, which no leſs aptly correſponds with the tenderneſs of Achilles on the ſight of his friend's affliction. And there is yet a third branch of the compariſon, in that purſuit and conſtant application the infant makes to the mother, in the ſame manner as Patroclus follows

Not more the mother's ſoul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou haſt mine! Oh tell me, to what end
Thy melting ſorrows thus purſue thy friend?
Griev'ſt thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come ſad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live, (our firſt, moſt tender care)
Thy good Menœtius breathes the vital air,
And hoary Peleus yet extends his days;
Pleas'd in their age to hear their children's praiſe.
Or may ſome meaner cauſe thy pity claim?
Perhaps yon' reliques of the Grecian name,
Doom'd in their ſhips to ſink by fire and ſword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
Whate'er the cauſe, reveal thy ſecret care,
And ſpeak thoſe ſorrows which a friend would ſhare.
A ſigh, that inſtant, from his boſom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus ſpoke.
Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breaſt,
Thyſelf a Greek; and, once, of Greeks the beſt!

Achilles with his grief, till he forces him to take notice of it. I think (all theſe circumſtances laid together) nothing can be more affecting or exact in all its views, than this ſimilitude; which, without that regard, has perhaps ſeemed but low and trivial to an unreflecting reader.

v. 31. *Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breaſt.*] The commentators labour to prove that the words in the original which begin this ſpeech, Μὴ νεμέσα, *Be not angry*, are not meant to deſire Achilles to bear no farther reſentment againſt the Greeks, but only not to be diſpleaſed at the tears which Patroclus ſheds for their misfortune. Patroclus (they ſay) was not ſo imprudent to begin his interceſſion in that manner, when there was need of ſomething more inſinuating. I take this to be an exceſs of refinement: the purpoſe of every period in his ſpeech is to perſuade Achilles to lay aſide his anger; why then may he not begin by deſiring it? The whole queſtion is, whether he may ſpeak openly in favour of the Greeks in the firſt half of the verſe, or in the latter? For in the ſame line he repreſents their diſtreſs,

------τῶν γὰρ ἄχος βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιούς.

Lo! ev'ry chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' ſon,
And wiſe Ulyſſes, at the navy groan
More for their country's wounds, than for their own.
Their pain, ſoft arts of pharmacy can eaſe,
Thy breaſt alone no lenitives appeaſe.
May never rage like thine my ſoul enſlave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country ſlighted in her laſt diſtreſs,
What friend, what man, from thee ſhall hope redreſs?
No——men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curſe that fierce, that unforgiving mind.
O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But ſure thou ſpring'ſt not from a ſoft embrace,
Nor ever am'rous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender goddeſs brought thee forth.

It is plain he treats him without much reſerve, calls him implacable, inexorable, and even miſchievous (for *αἰναρίτη* implies no leſs.) I do not ſee wherein the caution of this ſpeech conſiſts; it is a generous, unartful petition, whereof Achilles's nature would much more approve, than of all the artifice of Ulyſſes, (to which he expreſſed his hatred in the ninth book, v. 412.)

v. 35. *Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' ſon,*
And wiſe Ulyſſes------]

Patroclus in mentioning the wounded princes to Achilles, takes care not to put Agamemnon firſt, leſt that odious name ſtriking his ear on a ſudden, ſhould ſhut it againſt the reſt of his diſcourſe: neither does he name him laſt, for fear Achilles dwelling upon it ſhould fall into paſſion; but he ſlides it into the middle, mixing and confounding it with the reſt, that it might not be taken too much notice of, and that the names which precede and follow it may diminiſh the hatred it might excite. Wherefore he does not ſo much as accompany it with an epithet.

I think the foregoing remark of Euſtathius is very ingenious, and I have given into ſo far, as to chuſe rather to make Patroclus call him Atreus ſon than Agamemnon, which yet farther ſoftens it, ſince thus it might as well be imagined he ſpoke of Menelaus, as of Agamemnon.

Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging ſeas produc'd thee in a ſtorm,
A ſoul well-ſuiting that tempeſtuous kind,
So rough thy manners, ſo untam'd thy mind.
If ſome dire Oracle thy breaſt alarm,
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, ſtop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may ſhine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy ſhall tremble, and deſert the war:
Without thy perſon Greece ſhall win the day,
And thy mere image chaſe her foes away.
Preſs'd by freſh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ſhips, and Greece reſpire again.
Thus, blind to fate! with ſupplicating breath,
Thou begg'ſt his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a boding ſigh
Thy friend return'd; and with it, this reply.
Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears;
Nor words from Jove, nor Oracles he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can ſuggeſt;
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breaſt.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my conſtant thought engage,
Thoſe, my ſole oracles, inſpire my rage:

v. 61. *And thy mere image chaſe her foes away.*] It is hard to conceive a greater compliment, or one that could more touch the warlike-ambition of Achilles, than this which Homer puts into the mouth of Patroclus. It was alſo an encomium which he could not ſuſpect of flattery; ſince the perſon who made it deſires to hazard his life upon the ſecurity that the enemy could not ſupport the ſight of the very armour of Achilles: and indeed Achilles himſelf ſeems to entertain no leſs a thought, in the anſwer to this ſpeech, where he aſcribes the flight of Troy to the blazing of his helmet: a circumſtance wonderfully fine, and nobly exalting the idea of this hero's terrible character. Beſides all this, Homer had it in view to prepare hereby the wonderful incident that is to enſue in the eighteenth book, where the very ſight of Achilles from his ſhip turns the fortune of the war.

I made him tyrant: gave him pow'r to wrong
Ev'n me: I felt it; and ſhall feel it long.
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conqueſt of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave;
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the meaneſt ſlave.
But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are paſt;
'Tis time our fury ſhould relent at laſt:
I fix'd its date; the day I wiſh'd appears:
Now Hector to my ſhips his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the ſhouts invade my ears.
Go then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:
Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go ſave the fleets, and conquer in my right.
See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
At the laſt edge of yon' deſerted land!
Behold all Ilion on their ſhips deſcends;
How the cloud blackens, how the ſtorm impends!
It was not thus, when, at my ſight amaz'd,
Troy ſaw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:
Had not th' injurious king our friendſhip loſt,
Yon' ample trench had bury'd half her hoſt.
No camps, no bulwarks now the Trojans fear,
Thoſe are not dreadful, no Achilles there:
No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' ſon;
No more your Gen'ral calls his heroes on;

v. 101. *No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' ſon.*] By what Achilles here ſays, joining Diomede to Agamemnon in this taunting reflection, one may juſtly ſuſpect there was ſome particular diſagreement and emulation between theſe two heroes. This we may ſuppoſe to be the more natural, becauſe Diomede was of all the Greeks confeſſedly the neareſt in fame and courage to Achilles, and therefore moſt likely to move his envy, as being the moſt likely to ſup-

Hector, alone, I hear; his dreadful breath
Commands your ſlaughter, or proclaims your death.
Yet now, Patroclus iſſue to the plain;
Now ſave the ſhips, the riſing fires reſtrain,
And give the Greeks to viſit Greece again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command
Who truſts his fame and honours in thy hand,
And from thy deeds expects, th' Achaian hoſt
Shall render back the beauteous maid he loſt:
Rage uncontroll'd thro' all the hoſtile crew,
But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.

ply his place. The ſame ſentiments are to be obſerved in Diomede with regard to Achilles; he is always confident in his own valour, and therefore in their greateſt extremities he no where acknowledges the neceſſity of appeaſing Achilles, but always in council appears moſt forward and reſolute to carry on the war without him. For this reaſon he was not thought a fit embaſſador to Achilles: and upon return from the embaſſy, he breaks into a ſevere reflection, not only upon Achilles, but even upon Agamemnon who had ſent this embaſſy to him. *I wiſh thou hadſt not ſent theſe ſupplications and gifts to Achilles; his inſolence was extreme before, but now his arrogance will be intolerable; let us not mind whether he goes or ſtays, but do our duty and prepare for the battle.* Euſtathius obſerves, that Achilles uſes this particular expreſſion concerning Diomede,

Οὐ γὰρ Τυδείδεω Διομήδεος ἐν παλάμῃσι
Μαίνεται ἐγχείη ------

becauſe it is the ſame boaſting expreſſion Diomede had applied to himſelf, Il. viii. v. 111. of the original. But this having been ſaid only to Neſtor in the heat of fight, how can we ſuppoſe Achilles had notice of it? this obſervation ſhews the great diligence, if not the judgment, of the good archbiſhop.

v. 111. *Shall render back the beauteous maid.*] But this is what the Greeks had already offered to do, and which he has refuſed; this then is an inequality in Achilles's manners. Not at all: Achilles is ſtill ambitious; when he refuſed theſe preſents, the Greeks were not low enough, he would not receive them till they were reduced to the laſt extremity, and till he was ſufficiently revenged by their loſſes. *Dacier.*

v. 113. *But touch not Hector.*] This injunction of Achilles is highly correſpondent to his ambitious character: he is by no means willing that the conqueſt of Hector ſhould be atchieved by any hand but his own: in that point of glory he is jealous even of his

'Tho' Jove in thunder ſhould command the war;
Be juſt, conſult my glory, and forbear.
The fleet once ſav'd, deſiſt from farther chace,
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;
Some adverſe god, thy raſhneſs may deſtroy;
Some god, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.
Let Greece redeem'd from this deſtructive ſtrait,
Do her own work; and leave the reſt to fate.
Oh! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove!

deareſt friend. This alſo wonderfully ſtrengthens the idea we have of his implacability and reſentment; ſince at the ſame time that nothing can move him to aſſiſt the Greeks in the battle, we ſee it is the utmoſt force upon his nature to abſtain from it, by the fear he manifeſts leſt any other ſhould ſubdue this hero.

The verſe I am ſpeaking of,

Ἰὲς ἄλλες ἐνάριξ ἀπὸ δ' Ἕκτορ@ ἴτχιο χεῖρας,

is cited by Diogenes Laertius as Homer's, but not found to be in the editions before that of Barnes's. It is certainly one of the inſtructions of Achilles to Patroclus, and therefore properly placed in this ſpeech; but I believe better after

- - - - - - - - - - πτολὶ δ', ἀγλαὸ δῶρα πόρωσιν,

than where he has inſerted it four lines above: for Achilles's inſtructions not beginning till v. 83.

Πείθεο δ', ὄς τοι ἐγὼ μύθε τέλ@ ἐν φρεσὶ βείω,

it is not ſo proper to divide this material one from the reſt. Whereas (according to the method I propoſe) the whole context will lie in this order. *Obey my injunctions, as you conſult my intereſt and honour. Make as great a ſlaughter of the Trojans as you will, but abſtain from Hector. And as ſoon as you have repulſed them from the ſhips, be ſatisfied and return: for it may be fatal to purſue the victory to the walls of Troy.*

v. 115. *Conſult my glory, and forbear.*] Achilles tells Patroclus, that if he purſues the foe too far, whether he ſhall be victor or vanquiſhed, it muſt prove either way prejudicial to his glory. For by the former, the Greeks having no more need of Achilles's aid, will not reſtore him his captive, nor try any more to appeaſe him by preſents: by the latter, his arms would be left in the enemy's hands, and he himſelf upbraided with the death of Patroclus. *Dacier.*

v. 122. *Oh! would to all, &c.*] Achilles from his overflowing gall, vents this execration: the Trojans he hates as profeſſed enemies,

That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race ſurvive;
Might only we the vaſt deſtruction ſhun,
And only we deſtroy th' accurſed town!
Such conf'rence held the chiefs; while on the ſtrand,
Great Jove with conqueſt crown'd the Trojan band.
Ajax no more the ſounding ſtorm ſuſtain'd,
So thick, the darts an iron tempeſt rain'd:

and he deteſts the Grecians as people who had with calmneſs overlooked his wrongs. Some of the antient critics, not entering into the manners of Achilles, would have expunged this imprecation, as uttering an univerſal malevolence to mankind. This violence agrees perfectly with his implacable character. But one may obſerve at the ſame time the mighty force of friendſhip, if for the ſake of his dear Patroclus he will protect and ſecure thoſe Greeks, whoſe deſtruction he wiſhes. What a little qualifies this bloody wiſh, is, that we may ſuppoſe it ſpoken with great unreſervedneſs, as in ſecret, and between friends.

Monſ. de la Motte has a lively remark upon the abſurdity of this wiſh. Upon the ſuppoſition that Jupiter had granted it, if all the Trojans and Greeks were deſtroyed, and only Achilles and Patroclus left to conquer Troy, he aſks what would be the victory without any enemies, and the triumph without any ſpectators? but the anſwer is very obvious: Homer intends to paint a man in paſſion; the wiſhes and ſchemes of ſuch an one are ſeldom conformable to reaſon; and the manners are preſerved the better, the leſs they are repreſented to be ſo.

This brings to my mind that curſe in Shakeſpear, where that admirable maſter of nature makes Northumberland, in the rage of his paſſion, wiſh for an univerſal deſtruction.

- - - - - - - - Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die,
And let the world no longer be a ſtage
To feed contention in a ling'ring act:
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born Cain
Reign in all boſoms, that each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead!

v. 130. *Ajax no more, &c.*] This deſcription of Ajax wearied out with battle, is a paſſage of exquiſite life and beauty: yet what I think nobler than the deſcription itſelf, is what he ſays at the end of it, that this hero even in this exceſs of fatigue and languor, could ſcarce be moved from his poſt by the efforts of a whole army. Virgil has copied the deſcription very exactly, Æn. ix.

On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling jav'lins rung,
His breath, in quick, ſhort pantings, comes, and goes;
And painful ſweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at moſt;
Yet ſcarce an army ſtirs him from his poſt:
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and wo ſucceeds to wo.
Say, Muſes, thron'd above the ſtarry frame,
How firſt the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame?
Stern Hector wav'd his ſword: and ſtanding near
Where furious Ajax ply'd his aſhen ſpear,
Full on the lance a ſtroke ſo juſtly ſped,
That the broad falchion lopp'd its brazen head:
His pointleſs ſpear the warrior ſhakes in vain;
The brazen head falls ſounding on the plain.

Ergo nec clypeo juvenis ſubſiſtere tantum,
Nec dextra valet: injectis ſic undique telis
Obruitur. Strepit aſſiduo cava tempora circum
Tinnitu galea, & ſaxis ſolida æra fatiſcunt:
Diſcuſſæque jubæ capiti, nec ſufficit umbo
Ictibus: *ingeminant haſtis & Troës, & ipſe*
Fulmineus Mneſtheus; tum toto corpore ſudor
Liquitur, & piceum, nec reſpirare proteſtas,
Flumen agit; feſſos quatit æger anhelitus artus.

The circumſtances which I have marked in a different character are improvements upon Homer, and the laſt verſe excellently expreſſes, in the ſhort catching up of the numbers, the quick ſhort panting, repreſented in the image. The reader may add to the compariſon an imitation of the ſame place in Taſſo, Cant. ix. St. 97.

Fatto intanto hà il ſoldan ciu, ch'e corceſſo
Fare a terrena forza, hor piu non puote:
Tutto e ſangue e ſudore; un grave, e ſpeſſo
Anhelar gli ange il petto, e i fianche ſcote.
Langue ſotto lo ſcudo il brachio oppreſſo,
Gira la deſtra il ferro in pigre rote;
Speſſa, e non taglia, e divenendo ottuſo
Perduto il brando omai di brando hà l'uſo.

Great Ajax ſaw, and own'd the hand divine,
Confeſſing Jove, and trembling at the ſign;
Warn'd he retreats. Then ſwift from all ſides pour
The hiſſing brands; thick ſtreams the fiery ſhow'r;
O'er the high ſtern the curling volumes riſe,
And ſheets of rolling ſmoke involve the ſkies.
Divine Achilles view'd the riſing flames,
And ſmote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims.
Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aſpires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
Arm, e'er our veſſels catch the ſpreading flame;
Arm, e'er the Grecians be no more a name;
I haſte to bring the troops——The hero ſaid;
The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.

v. 148. *Great Ajax ſaw, and own'd the hand divine,*
Confeſſing Jove, and trembling at the ſign.]

In the Greek there is added an explication of this ſign, which has no other alluſion to the action, but a very odd one in a ſingle phraſe or metaphor.

- - - - - - ὃ ῥα πάγχυ μάχης ἐπὶ μήδεα κείρει
Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης Τρώεσσι δὲ βάλλεται νίκην.

Which may be tranſlated,

So ſeem'd their hopes cut off by heav'n's high Lord,
So doom'd to fall before the Trojan ſword.

Chapman endeavours to account for the meanneſs of this conceit, by the groſs wit of Ajax; who ſeeing the head of his lance cut off, took it into his fancy that Jupiter would in the ſame manner cut off the counſels and ſchemes of the Greeks. For to underſtand this far-fetched apprehenſion gravely, as the commentators have done, is indeed (to uſe the words of Chapman) moſt *dull* and *Ajantical*. I believe no man will blame me for leaving theſe lines out of the text.

v. 154. *Achilles view'd the riſing flames.*] This event is prepared with a great deal of art and probability. That effect which a multitude of ſpeeches was not able to accompliſh, one lamentable ſpectacle, the ſight of the flames, at length, brings to paſs, and moves Achilles to compaſſion. This it was (ſay the ancients) that moved the tragedians to make viſible repreſentations of miſery; for the ſpectators beholding people in unhappy circumſtances, find their ſouls more deeply touched, than by all the ſtrains of rhetoric. *Euſtathius.*

He cas'd his limbs in braſs; and firſt around
His manly legs, with ſilver buckles bound
The claſping greaves; then to his breaſt applies
The flamy cuiraſs, of a thouſand dyes;
Emblaz'd with ſtuds of gold his falchion ſhone,
In the rich belt as in a ſtarry zone:
Achilles' ſhield his ample ſhoulders ſpread,
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:
Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
He flaſh'd around intolerable day.
Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' jav'lin ſtands,
Not to be pois'd but my Pelides' hands;
From Pelion's ſhady brow the plant entire
Old Chiron rent, and ſhap'd it for his ſire;
Whoſe ſon's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The ſecond to his lord in love and fame,

v. 162. *He cas'd his limbs in braſs, &c.*] Homer does not amuſe himſelf here to deſcribe theſe arms of Achilles at length, for beſides that the time permits it not, he reſerves this deſcription for the new armour which Thetis ſhall bring that hero; a deſcription which will be placed in a more quiet moment, and which will give him all the leiſure of making it, without requiring any force to introduce it. *Euſtathius.*

v. 172. *Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' jav'lin ſtands.*] This paſſage affords another inſtance of the ſtupidity of the commentators, who are here moſt abſurdly inquiſitive after the reaſons why Patroclus does not take the ſpear, as well as the other arms of Achilles? he thought himſelf a very happy man, who firſt found out, that Homer had certainly given this ſpear to Patroclus, if he had not foreſeen that when it ſhould be loſt in his future unfortunate engagement, Vulcan could not furniſh Achilles with another; being no joiner, but only a ſmith. Virgil, it ſeems was not ſo preciſely acquainted with Vulcan's diſability to profeſs the two trades; ſince he has, without any ſcruple, employed him in making a ſpear, as well as the other arms for Æneas. Nothing is more obvious than this thought of Homer, who intended to raiſe the idea of his hero, by giving him ſuch a ſpear as no other could wield: the deſcription of it in this place is wonderfully pompous.

In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
The winged courſers harneſs'd to the car;
Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in ſpeed;
Whom the wing'd Harpy, ſwift Podarge, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy ſhore:
Swift Pedaſus was added to their ſide,
(Once great Aëtion's, now Achilles' pride)
Who, like in ſtrength, in ſwiftneſs, and in grace,
A mortal courſer, match'd th' immortal race.

v. 183. *Sprung from the wind.*] It is a beautiful invention of the poet, to repreſent the wonderful ſwiftneſs of the horſes of Achilles, by ſaying they were begotten by the weſtern wind. This fiction is truly poetical, and very proper in the way of natural allegory. However, it is not altogether improbable our author might have deſigned it even in the literal ſenſe: nor ought the notion to be thought very extravagant in a poet, ſince grave naturaliſts have ſeriouſly vouched the truth of this kind of generation. Some of them relate, as an undoubted piece of natural hiſtory, that there was anciently a breed of this kind of horſes in Portugal, whoſe dams were impregnated by a weſtern wind: Varro, Columella, and Pliny, are all of this opinion. I ſhall only mention the words of Pliny, Nat. Hiſt. lib. viii. cap. 42. *Conſtat in Luſitania circa Olyſſiponem oppidum, & Tagum amnem, equas Favonio flante obſervas animalem concipere ſpiritum, idque partum fieri & gigni perniciſſimum.* See alſo the ſame author, l. iv. c. 12. l. xvi. c. 25. Poſſibly Homer had this opinion in view, which we ſee has authority more than ſufficient to give it a place in poetry. Virgil has given us a deſcription of this manner of conception; Georgic iii.

Continuoque avidis ubi ſubdita flamma medullis,
Vere magis (quia vere calor redit oſſibus) illæ
Ore omnes verſæ in zephyrum, ſtant rupibus altis,
Exceptantque leves auras: & ſæpe ſine ullis
Conjugiis vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu)
Saxa per & ſcopulos & depreſſas convalles
Diffugiunt. - - - - - -

v. 186. *Swift Pedaſus was added to their ſide.*] Here was a neceſſity for a ſpare horſe (as in another place Neſtor has occaſion for the ſame) that if by any misfortune one of the other horſes ſhould fail, there might be a freſh one ready at hand to ſupply his place. This is good management in the poet, to deprive Achilles not only of his charioteer and his arms, but of one of his ineſtimable horſes. *Euſtathius.*

Achilles ſpeeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around the chief they ſtand,
A grim terrific formidable band:
Grim as voracious wolves that ſeek the ſprings
When ſcalding thirſt their burning bowels wrings;

v. 194. *Grim as voracious wolves, &c.*] There is ſcarce any picture in Homer ſo much in the ſavage and terrible way, as this compariſon of the Myrmidons to wolves: it puts one in mind of the pieces of Spagnolett, or Salvator Roſa: each circumſtance is made up of images very ſtrongly coloured and horridly lively. The principal deſign is to repreſent the ſtern looks and fierce appearance of the Myrmidons, a gaunt and ghaſtly train of raw-bon'd bloody-minded fellows. But beſides this, the poet ſeems to have ſome farther view in ſo many different particulars of the compariſon: their eager deſire of fight is hinted at by the wolves thirſting after water: their ſtrength and vigour for the battle is intimated by their being filled with food: and as theſe beaſts are ſaid to have their thirſt ſharper after they are gorged with prey; ſo the Myrmidons are ſtrong and vigorous with eaſe and refreſhment, and therefore more ardently deſirous of the combat. This image of their *ſtrength* is inculcated by ſeveral expreſſions both in the ſimile and the application, and ſeems deſigned in contraſt to the other Greeks, who are all waſted and ſpent with toil.

We have a picture much of this kind given us by Milton, lib. x. where Death is let looſe into the new creation, to glut his appetite, and diſcharge his rage upon all nature.

---------- As when a flock
Of rav'nous fowls, tho' many a league remote,
Againſt the day of battle, to a field
Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lur'd
With ſcent of living carcaſſes, deſign'd
For death the following day, in bloody fight.
So ſcented the grim feature, and upturn'd
His noſtril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from afar.

And by Taſſo, Canto x. St. 2. of the furious Soldan covered with blood, and thirſting for freſh ſlaughter.

Cum dal chiuſo ovil cacciato viene
Lupo tal' hor, che fugge, e ſi naſconde;
Che ſe ben del gran ventre omai ripiene
Ha l'ingorde voragini profonde.
Avido pur di ſangue anco fuor tienne
La lingua, el ſugge da le labbra immonde,
Tal' ei ſen gia depo il ſanguingo ſtratio
De la ſua cupa fame anco non ſatio.

When ſome tall ſtag, freſh-ſlaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide inſatiate throats with blood,
To the black fount they ruſh, a hideous throng,
With paunch diſtended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And gorg'd with ſlaughter, ſtill they thirſt for more.
Like furious ruſh'd the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread ſtrength, and ſuch their deathful view.
High in the midſt the great Achilles ſtands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, lov'd of Jove, had lanch'd for Ilion's ſhores
Full fifty veſſels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five choſen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himſelf ſupreme in valour, as in ſway.
Firſt march'd Meneſtheus, of celeſtial birth,
Deriv'd from thee, whoſe waters waſh the earth,
Divine Spirchius! Jove-deſcended flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a God.
Such was Meneſtheus, but miſcall'd by fame
The ſon of Borus, that eſpous'd the dame.
Eudorus next; whom Polymele the gay
Fam'd in the graceful dance produc'd to day.
Her, ſly Cellennius lov'd, on her would gaze,
As with ſwift ſtep ſhe form'd the running maze:
To her high chamber from Diana's quire,
The god purſu'd her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.

v. 211. *Deriv'd from thee, whoſe waters, &c.*] Homer ſeems reſolved that every thing about Achilles ſhall be miraculous. We have ſeen his very horſes are of celeſtial original; and now his commanders, though vulgarly reputed the ſons of men, are repreſented as the real offspring of ſome deity. The poet thus enhances the admiration of his chief hero by every circumſtance with which his imagination could furniſh him.

v. 220. *To her high chamber.*] It was the cuſtom of thoſe times to aſſign the uppermoſt rooms to the women, that they might be the farther removed from commerce: wherefore Penelope in the Odyſ-

The ſon confeſs'd his father's heav'nly race,
And heir'd his mother's ſwiftneſs in the chace.
Strong Echeclëus, bleſt in all thoſe charms,
That pleas'd a God, ſucceeded to her arms;
Not conſcious of thoſe loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he ſought and won the dame;
Her ſecret offspring to her ſire ſhe bare;
Her ſire careſs'd him with a parent's care.
Piſander follow'd; matchleſs in his art
To wing the ſpear, or aim the diſtant dart;
No hand ſo ſure of all th' Emathian line,
Or if a ſurer, great Patroclus! thine.
The fourth by Phœnix' grave command was grac'd;
Laërces' valiant offspring led the laſt.
Soon as Achilles with ſupetior care
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This ſtern remembrance to his troops he gave:
Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan throng,
Think what reproach theſe ears endur'd ſo long,
"Stern ſon of Peleus" (thus ye us'd to ſay,
While reſtleſs, raging in your ſhips you lay)
"Oh nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield;
"Whoſe rage defrauds us of ſo fam'd a field.
"If that dire fury muſt for ever burn,
"What make we here? Return, ye chiefs, return!"
Such were your words—Now warriors grieve no more.
Lo there the Trojans! bathe your ſwords in gore!

ſey mounts up into a garret, and there ſits to her buſineſs. So Priam, in the ſixth book, v. 248. of the original, had chambers for the ladies of his court, under the roof of his palace.

The Lacedæmonians called theſe high apartments ὠὰ, and as the word alſo ſignifies *eggs*, it is probable it was this that gave occaſion to the fable of Helen's birth, who is ſaid to be born from an *egg*. *Euſtathius*.

This day ſhall give you all your ſoul demands ;
Glut all your hearts ! and weary all your hands !
Thus while he rous'd the fire in ev'ry breaſt,
Cloſe, and more cloſe, the liſt'ning cohorts preſt ;
Ranks wedg'd in ranks ; of arms a ſteely ring
Still grows and ſpreads, and thickens round the king.
As when a circling wall the builder forms,
Of ſtrength defenſive againſt wind and ſtorms,
Compacted ſtones the thick'ning work compoſe,
And round him wide the riſing ſtructure grows :
So helm to helm, and creſt to creſt they throng,
Shield urg'd on ſhield, and man drove man along ;
Thick, undiſtinguiſh'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one ſea, and wave before the wind.
Far o'er the reſt, in glitt'ring pomp appear
There bold Automedon, Patroclus here ;
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd ;
Two friends, two bodies with one ſoul inſpir'd.
But mindful of the gods Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his ſhady tent :
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And coſtly furs, and carpets ſtiff with gold.
(The preſents of the ſilver-footed dame)
From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,
Which never man had ſtain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor rais'd in off'rings to the pow'rs divine,
But Peleus' ſon ; and Peleus' ſon to none
Had rais'd in off'rings, but to Jove alone.
This ting'd with ſulphur, ſacred firſt to flame,
He purg'd ; and waſh'd it in the running ſtream.
Then cleans'd his hands ; and fixing for a ſpace
His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place

Of ſacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midſt; and thus the god implor'd.
Oh thou ſupreme! high-thron'd all height above!
Oh great Pelaſgick, Dodonæan Jove! 285

v. 283. *And thus the god implor'd.*] Though the character of Achilles every where ſhews a mind ſwayed with unbounded paſſions, and entirely regardleſs of all human authority and law; yet he preſerves a conſtant reſpect to the gods, and appears as zealous in the ſentiments and actions of piety as any hero of the Iliad; who indeed are all remarkable this way. The preſent paſſage is an exact deſcription and perfect ritual of the ceremonies on theſe occaſions. Achilles, though an urgent affair called for his friend's aſſiſtance, yet would not ſuffer him to enter the fight, till in a moſt ſolemn manner he had recommended him to the protection of Jupiter: and this I think a ſtronger proof of his tenderneſs and affection for Patroclus, than either the grief he expreſſed at his death, or the fury he ſhewed to revenge it.

v. 285. *Dodonæan Jove.*] The frequent mention of Oracles in Homer and the ancient authors, may make it not improper to give the reader a general account of ſo conſiderable a part of the Grecian ſuperſtition; which I cannot do better than in the words of my friend Mr. Stanyan, in his excellent and judicious abſtract of the Grecian hiſtory.

"The Oracles were ranked among the nobleſt and moſt religious kinds of divination; the deſign of them being to ſettle ſuch an immediate way of converſe with their gods, as to be able by them not only to explain things intricate and obſcure, but alſo to anticipate the knowledge of future events; and that with far greater certainty than they could hope for from men, who out of ignorance and prejudice muſt ſometimes either conceal or betray the truth. So that this became the only ſafe way of deliberating upon affairs of any conſequence, either public or private. Whether to proclaim war, or conclude a peace; to inſtitute a new form of government, or enact new laws; all was to be done with the advice and approbation of the Oracle, whoſe determinations were always held ſacred and inviolable. As to the cauſes of Oracles, Jupiter was looked upon as the firſt cauſe of this, and all other ſorts of divination; he had the book of fate before him, and out of that revealed either more or leſs, as he pleaſed, to inferior dæmons. But to argue more rationally, this way of acceſs to the gods has been branded as one of the earlieſt and groſſeſt pieces of prieſtcraft that obtained in the world. For the prieſts, whoſe dependence was on the Oracles, when they found the cheat had got ſufficient footing, allowed no man to conſult the gods without coſtly ſacrifices and rich preſents to themſelves: and as few could bear this expence, it ſerved to raiſe their credit among the common people by keeping

Who 'midſt ſurrounding froſts, and vapours chill,
Preſid'ſt on bleak Dodona's vocal hill:

" them at an awful diſtance. And to heighten their eſteem with
" the better and wealthier ſort, even they were only admitted
" upon a few ſtated days: by which the thing appeared ſtill more
" myſterious, and for want of this good management, muſt quick-
" ly have been ſeen through, and fallen to the ground. But what-
" ever juggling there was as to the religious part, Oracles had cer-
" tainly a good effect as to the public; being admirably ſuited to
" the genius of a people, who would join in the moſt deſperate
" expedition, and admit of any change of government, when they
" underſtood by the Oracle it was the irreſiſtible will of the gods.
" This was the method Minos, Lycurgus, and all the famous
" law-givers took; and indeed they found the people ſo entirely
" devoted to this part of religion, that it was generally the eaſieſt,
" and ſometimes the only way of winning them into a compliance.
" And then they took care to have them delivered in ſuch ambigu-
" ous terms, as to admit of different conſtructions according to
" the exigency of the times: ſo that they were generally interpre-
" ted to the advantage of the ſtate, unleſs ſometimes there hap-
" pened to be bribery or flattery in the caſe; as when Demoſt-
" henes complained that the Pythia ſpoke as Philip would have
" her. The moſt numerous, and of the greateſt repute, were the
" Oracles of Apollo, who in ſubordination to Jupiter, was ap-
" pointed to preſide over, and inſpire all ſorts of prophets and di-
" viners. And amongſt theſe, the Delphian challenged the firſt
" place, not ſo much in reſpect of its antiquity, as its perſpicuity
" and certainty; inſomuch that the anſwers of the Tripos came to
" be uſed proverbially for clear and infallible truths. Here we
" muſt not omit the firſt Pythia or prieſteſs of this famous Oracle,
" who uttered her reſponſes in heroic verſe. They found a ſecret
" charm in numbers, which made every thing look pompous and
" weighty. And hence it became the general practice of legiſla-
" tors and philoſophers, to deliver their laws and maxims in that
" dreſs: and ſcarce any thing in thoſe ages was writ of excellence
" or moment but in verſe. This was the dawn of poetry, which
" ſoon grew into repute; and ſo long as it ſerved to ſuch noble pur-
" poſes as religion and government, poets were highly honoured,
" and admitted into a ſhare of the adminiſtration. But by that
" time it arrived to any perfection, they purſued more mean and
" ſervile ends; and as they proſtituted their muſe, and debaſed
" the ſubject, they ſunk proportionably in their eſteem and digni-
" ty. As to the hiſtory of Oracles, we find them mentioned in
" the very infancy of Greece, and it is as uncertain when they
" were finally extinct, as when they began. For they often loſt
" their prophetic faculty for ſome time and recovered it again. I
" know it is a common opinion, that they were univerſally ſi-
" lenced upon our Saviour's appearance in the world: and if the

(Whoſe groves, the Selli, race auſtere! ſurround,
Their feet unwaſh'd, their ſlumbers on the ground;

" Devil had been permitted for ſo many ages to delude mankind,
" it might probably have been ſo. But we are aſſured from hiſto-
" ry, that ſeveral of them continued till the reign of Julian the
" apoſtate, and were conſulted by him: and therefore I look upon
" the whole buſineſs as of human contrivance; an egregious im-
" poſture founded upon ſuperſtition, and carried on by policy and
" intereſt, till the brighter oracles of the holy ſcriptures diſpelled
" theſe miſts of error and enthuſiaſm."

v. 285. *Pelaſgic, Dodonæan Jove.*] Achilles invokes Jupiter with theſe particular appellations, and repreſents to him the ſervices performed by theſe prieſts and prophets; making theſe honours, paid in his own country, his claim for the protection of this deity. Jupiter was looked upon as the firſt cauſe of all divination and oracles, from whence he had the appellation πανομφαῖος, Il. viii. v. 250. of the original. The firſt Oracle of Dodona was founded by the Pelaſgi, the moſt ancient of all the inhabitants of Greece, which is confirmed by this verſe of Heſiod, preſerved by the ſcholiaſt on Sopocles's Trachin:

Δωδώνην, φηγόν τε Πελασγῶν ἐδρανον ὑκεν.

The oaks of this place were ſaid to be endowed with voice, and prophetic ſpirit; the prieſts who gave anſwers concealing themſelves in theſe trees; a practice which the pious frauds of ſucceeding ages have rendered not improbable.

v. 288. *Whoſe groves, the Selli, race auſtere, &c.*] Homer ſeems to me to ſay clearly enough, that theſe prieſts lay on the gound and forbore the bath, to honour by theſe auſterities the god they ſerved: for he ſays, Ζεὺ ναίουσι ἀνιπλόποδες, and this Ζεὺ can in my opinion only ſignify for *you*, that is to ſay, *to pleaſe you*, and *for your honour*. This example is remarkable, but I do not think it ſingular; and the earlieſt antiquity may furniſh us with the like of pagans, who by an auſtere life tried to pleaſe their gods. Nevertheleſs I am obliged to ſay, that Strabo, who ſpeaks at large of theſe Selli in his ſeventh book, has not taken this auſterity of life for an effect of their devotion, but for a remain of the groſſneſs of their anceſtors; who being Barbarians, and ſtraying from country to country, had no bed but the earth, and never uſed a bath. But it is no way unlikely that what was in the firſt Pelaſgians (who founded this Oracle) only cuſtom and uſe, might be continued by theſe prieſts thro' devotion. How many things do we at this day ſee, which were in their original only ancient manners, and which are continued thro' zeal and a ſpirit of religion? It is very probable that theſe prieſts by this hard living had a mind to attract the admiration and confidence of a people who loved luxury and delicacy ſo much. I was willing to ſearch into antiquity for the original of theſe Selli, prieſts of Jupiter, but found nothing ſo ancient as Homer; Hero-

Who hear, from ruſtling oaks, thy dark decrees; 290
And catch the fates, low-whiſper'd in the breeze.)

dotus writes in his ſecond book, that the Oracle of Dodona was the ancienteſt in Greece, and that it was a long time the only one; but what he adds, that it was founded by an Ægyptian woman, who was the prieſteſs of it, is contradicted by this paſſage of Homer, who ſhews that in the time of the Trojan war this temple was ſerved by men called Selli, and not by women. Strabo informs us of a curious ancient tradition, importing, that this temple was at firſt built in Theſſaly, that from thence it was carried into Dodona; that ſeveral women who had placed their devotion there, followed it; and that in proceſs of time the prieſteſſes uſed to be choſen from among the deſcendants of thoſe women. To return to theſe Selli, Sophocles, who of all the Greek poets is he who has moſt imitated Homer, ſpeaks in like manner of theſe prieſts in one of his plays, where Hercules ſays to his ſon Hillus; "I will declare to thee a new Oracle, which perfectly agrees with "this ancient one; I myſelf having entered into the ſacred wood "inhabited by the auſtere Selli, who lie on the ground, writ this "anſwer of the oak, which is conſecrated to my father Jupiter, "and which renders his oracles in all languages." *Dacier.*

v. 288.] Homer in this verſe uſes a word which I think ſingular and remarkable, ὑποφῆται. I cannot believe that it was put ſimply for προφῆται, but am perſuaded that this term includes ſome particular ſenſe, and ſhews ſome cuſtom but little known, which I would willingly diſcover. In the Scholia of Didymus there is this remark: "They called thoſe who ſerved in the temple, and who "explained the Oracles rendered by the prieſts, *hypophets*, or *under-*"*prophets.*" It is certain that there were in the temples ſervitors, or ſubaltern miniſters, who for the ſake of gain undertook to explain the Oracles which were obſcure. This cuſtom ſeems very well eſtabliſhed in the Ion of Euripides; where that young child (after having ſaid that the prieſteſs is ſeated on the tripod, and renders the Oracles which Apollo dictates to her) addreſſes himſelf to thoſe who ſerve in the temple, and bids them go and waſh in the Caſtalian fountain, to come again into the temple, and explain the Oracles to thoſe who ſhould demand the explication of them. Homer therefore means to ſhew, that theſe Selli were, in the temple of Dodona, thoſe ſubaltern miniſters that interpreted the Oracles. But this, after all, does not appear to agree with the preſent paſſage: for, beſides that the cuſtom was not eſtabliſhed in Homer's time, and that there is no footſtep of it founded in that early age; theſe Selli (of whom Homer ſpeaks) are not here miniſters ſubordinate to others, they are plainly the chief prieſts. The explication of this word therefore muſt be elſewhere ſought, and I ſhall offer my conjecture, which I ground upon the nature of this Oracle of Dodona, which was very different from all the other Oracles. In all other temples the prieſts delivered the Oracles which they had received from their gods, immediately: but in the temple of Dodona, Jupiter did not utter his Oracles to his

Hear, as of old! thou gav'ſt, at Thetis' pray'r,
Glory to me, and to the Greeks deſpair.
Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
The beſt, the deareſt of my friends, I yield:
Tho' ſtill determin'd, to my ſhips confin'd;
Patroclus gone, I ſtay but half behind.
Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and ſtring his arm to war:
Preſs'd by his ſingle force, let Hector ſee
His fame in arms not owing all to me.
But when the fleets are ſav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conqueſt and renown retire;
Preſerve his arms, preſerve his ſocial train,
And ſafe return him to theſe eyes again!

Great Jove conſents to half the chief's requeſt,
But heav'n's eternal doom denies the reſt;
To free the fleet was granted to his pray'r;
His ſafe return, the winds diſpers'd in air.
Back to his tent the ſtern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.

Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus' care,
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.

prieſts, but to his Selli; he rendered them to the oaks, and the wonderful oaks rendered them to the prieſts, who declared them to thoſe who conſulted them: ſo theſe prieſts were not properly προφῆται, prophets, ſince they did not receive thoſe anſwers from the mouth of their god immediately: but they were but ὑποφῆται. under-prophets, becauſe they received them from the mouth of the oaks, if I may ſay ſo. The oaks, properly ſpeaking, were the prophets, the firſt interpreters of Jupiter's Oracles; and the Selli were ὑποφῆται, under-prophets, becauſe they pronounced what the oaks had ſaid. Thus, Homer, in one ſingle word, includes a very curious piece of antiquity. *Dacier.*

v. 306. *Great Jove conſents to half.*] Virgil has finely imitated this in his eleventh Æneid:

Audiit, & voti Phœbus ſuccedere partem
Mente dedit; partem volucres diſperſit in auras.
Sterneret ut ſubitâ turbatam morte Camillam
Annuit oranti; reducem ut patria alta videret
Non dedit, inque notos vocem vertêre procellæ.

As waſps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their manſions by the broad highway,
In ſwarms the guiltleſs traveller engage,
Whet all their ſtings, and call forth all their rage:
All riſe in arms, and with a gen'ral cry
Aſſert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion ſwarms,
So loud their clamours, and ſo keen their arms,
Their riſing rage Patroclus' breath inſpires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires.
Oh warriors, part'ners of Achilles' praiſe!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days:
Your god-like maſter let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think, your Achilles ſees you fight: be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you ſave.

v. 314. *As waſps provok'd, &c.*] One may obſerve, that though Homer ſometimes takes his ſimilitudes from the meaneſt and ſmalleſt things in nature, yet he orders it ſo as by their appearance to ſignalize and give luſtre to his greateſt heroes. Here he likens a body of Myrmidons to a neſt of waſps, not on account of their ſtrength and bravery, but of their heat and reſentment. Virgil has imitated theſe humble compariſons, as when he compares the builders of Carthage to bees. Homer has carried it a little farther in another place, where he compares the ſoldiers to flies, for their buſy induſtry and perſeverance about a dead body; not diminiſhing his heroes by the ſize of theſe ſmall animals, but raiſing his compariſons from certain properties inherent in them, which deſerve our obſervation. *Euſtathius.*

This brings into my mind a pretty rural ſimile in Spenſer, which is very much in the ſimplicity of the old father of poetry:

As gentle ſhepherd in ſweet even-tide,
When ruddy Phœbus 'gins to welke in weſt,
High on a hill, his flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their haſty ſupper beſt;
A cloud of cumb'rous gnats do him moleſt,
All ſtriving to infix their feeble ſtings,
That from their noyance he can no whit reſt,
But with his clownish hand their tender wings
He bruſheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

Joyful they heard, and kindling as he ſpoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and ſmoke.
From ſhore to ſhore the doubling ſhouts refound,
The hollow ſhips return a deeper ſound.
The war ſtood ſtill, and all around them gaz'd,
When great Achilles' ſhining armour blaz'd:
Troy ſaw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh,
At once they ſee, they tremble, and they fly.
Then firſt thy ſpear, divine Patroclus! flew,
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.
Cloſe to the ſtern of that fam'd ſhip which bore
Unbleſt Proteſilaus to Ilion's ſhore,
The great Pœonian, bold Pyræchmes, ſtood;
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood)
His ſhoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.
His troops, that ſee their country's glory ſlain,
Fly diverſe, ſcatter'd o'er the diſtant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the ſpreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ſhip proud Troy retires:
Clear'd from the ſmoke the joyful navy lies:
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;
Triumphant Greece her reſcu'd decks aſcends,
And loud acclaim the ſtarry region rends.
So when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heav'n's expanſe like one black cieling ſpread:

v. 354. *So when thick clouds, &c.*] All the commentators take this compariſon in a ſenſe different from that in which it is here tranſlated. They ſuppoſe Jupiter is here deſcribed cleaving the air with a flaſh of lightning, and ſpreading a gleam of light over a high mountain, which a black cloud held buried in darkneſs. The application is made to Patroclus falling on the Trojans, and giving reſpite to the Greeks, who were plunged in obſcurity. Euſtathius gives this interpretation, but at the ſame time acknowledges it improper in this compariſon to repreſent the extinction of the flames by the darting of lightning. This explanation is ſolely founded on the expreſſion στεροπηγερέτα Ζεύς, *fulgurator Jupiter*, which epithet

Sudden, the Thund'rer, with a flaſhing ray,
Burſt thro' the darkneſs, and lets down the day:
The hills ſhine out, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
And ſtreams, and vales, and foreſts ſtrike the eyes;
The ſmiling ſcene wide opens to the ſight,
And all th' unmeaſur'd Æther flames with light.
But Troy repuls'd, and ſcatter'd o'er the plains;
Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now ev'ry Greek ſome hoſtile hero ſlew,
But ſtill the foremoſt, bold Patroclus flew;
As Areïlycus had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
The brazen-pointed ſpear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
Headlong he fell. Next Thoas was thy chance,
Thy breaſt, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.

is often applied when no ſuch action is ſuppoſed. The moſt obvious ſignification of the words in this paſſage, gives a more natural and agreeable image, and admits of a juſter application. The ſimile ſeems to be of Jupiter diſperſing a black cloud which had covered a high mountain, whereby a beautiful proſpect, which was before hid in darkneſs, ſuddenly appears. This is applicable to the preſent ſtate of the Greeks, after Patroclus had extinguiſhed the flames, which began to ſpread clouds of ſmoke over the fleet. It is Homer's deſign in his compariſons to apply them to the moſt obvious and ſenſible image of the thing to be illuſtrated; which his commentators too frequently endeavour to hide by moral and allegorical refinements; and thus injure the poet more, by attributing to him what does not belong to him, than by refuſing him what is really his own.

It is much the ſame image with that of Milton in his ſecond book, though applied in a very different way:

As when from mountain tops the duſky clouds
Aſcending, while the north wind ſleeps, o'erſpread
Heav'n's chearful face; the low'ring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landſkip ſnow or ſhow'r;
If chance the radiant ſun with farewell ſweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, the bleating herds
Atteſt their joy, that hill and valley rings.

Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
His blow prevented, and tranſpierc'd his thigh,
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;
In darkneſs, and in death, the warrior lay.
In equal arms two ſons of Neſtor ſtand,
And two bold brothers of the Lycian band:
By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,
Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.
Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,
Defends the breathleſs carcaſe on the ground.
Furious he flies, his murd'rer to engage:
But god-like Thraſimed prevents his rage,
Between his arm and ſhoulder aims a blow;
His arm falls ſpouting on the duſt below:
He ſinks, with endleſs darkneſs cover'd o'er;
And vents his ſoul, effus'd with guſhing gore.
Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, Amiſodarus' ſeed;
Amiſodarus, who, by furies led,
The bane of men, abhor'd Chimæra bred;
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his ſons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty fire.
Stopp'd in the tumult Cleobulus lies,
Beneath Oïleus' arm, a living prize;
A living prize not long the Trojan ſtood;
The thirſty falchion drank his reeking blood:
Plung'd in his throat the ſmoking weapon lies;
Black death, and fate unpitying, ſeal his eyes.

v. 390. *Amiſodarus, who, &c.*] Amiſodarus was king of Caria; Bellerophon married his daughter. The ancients gueſſed from this paſſage that the Chimæra was not a fiction, ſince Homer marks the time wherein ſhe lived, and the Prince with whom ſhe lived; they thought it was ſome beaſt of that prince's herds, who being grown furious and mad, had done a great deal of miſchief, like the Calydonian boar. *Euſtathius.*

Amid the ranks, with mutual thirſt of ſame.
Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus came;
In vain their jav'lins at each other flew,
Now, met in arms, their eager ſwords they drew.
On the plum'd creſt of his Bœotian foe,
The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow;
The ſword broke ſhort; but his, Peneleus ſped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head:
The head, divided by a ſtroke ſo juſt,
Hung by the ſkin: the body ſunk to duſt.
O'ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds,
Pierc'd thro' the ſhoulder as he mounts his ſteeds;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground:
His ſwimming eyes eternal ſhades ſurround.
Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open'd mouth receiv'd the Cretan ſteel:
Beneath the brain the point a paſſage tore,
Craſh'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore:
His mouth, his eyes, his noſtrils pour a flood;
He ſobs his ſoul out in the guſh of blood.
As when the flocks neglected by the ſwain
(Or kids, or lambs) lie ſcatter'd o'er the plain;
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge ſurvey,
And rend the trembling, unreſiſting prey:
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came;
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.
But ſtill at Hector god-like Ajax aim'd,
Still, pointed at his breaſt, his jav'lin flam'd:
The Trojan chief, experienc'd in the field,
O'er his broad ſhoulders ſpread the maſſy ſhield,
Obſerv'd the ſtorm of darts the Grecians pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing ſhow'r.
He ſees for Greece the ſcale of conqueſt riſe,
Yet ſtops, and turns, and ſaves his lov'd allies.

v. 433. *Yet ſtops, and turns, and ſaves his lov'd allies.*] Homer re-

As when the hand of Jove a tempeſt forms,
And rolls the cloud to blacken heav'n with ſtorms,
Dark o'er the fields th' aſcending vapour flies,
And ſhades the ſun and blots the golden ſkies:
So from the ſhips, along the duſky plain,
Dire Flight and Terror drove the Trojan train.
Ev'n Hector fled; thro' heaps of diſarray
The fiery courſers forc'd their lord away:
While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd;
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vaſt carnage bruis'd:
Chariots on chariots roll; the claſhing ſpokes
Shock; while the madding ſteeds break ſhort their yokes:
In vain they labour up the ſteepy mound;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with ſhouts, Patroclus flies;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and ſkies;
Thick drifts of duſt involve their rapid flight;
Clouds riſe on clouds, and heav'n is ſnatch'd from ſight.
Th' affrighted ſteeds, their dying lords caſt down,
Scour o'er the fields, and ſtretch to reach the town.
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickeſt die,
Where horſe and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.
No ſtop, no check the ſteeds of Peleus knew;
From bank to bank th' immortal courſers flew,

preſents Hector, as he retires, making a ſtand from time to time, to ſave his troops: and he expreſſes it by this ſingle word ἀνίμμνη, for ἀναμίμνειν does not only ſignify to *ſtay*, but likewiſe in retiring to ſtop from time to time; for this is the power of the prepoſition ἀνὰ, as in the word ἀναμάχεσθαι, which ſignifies to *fight by fits and ſtarts*; ἀναπαλαίειν, to *wreſtle ſeveral times*, and in many others. *Euſtathius.*

v. 459. *From bank to bank th' immortal courſers flew, &c.*] Homer had made of Hector's horſes all that poetry could make of common

High-bounding o'er the foſſe: the whirling car
Smokes thro' the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,
And thunders after Hector; Hector flies,
Patroclus ſhakes his lance; but fate denies.
Not with leſs noiſe, with leſs impetuous force,
The tide of Trojans urge their deſp'rate courſe,
Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with inceſſant ſhow'rs,

and mortal horſes; they ſtand on the bank of the ditch, foaming and neighing for madneſs that they cannot leap it. But the immortal horſes of Achilles find no obſtacle; they leap the ditch, and fly into the plain. *Euſtathius.*

v. 466. *Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours - - - -*
- - - - When guilty mortals, &c.

The poet in this image of an inundation, takes occaſion to mention a ſentiment of great piety, that ſuch calamities were the effects of divine juſtice puniſhing the ſins of mankind. This might probably refer to the tradition of an univerſal deluge, which was very common among the ancient heathen writers; moſt of them aſcribing the cauſe of this deluge to the wrath of heaven provoked by the wickedneſs of men. Diodorus Siculus, lib. xv. cap. 5. ſpeaking of an earthquake and inundation, which deſtroyed a great part of Greece, in the hundred and firſt Olympiad, has theſe words. *There was a great diſpute concerning the cauſe of this calamity: the natural philoſophers generally aſcribed ſuch events to neceſſary cauſes, not to any divine hand: but they who had more devout ſentiments, gave a more probable account hereof; aſſerting, that it was the divine vengeance alone that brought this deſtruction upon men who had offended the gods with their impiety.* And then proceeds to give an account of thoſe crimes which drew down this puniſhment upon them.

This is one, among a thouſand inſtances, of Homer's indirect and oblique manner of introducing moral ſentences and inſtructions. Theſe agreeably break in upon his reader even in deſcriptions and poetical parts, where one naturally expects only painting and amuſement. We have virtue put upon us by ſurpriſe, and are pleaſed to find a thing where we ſhould never have looked to meet with it. I muſt do a noble Engliſh poet the juſtice to obſerve, that it is this particular art that is the very diſtinguiſhing excellence of Cooper's-Hill; throughout which, the deſcriptions of places, and images raiſed by the poet, are ſtill tending to ſome hint, or leading into ſome reflection, upon moral life or political inſtitution: much in the ſame manner as the real ſight of ſuch ſcenes and proſpects is apt to give the mind a compoſed turn, and incline it to thoughts and contemplations that have a relation to the object.

(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
Or judges brib'd, betray the righteous cauſe)
From their deep beds he bids the rivers riſe,
And opens all the flood-gates of the ſkies:
Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains ſwept away;
Loud roars the deluge 'till it meets the main;
And trembling man ſees all his labours vain.
And now the chief (the foremoſt troops repell'd)
Back to the ſhips his deſtin'd progreſs held,
Bore down half 'Troy in his reſiſtleſs way,
And forc'd the routed ranks to ſtand the day.
Between the ſpace where ſilver Simois flows,
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires roſe,
All grim in duſt and blood, Patroclus ſtands,
And turns the ſlaughter on the conqu'ring bands.
Firſt Pronous dy'd beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierc'd below the ſhield his valiant heart.
Theſtor was next; who ſaw the chief appear,
And fell the victim of his coward fear;
Shrunk up he ſat, with wild and haggard eye,
Nor ſtood to combat, nor had force to fly:
Patroclus mark'd him as he ſhunn'd the war,
And with unmanly tremblings ſhook the car,
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
The jav'lin ſticks, and from the chariot draws.

v. 480. *Between the ſpace where ſilver Simois flows,*
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires roſe.

It looks at firſt ſight as if Patroclus was very punctual in obeying the orders of Achilles, when he hinders the Trojans from aſcending to their town, and holds an engagement with them between the ſhips, the river, and the wall. But he ſeems afterwards through very haſte to have ſlipped his commands, for his orders were that he ſhould drive them from the ſhips, and then preſently return; but he proceeds farther, and his death is the conſequence. *Euſtathius.*

As on a rock that overhangs the main,
An angler, ſtudious of the line and cane,
Some mighty fiſh draws panting to the ſhore;
Not with leſs eaſe the barbed jav'lin bore
The gaping daſtard: as the ſpear was ſhook,
He fell, and life his heartleſs breaſt forſook.
Next on Eryalus he flies; a ſtone
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown:
Full on his crown the pond'rous fragment flew,
And burſt the helm, and cleft the head in two:
Prone to the ground the breathleſs warrior fell,
And death involv'd him with the ſhades of hell.
Then low in duſt Epaltes, Echius lie;
Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus die;
Amphoterus, and Erymas ſucceed;
And laſt Tlepolemas and Pyres bleed.
Where'er he moves, the growing ſlaughters ſpread
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead.
When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
Grov'ling in duſt, and gaſping on the field,

v. 512. *When now Sarpedon, &c.*] The poet preparing to recount the death of Sarpedon, it will not be improper to give a ſketch of ſome particulars which conſtitute a character the moſt faultleſs and amiable in the whole Iliad. This hero is by birth ſuperior to all the chiefs of either ſide, being the only ſon of Jupiter engaged in this war. His qualities are no way unworthy his deſcent, ſince he every where appears equal in valour, prudence, and eloquence, to the moſt admired heroes: nor are theſe excellencies blemiſhed with any of thoſe defects with which the moſt diſtinguiſhing characters of the poem are ſtained. So that the niceſt critics cannot find any thing to offend their delicacy, but muſt be obliged to own the manners of this hero perfect. His valour is neither raſh nor boiſterous; his prudence neither timorous nor tricking; and his eloquence neither talkative nor boaſting. He never reproaches the living, or inſults the dead: but appears uniform through his conduct in the war, acted with the ſame generous ſentiments that engaged him in it, having no intereſts in the quarrel but to ſuccour his allies in diſtreſs. This noble life is ended with a death as glorious; for in his laſt moments he has no other concern, but for the honour of his friends, and the event of the day.

With this reproach his flying hoſt he warms,
Oh ſtain to honour! oh diſgrace to arms!
Forſake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, ſhall the war ſuſtain:
The taſk be mine, this hero's ſtrength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.
He ſpake; and ſpeaking, leaps from off the car;
Patroclus lights; and ſternly waits the war.
As when two vultures on the mountain's height
Stoop with reſounding pinions to the fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raiſe a ſcreaming cry:
The deſert echoes, and the rocks reply;
The warriors thus oppos'd in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.
Jove view'd the combat; whoſe event foreſeen,
He thus beſpoke his Siſter and his Queen.

Homer juſtly repreſents ſuch a character to be attended with univerſal eſteem: as he was greatly honoured when living, he is as much lamented when dead, as the chief prop of Troy. The poet by his death, even before that of Hector, prepares us to expect the deſtruction of that town, when its two great defenders are no more: and in order to make it the more ſignal and remarkable, it is the only death of the Iliad attended with prodigies: even his funeral is performed by divine aſſiſtance, he being the only hero whoſe body is carried back to be interred in his native country, and honoured with monuments erected to his fame. Theſe peculiar and diſtinguiſhing honours ſeem appropriated by our author to him alone, as the reward of a merit ſuperior to all his other leſs perfect heroes.

v. 522. *As when two vultures.*] Homer compares Patroclus and Sarpedon to two vultures, becauſe they appeared to be of equal ſtrength and abilities, when they had diſmounted from their chariots. For this reaſon he has choſen to compare them to birds of the ſame kind; as on another occaſion, to image the like equality of ſtrength, he reſembles both Hector and Patroclus to lions; but a little after this place, diminiſhing the force of Sarpedon, he compares him to a bull, and Patroclus to a lion. He has placed theſe vultures upon a high rock, becauſe it is their nature to perch there, rather than on the boughs of trees. Their crooked talons make them unfit to walk on the ground, they could not fight ſteadily in the air, and therefore their fitteſt place is the rock. *Euſtathius.*

The hour draws on; the deſtinies ordain,
My god-like ſon ſhall preſs the Phrygian plain:
Already on the verge of death he ſtands,
His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.
What paſſions in a parent's breaſt debate!
Say, ſhall I ſnatch him from impending fate,
And ſend him ſafe to Lycia, diſtant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war;

v. 535. *Say, ſhall I ſnatch him from impending fate.*] It appears by this paſſage, that Homer was of opinion, that the power of God could over-rule fate or deſtiny. It has puzzled many to diſtinguiſh exactly the notion of the heathens as to this point. Mr. Dryden contends that Jupiter was limited by the deſtinies, or (to uſe his expreſſion) was no better than book-keeper to them. He grounds it upon a paſſage in the tenth book of Virgil, where Jupiter mentions this inſtance of Sarpedon as a proof of his yielding to the fates. But both that, and his citation from Ovid, amounts to no more than that Jupiter gave way to deſtiny; not that he could not prevent it; the contrary to which is plain from his doubt and deliberation in this place. And indeed whatever may be inferred of other poets, Homer's opinion at leaſt, as to the diſpenſations of God to man, has ever ſeemed to me very clear, and diſtinctly agreeable to truth. We ſhall find, if we examine his whole works with an eye to this doctrine, that he aſſigns three cauſes of all the good and evil that happens in this world, which he takes a particular care to diſtinguiſh. Firſt the *will of God*, ſuperior to all.

------Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή. Il. i.
------Θεὸς δὲ πάντα τελευτᾷ. Il. xix. v. 90.
Ζεὺς ἀγαθόν τε κακόν τε δίδοι,----&c.

Secondly *deſtiny* or *fate*, meaning the laws and order of nature affecting the conſtitutions of men, and diſpoſing them to good or evil, proſperity or misfortune; which the Supreme Being, if it be his pleaſure, may over-rule (as he is inclined to do in this place) but which he generally ſuffers to take effect. Thirdly, our own *free will*, which either by prudence overcomes thoſe natural influences and paſſions, or by folly ſuffers us to fall under them. Odyſſ. i. v. 32.

Ὦ πόποι, οἷον δή νυ Θεοὺς βροτοὶ αἰτιόωνται.
Ἐξ ἡμέων γάρ φασι κάκ' ἔμμεναι· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
Σφῇσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὑπὲρ μόρον ἄλγε' ἔχουσιν.
Why charge mankind on heav'n their own offence,
And call their woes the crime of providence?
Blind! who themſelves their miſeries create,
And periſh by their folly, not their fate.

Or to his doom my braveſt offspring yield,
And fatten with celeſtial blood, the field?
Then thus the goddeſs with the radiant eyes:
What words are theſe? O ſov'reign of the ſkies:
Short is the date preſcrib'd to mortal man;
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow ſpan,
Whoſe bounds were fix'd before his race began?
How many ſons of gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud Ilion, muſt reſign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would riſe above,
And murm'ring pow'rs condemn their partial Jove.
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And when th' aſcending ſoul has wing'd her flight,
Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
The breathleſs body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praiſe,
A marble tomb and pyramid ſhall raiſe,
And laſting honours to his aſhes give;
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) ſhall live.
She ſaid; the cloud-compeller overcome,
Aſſents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heav'ns diſtill'd
A ſhow'r of blood o'er all the fatal field;

v. 551. *Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,*
The breathleſs body to his native land.]

The hiſtory or fable received in Homer's time, imported, that Sarpedon was interred in Lycia, but it ſaid nothing of his death. This gave the poet the liberty of making him die at Troy, provided that after his death he was carried into Lycia, to preſerve the fable. The expedient propoſed by Juno ſolves all; Sarpedon dies at Troy, and is interred at Lycia; and what renders this probable is, that in thoſe times, as at this day, princes and perſons of quality who died in foreign parts were carried into their own country to be laid in the tomb with their fathers. The antiquity of this cuſtom cannot be doubted, ſince it was practiſed in the patriarchs times: Jacob dying in Ægypt, orders his children to carry him into the land of Canaan, where he deſired to be buried. Gen. xlix. 29. *Dacier.*

v. 560. *A ſhow'r of blood.*] As to ſhowers of a bloody colour,

The God, his eyes averting from the plain,
Laments his ſon, predeſtin'd to be ſlain,
Far from the Lycian ſhores, his happy native reign.
Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the ſhield, and pois'd the lifted ſpear:
From ſtrong Patroclus' hand the jav'lin fled,
And paſs'd the groin of valiant Thraſymed;
The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk ſuſtain,
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
Two ſounding darts the Lycian leader threw;
The firſt aloof with erring fury flew,
The next tranſpierc'd Achilles' mortal ſteed,
The gen'rous Pedaſus of Theban breed,
Fix'd in the ſhoulder's joint; he reel'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody duſt, and paw'd the ſlipp'ry ground.
His ſudden fall th' entangled harneſs broke;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot ſhook:
When bold Automedon to diſengage
The ſtarting courſers, and reſtrain their rage,

many both ancient and modern naturaliſts agree in aſſerting the reality of ſuch appearances, though they account for them differently. You may ſee a very odd ſolution of them in Euſtathius, Note on v. 53, correſponding to v. 70, in the tranſlation of the eleventh Iliad. What ſeems the moſt probable, is that of Fromondus in his Meteorology, who obſerved, that a ſhower of this kind, which gave great cauſe of wonder, was nothing but a quantity of very ſmall red inſects, beat down to the earth by a heavy ſhower, whereby the ground was ſpotted in ſeveral places, as with drops of blood.

v. 572. --------*Achilles' mortal ſteed,*
The gen'rous Pedaſus------.]

For the other two horſes of Achilles, Xanthus and Balius, were immortal, as we have already ſeen in this book. It is a merry conceit of Euſtathius, that Pedaſus is only ſaid to be mortal, becauſe of three horſes he only was a gelding. It is pity poor Pedaſus had not a better fate to have recompenſed the loſs of his immortality.

Divides the traces with his ſword, and freed
Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying ſteed:
The reſt move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls ſlowly o'er the duſty plain.
The tow'ring chiefs to fiercer fight advance,
And firſt Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warrior's ſhoulder took its courſe,
And ſpent in empty air its dying force.
Not ſo Patroclus' never-erring dart;
Aim'd at his breaſt, it pierc'd the mortal part,
Where the ſtrong fibres bind the ſolid heart.
Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine (fit maſt for ſome great admiral)
Nods to the ax, 'till with a groaning ſound
It ſinks, and ſpreads its honours on the ground:
Thus fell the king; and laid on earth ſupine,
Before his chariot ſtretch'd his form divine:
He graſp'd the duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
And pale in death, lay groaning on the ſhore.
So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim ſavage grinds with foamy jaws
The trembling limbs, and ſucks the ſmoking blood;
Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow thro' the wood.
Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying chief addreſs'd his laſt command.
Glaucus, be bold; thy taſk be firſt to dare
The glorious dangers of deſtructive war,

v. 605. *Glaucus, be bold, &c.*] This dying ſpeech of Sarpedon deſerves particular notice, being made up of noble ſentiments, and fully anſwering the character of this brave and generous prince, which he preſerves in his laſt moments. Being ſenſible of approaching death, without any tranſports of rage, or deſire of revenge, he calls to his friend to take care to preſerve his body and arms from becoming a prey to the enemy: and this he ſays without any regard to himſelf, but out of the moſt tender concern for his friend's reputation, who muſt for ever become infamous, if he fails in this

To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and ſupply the dead.
Tell 'em, I charg'd them with my lateſt breath
Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death.
What grief, what ſhame muſt Glaucus undergo,
If theſe ſpoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe?
Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;
Defend my body, conquer in my right;
That taught by great examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquiſh, or like me to die.
He ceas'd; the fates ſuppreſs'd his lab'ring breath,
And his eyes darken'd with the ſhades of death.
Th' inſulting victor with diſdain beſtrode
The proſtrate prince, and on his boſom trod;
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
From the wide wound guſh'd out a ſtream of blood,
And the ſoul iſſu'd in the purple flood.
His flying ſteeds the Myrmidons detain,
Unguided now, their mighty maſter ſlain.
All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.
His painful arm, yet uſeleſs with the ſmart
Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,
Supported on his better hand he ſtay'd;
To Phœbus then ('twas all he could) he pray'd.
All-ſeeing Monarch! whether Lycia's coaſt,
Or ſacred Ilion, thy bright preſence boaſt,

point of honour and duty. If we conceive this ſaid by the expiring hero, his dying looks fixed on his wounded diſconſolate friend, the ſpear remaining in his body, and the victor ſtanding by in a kind of extaſy ſurveying his conqueſt; theſe circumſtances will form a very moving picture. Patroclus all this time, either out of humanity or ſurpriſe, omits to pull out the ſpear, which however he does not long forbear, but with it drawing forth his vitals, puts a period to this gallant life.

Pow'rful alike to eaſe the wretch's ſmart;
Oh hear me! God of ev'ry healing art!
Lo! ſtiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,
That thrills my arm, and ſhoots thro' ev'ry vein;
I ſtand unable to ſuſtain the ſpear,
And ſigh, at diſtance from the glorious war.
Low in the duſt is great Sarpedon laid,
Nor Jove vouchſaf'd his hapleſs offspring aid.
But thou, O God of Health! thy ſuccour lend,
To guard the reliques of my ſlaughter'd friend.
For thou, tho' diſtant, canſt reſtore my might,
To head my Lycians, and ſupport the fight.
Apollo heard; and ſuppliant as he ſtood,
His heav'nly hand reſtrain'd the flux of blood:
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breath'd a ſpirit in his riſing heart,
Renew'd by art divine, the hero ſtands,
And owns th' aſſiſtance of immortal hands.
Firſt to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms;
With ample ſtrides he ſtalks from place to place;
Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas;
Æneas next, and Hector he accoſts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hoſts.

v. 637. - - - - - - - - *Pierc'd with pain,*
That thrills my arm, and ſhoots thro' ev'ry vein.]

There ſeems to be an overſight in this place. Glaucus in the xiith book had been wounded with an arrow by Teucer at the attack of the wall; and here ſo long after, we find him ſtill on the field, *in the ſharpeſt anguiſh of his wound, the blood not being yet ſtanched, &c.* In the ſpeech that next follows to Hector, there is alſo ſomething liable to cenſure, when he imputes to the negligence of the Trojans the death of Sarpedon, of which they knew nothing till that very ſpeech informed them. I beg leave to paſs over theſe things without expoſing or defending them; though ſuch as theſe may be ſufficient grounds for a moſt inveterate war among the critics.

What thoughts, regardleſs chief! thy breaſt employ?
Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!
Thoſe gen'rous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave ſouls out in another's war.
See! where in duſt the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wiſe,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
To all his Lycians loſt, and loſt to thee!
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
Oh ſave from hoſtile rage his lov'd remains:
Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boaſt,
Nor on his corſe revenge her heroes loſt.
He ſpoke; each leader in his grief partook,
Troy, at the loſs, thro' all her legions ſhook.
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own;
A chief, who led to Troy's beleagur'd wall
A hoſt of heroes, and out-ſhin'd them all.
Fir'd they ruſh on; firſt Hector ſeeks the foes,
And with ſuperior vengeance greatly glows.
But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus ſtands,
And rouſing Ajax, rous'd the liſt'ning bands.
Heroes, be men! be what you were before;
Or weigh the great occaſion, and be more.
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.
To guard his body Troy in numbers flies;
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.
Haſte, ſtrip his arms, the ſlaughter round him ſpread,
And ſend the living Lycians to the dead.
The heroes kindle at his fierce command;
The martial ſquadrons cloſe on either hand:
Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
Theſſalia there, and Greece, oppoſe their arms.

With horrid ſhouts they circle round the ſlain;
The claſh of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great Jove, to ſwell the horrors of the fight,
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night,
And round his ſon confounds the warring hoſts,
His fate ennobling with a croud of ghoſts.
Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls;
Agacleus' ſon, from Budium's lofty walls:
Who chas'd for murder thence, a ſuppliant came
To Peleus, and the ſilver-footed dame;
Now ſent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinſman's ſhade.
Soon as his luckleſs hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;
Hurl'd by Hectorean force, it cleft in twain
His ſhatter'd helm, and ſtretch'd him o'er the ſlain.
Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;
And, like an eagle darting at his game,
Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band;
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,
Oh gen'rous Greek! when with full vigour thrown
At Sthenelaüs flew the weighty ſtone,
Which ſunk him to the dead: when Troy, too near
That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear.
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the liſts, or at the fighting foe;

v. 695. *Great Jove----O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night.*] Homer calls here by the name of night, the whirlwinds of thick duſt which riſe from beneath the feet of the combatants, and which hinder them from knowing one another. Thus poetry knows how to convert the moſt natural things into miracles; theſe two armies are buried in duſt round Sarpedon's body; it is Jupiter who pours upon them an obſcure night, to make the battle bloodier, and to honour the funeral of his ſon by a greater number of victims. *Euſt. thius.*

So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd;
'Till Glaucus turning, all the reſt inſpir'd,
Then Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:
Wide o'er the land was ſtretch'd his large domain,
With ſtately ſeats, and riches, bleſt in vain:
Him, bold with youth, and eager to purſue
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and ſlew;
Pierc'd thro' the boſom with a ſudden wound,
He fell, and falling, made the fields reſound.
Th' Achaians ſorrow for their hero ſlain;
With conqu'ring ſhouts the Trojans ſhake the plain,
And croud to ſpoil the dead: the Greeks oppoſe
An iron circle round the carcaſe grows.

Then brave Laogonus reſign'd his breath,
Diſpatch'd by Merion to the ſhades of death:
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
The prieſt of Jove, and honour'd like his God.
Between the jaw and ear the jav'lin went;
The ſoul, exhaling, iſſu'd at the vent.
His ſpear Æneas at the victor threw,
Who ſtooping forward from the death withdrew;
The lance hiſs'd harmleſs, o'er his cov'ring ſhield,
And trembling ſtruck, and rooted in the field;
There yet ſcarce ſpent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.
Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)
And ſkill'd in dancing to diſpute the prize,
My ſpear, the deſtin'd paſſage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.

v. 746. *And ſkill'd in dancing.*] This ſtroke of raillery upon Meriones is founded on the cuſtom of his country. For the Cretans were peculiarly addicted to this exerciſe, and in particular are ſaid to have invented the Pyrrhic dance, which was performed in complete armour. See note on v. 797, in the thirteenth book.

Oh valiant leader of the Dardan hoſt!
(Inſulted Merion thus retorts the boaſt)
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you truſt,
An arm as ſtrong may ſtretch thee in the duſt.
And if to this my lance thy fate be giv'n,
Vain are thy vaunts; ſucceſs is ſtill from heav'n:
This, inſtant, ſends thee down to Pluto's coaſt;
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghoſt.
O friend (Menœtius' ſon this anſwer gave)
With words to combat, ill befits the brave;
Not empty boaſts the ſons of Troy repell,
Your ſwords muſt plunge them to the ſhades of hell.
To ſpeak, beſeems the council; but to dare
In glorious action, is the taſk of war.
This ſaid, Patroclus to the battle flies;
Great Merion follows, and new ſhouts ariſe:
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors cloſe;
And thick and heavy ſounds the ſtorm of blows.
As thro' the ſhrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's ax reſound;
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,
While crackling foreſts fall on ev'ry ſide.
Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,
So fell the warriors, and ſo rung their arms.
Now great Sarpedon on the ſandy ſhore,
His heav'nly form defac'd with duſt and gore,
And ſtuck with darts by warring heroes ſhed,
Lies undiſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar dead.
His long-diſputed corſe the chiefs incloſe,
On ev'ry ſide the buſy combat grows;
Thick as beneath ſome ſhepherd's thatch'd abode,
(The pails high-foaming with a milky flood,)
The buzzing flies, a perſevering train,
Inceſſant ſwarm, and chas'd return again.

Jove view'd the combat with a ſtern ſurvey,
And eyes that flaſh'd intolerable day.
Fix'd on the field his ſight, his breaſt debates
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates:
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,
This inſtant ſee his ſhort-liv'd trophies won,
And ſtretch him breathleſs on his ſlaughter'd ſon;
Or yet, with many a ſoul's untimely flight,
Augment the fame and horror of the fight.
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praiſe
At length he dooms; and that his laſt of days
Shall ſet in glory; bids him drive the foe;
Nor unattended, ſee the ſhades below.
Then Hector's mind he fills with dire diſmay;
He mounts his car, and calls his hoſts away,
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he ſees decline
The ſcales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.
Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage riſes, as the heroes fall.
(So Jove decreed!) At length the Greeks obtain
The prize conteſted, and deſpoil the ſlain.
The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne,
Patroclus' ſhips the glorious ſpoils adorn.
Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling Jove.
Deſcend, my Phœbus! on the Phrygian plain,
And from the fight convey Sarpedon ſlain;
Then bathe his body in the cryſtal flood;
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with blood:
O'er all his limbs ambroſial odours ſhed,
And with celeſtial robes adorn the dead.

Thoſe rites diſcharg'd, his ſacred corſe bequeath
To the ſoft arms of ſilent Sleep and Death.
They to his friends the mournful charge ſhall bear,
His friends a tomb and pyramid ſhall rear;
What honours mortals after death receive,
Thoſe unavailing honours we may give!
Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height,
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathleſs hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud, to ſilver Simoïs' ſhore;
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and dreſt
His manly members in th' immortal veſt;
And with perfumes of ſweet ambroſial dews,
Reſtores his freſhneſs, and his form renews.
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchleſs ſwiftneſs, but of ſilent pace,

v. 831. *Then Sleep and Death, &c.*] It is the notion of Euſtathius, that by this interment of Sarpedon, where Sleep and Death are concerned, Homer ſeems to intimate, that there was nothing elſe but an empty monument of that hero in Lycia; for he delivers him not to any real or ſolid perſons, but to certain unſubſtantial phantoms to conduct his body thither. He was forced (continues my author) to make uſe of theſe machines, ſince there were no other deities he could with any likelihood employ about this work; for the ancients (as appears from Euripides's Hippolytus) had a ſuperſtition that all dead bodies were offenſive to the Gods, they being of a nature ce eſtial and incorruptible. But this laſt remark is impertinent, ſince we ſee in this very place Apollo is employed in adorning and embalming the body of Sarpedon.

What I think better accounts for the paſſage, is what Philoſtratus in Heroicis affirms, that this alludes to a piece of antiquity. "The Lycians ſhewed the body of Sarpedon, ſtrewed over with "aromatical ſpices, in ſuch a graceful compoſure, that he ſeemed "only to be aſleep: and it was this that gave riſe to the fiction of "Homer, that his rites were performed by Sleep and Death."

But after all theſe refined obſervations, it is probable the poet intended only to repreſent the death of this favourite ſon of Jupiter, and one of his amiable characters, in a gentle and agreeable view, without any circumſtances of dread or horror; intimating by this fiction, that he was delivered out of all the tumults and miſeries of life by two imaginary deities, Sleep and Death, who alone can give mankind eaſe and exemption from their misfortunes.

Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the God's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;
The corſe amidſt his weeping friends they laid,
Where endleſs honours wait the ſacred ſhade.
Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming courſers, and with looſen'd reins.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:
Againſt what fate and po'wrful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain.
For he, the God, whoſe counſels uncontroll'd,
Diſmay the mighty, and confound the bold:
The God who gives, reſumes, and orders all,
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.
Who firſt, brave hero! by that arm was ſlain,
Who laſt, beneath thy vengeance preſs'd the plain;
When heav'n itſelf thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adreſtus firſt; Autonous then ſucceeds;
Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds;
Epiſtor, Menalippus, bite the ground;
The ſlaughter, Elaſus and Mulius crown'd:
Then ſunk Pylartes to eternal night;
The reſt diſperſing, truſt their fates to flight.
Now Troy had ſtoop'd beneath his matchleſs pow'r,
But flaming Phœbus kept the ſacred tow'r.

v. 847. *Who firſt, brave hero, &c.*] The poet in a very moving and ſolemn way turns his diſcourſe to Patroclus. He does not accoſt his muſe, as it is uſual with him to do, but enquires of the hero himſelf who was the firſt, and who the laſt, who fell by his hand? This addreſs diſtinguiſhes and ſignalizes Patroclus, (to whom Homer uſes it more frequently, than I remember on any other occaſion) as if he was ſome genius or divine being, and at the ſame time it is very pathetical, and apt to move our compaſſion. The ſame kind of apoſtrophe is uſed by Virgil to Camilla;

Quem telo primum, quem poſtremum, aſpera virgo!
Dejicis? Aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis?

Thrice at the battlements Patroclus ſtrook,
His blazing Ægis thrice Apollo ſhook:
He try'd the fourth; when, burſting from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.
Patroclus! ceaſe; this heav'n-defended wall
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;
Thy friend, thy greater far, it ſhall withſtand,
Troy ſhall not ſtoop ev'n to Achilles' hand.
So ſpoke the God, who darts celeſtial fires;
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires:
While Hector checking at the Scæan gates
His panting courſers, in his breaſt debates,
Or in the field his forces to employ,
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.
Thus while he thought, beſide him Phœbus ſtood,
In Aſius' ſhape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood;
(Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas ſprung,
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young.)
Thus he accoſts him. What a ſhameful ſight!
Gods! is it Hector that forbears the fight?
Were thine my vigour, this ſucceſsful ſpear
Should ſoon convince thee of ſo falſe a fear.
Turn thee, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy ſhame.
Perhaps Apollo ſhall thy arms ſucceed,
And heav'n ordains him by thy lance to bleed.
So ſpoke th' inſpiring God; then took his flight,
And plung'd amidſt the tumult of the fight.
He bids Cebrion drive the rapid car;
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ruſh to war.
The God the Grecians ſinking ſouls depreſt,
And pour'd ſwift ſpirits thro' each Trojan breaſt.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight;
A ſpear his left; a ſtone employs his right:

With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:
The falling ruin cruſh'd Cebrion's head,
The lawleſs offspring of king Priam's bed;
His front, brows, eyes, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound:
The burſting balls drop ſightleſs to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark ſhades the ſoul unwilling glides,
While the proud victor thus his fall derides.
Good heav'ns! what active feats yon' artiſt ſhows?
What ſkilful divers are our Phrygian foes!

v. 904. *What ſkilful divers, &c.*] The original is literally thus: *It is pity he is not nearer the ſea, he would furniſh good quantities of excellent oyſters, and the ſtorms would not frighten him; ſee how he exerciſes and plunges from the top of his chariot into the plain! Who would think that there were ſuch good divers at Troy?* This ſeems to be a little too long; and if this paſſage be really Homer's, I could almoſt ſwear, that he intended to let us know, that a good ſoldier may be an indifferent jeſter. But I very much doubt whether this paſſage be his: it is very likely theſe five laſt verſes were added by ſome of the ancient critics, whoſe caprices Homer has frequently undergone: or perhaps ſome of the rhapſodiſts, who in reciting his verſes, made additions of their own to pleaſe their auditors. And what perſuades me of its being ſo, is, that, it is by no means probable, that Patroclus, who had lately blamed Meriones for his little raillery againſt Æneas, and told him, "that it was not by rail-"lery or invective that they were to repel the Trojans, but by dint "of blows; tha Council required words, but War deeds:" it is by no means probable, I ſay, that the ſame Patroclus ſhould forget that excellent precept, and amuſe himſelf with raillery, eſpecially in the ſight of Hector. I am therefore of opinion that Patroclus ſaid no more than this verſe, Ω πόποι, &c. *Good Gods! what an active Trojan it is, and how cleverly he dives*; and that the five following are ſtrangers, though very ancient. *Dacier.*

I muſt juſt take notice, that however mean or ill placed theſe railleries may appear, there have not been wanting ſuch fond lovers of Homer as have admired and imitated them. Milton himſelf is of this number, as may be ſeen from thoſe very low jeſts, which he has put into the mouth of Satan and his angels in the ſixth book. What Æneas ſays to Meriones upon his dancing, is nothing ſo trivial as thoſe lines; where after the diſploſion of their diabolical enginry, angel rolling on archangel, they are thus derided:

Mark with what eaſe they ſink into the ſand!
Pity! that all their practice is by land.
Then ruſhing ſudden on his proſtrate prize,
To ſpoil the carcaſe fierce Patroclus flies:
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That ſweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;
Pierc'd thro' the dauntleſs heart, then tumbles ſlain;
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
Defends the body, and provokes the war.
Thus for ſome ſlaughter'd hind with equal rage,
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
And echoing roars rebellow thro' the ſhades.
Stern Hector faſtens on the warrior's head,
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead.
While all around, confuſion, rage, and fright
Mix the contending hoſts in mortal fight.
So pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep boſom of ſome gloomy wood;
Leaves, arms, and trees aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the Silvans groan;
This way and that, the ratt'ling thicket bends,
And the whole foreſt in one craſh deſcends.
Not with leſs noiſe, with leſs tumultuous rage,
In dreadful ſhock the mingled hoſts engage.

-------- When we propounded terms
Of compoſition, ſtrait they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they ſeem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace ---- &c.

-------- Terms that amus'd 'em all,
And ſtumbled many; who receives them right
Had need from head to foot well underſtand:
Not underſtood this gift they have beſides,
They ſhew us when our foes walk not upright.

Darts ſhow'rd on darts, now round the carcaſe ring;
Now flights of arrows bounding from the ſtring:
Stones follow ſtones; ſome clatter on the fields,
Some hard and heavy, ſhake the ſounding ſhields.
But where the riſing whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in ſoft duſt the mighty chief remains,
And ſtretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins.
Now flaming from the Zenith, Sol had driv'n
His fervid orb thro' half the vault of heav'n;
While on each hoſt with equal tempeſt fell
The ſhow'ring darts, and numbers ſunk to hell.
But when his ev'ning wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conqueſt reſted on the Grecian train.
Then from amidſt the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corſe, and radiant arms.
Then raſh Patroclus with new fury glows,
And breathing ſlaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the preſs like Mars himſelf he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onſet ſlew.
There ends thy glory! there the fates untwine
The laſt, black remnant of ſo bright a line;
Apollo dreadful ſtops thy middle way;
Death calls, and heav'n allows no longer day!
For lo! the God in duſky clouds enſhrin'd,
Approaching dealt a ſtagg'ring blow behind.
The weighty ſhock his neck and ſhoulders feel;
His eyes flaſh ſparkles, his ſtunn'd ſenſes reel

v. 952. *Apollo dreadful, &c.*] If Homer is reſolved to do any thing extraordinary, or abitrary, which his readers may not very well reliſh, he takes care however to prepare them by degrees for receiving ſuch innovations. He had before given us a ſketch of this trick of the God in the thirteenth book, where Neptune ſerves Alcathoüs in the ſame manner. Apollo here carries it a little farther; and both theſe are ſpecimens of what we are to expect from Minerva at the death of Hector in Il. xxii.

In giddy darkneſs; far to diſtance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champain rung.
Achilles' plume is ſtain'd with duſt and gore;
That plume, which never ſtoop'd to earth before;
Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to ſhine,
And ſhade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long---for fate purſues him, and the God.
His ſpear in ſhivers falls: his ample ſhield
Drops from his arm: his baldrick ſtrows the field:
The corſelet his aſtoniſh'd breaſt forſakes:
Looſe is each joint; each nerve with horror ſhakes.
Stupid he ſtares, and all-aſſiſtleſs ſtands:
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!
A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,
From Panthus ſprung, Euphorbus was his name;
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horſe,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchleſs in the courſe:
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His vent'rous ſpear firſt drew the hero's gore;
He ſtruck, he wounded, but he durſt no more;
Nor tho' diſarm'd, Patroclus' fury ſtood:
But ſwift withdrew the long-portended wood,
And turn'd him ſhort, and herded in the croud.
Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal ſpear,
Wounded at once; Patroclus yields to fear,
Retires for ſuccour to his ſocial train,
And flies the fate, which heav'n decreed in vain.
Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks thro' the ranks, and his retreat purſues:
The lance arreſts him with a mortal wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms reſound.

With him all Grece was ſunk; that moment all
Her yet-ſurviving heroes ſeem'd to fall.
So ſcorch'd with heat, along the deſert ſhore,
The roaming lion meets a briſtly boar,
Faſt by the ſpring; they both diſpute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws beſmear'd with blood;
At length the ſov'reign ſavage wins the ſtrife,
And the torn boar reſigns his thirſt and life.
Patroclus thus, ſo many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He ſternly views him, and triumphing cries:
Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee, thy joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of ſubverting Troy;
The fancy'd ſcenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
And thy ſoft pleaſures ſerv'd with captive dames!
Unthinking man! I fought, thoſe tow'rs to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee:
But thou a prey to vultures ſhalt be made;
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
Tho' much at parting that great chief might ſay,
And much enjoin thee, this important day.
" Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he ſaid)
" Without the bloody arms of Hector dead."
He ſpoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he ſped.
Supine, and wildly gazing on the ſkies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies.

v. 1003. *Lie there Patroclus! &c.*] There is much ſpirit in this ſarcaſm of Hector upon Patroclus: nor is Achilles exempt from the ſeverity of the reflection, who (as he imagines) had perſuaded his deareſt friend to attempt exploits that were impracticable. He touches him alſo, for ſtaying at home in ſecurity himſelf, and encouraging Patroclus to undertake this perilous adventure, and to ſeek after ſpoils which he was never like to enjoy. *Euſtathius.*

Vain boaſter! ceaſe, and know the pow'rs divine;
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;
To heav'n is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And heav'n itſelf diſarm'd me e'er my fall.
Had twenty mortals each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had ſunk in fight:
By fate and Phœbus was I firſt o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy own.
But thou, imperious! hear my lateſt breath;
The Gods inſpire it, and it ſounds thy death.
Inſulting man, thou ſhalt be ſoon, as I;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;
Ev'n now on life's laſt verge I ſee thee ſtand,
I ſee thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.
He faints; the ſoul unwilling wings her way,
(The beauteous body left a load of clay)

v. 1026. - - - - - - - - *Hear my lateſt breath,*
The Gods inſpire it - - - - - - -]

It is an opinion of great antiquity, that when the ſoul is on the point of being delivered from the body, and makes a nearer approach to the divine nature; at ſuch a time its views are ſtronger and clearer, and the mind endowed with a ſpirit of true prediction. So Artemon of Miletum ſays in his book of dreams, that when the ſoul hath collected all its powers from every limb and part of the body, and is juſt ready to be ſevered from it, at that time it becomes prophetical. Socrates alſo in his defence to the Athenians, "I am now arrived at the verge of life, wherein it is familiar with "people to foretel what will come to paſs." *Euſtathius.*

This opinion ſeems alluded to in thoſe admirable lines of Waller:

Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
Who ſtand upon the threſhold of the new.

v. 1032. *The death of Patroclus.*] I ſometimes think I am in reſpect to Homer much like Sancho Panca with regard to Don Quixote. I believe upon the whole that no mortal ever came near him for wiſdom, learning, and all good qualities. But ſometimes there are certain ſtarts which I cannot tell what to make of, and am forced to own that my maſter is a little out of the way, if not quite beſide himſelf. The preſent paſſage of the death of Patroclus, attended with ſo many odd circumſtances to overthrow this hero,

F''ts to the loan, uncomfortable coaſt;
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghoſt! 1035

(who might, for all I can ſee, as decently have fallen by the force of Hector) are what I am at a loſs to excuſe, and muſt indeed (in my own opinion) give them up to the critics. I really think almoſt all thoſe parts of Homer which have been objected againſt with moſt clamour and fury, are honeſtly defenſible, and none of them (to confeſs my private ſentiment) ſeem to me to be faults of any conſideration, except this conduct in the death of Patroclus, the length of Neſtor's diſcourſe in lib. xi. the ſpeech of Achilles's horſe in the nineteenth, the converſation of that hero with Æneas in lib. xx. and the manner of Hector's flight round the walls of Troy, lib. xxii. I hope, after ſo free a confeſſion, no reaſonable modern will think me touched with the Ὁμηρομανία of Madam Dacier and others. I am ſenſible of the extremes which mankind run into, in extolling and depreciating authors: we are not more violent and unreaſonable in attacking thoſe who are not yet eſtabliſhed in fame, than in defending thoſe who are, even in every minute trifle. Fame is a debt, which when we have kept from people as long as we can, we pay with a prodigious intereſt, which amounts to twice the value of the principal. Thus it is with ancient works as with ancient coins, they paſs for a vaſt deal more than they were worth at firſt; and the very obſcurities and deformities which time has thrown upon them, are the ſacred ruſt, which enhances their value with all true lovers of antiquity.

But as I have owned what ſeem my author's faults, and ſubſcribed to the opinion of Horace, that Homer ſometimes nods; I think I ought to add that of Longinus as to ſuch negligences. I can no way ſo well conclude the notes to this book as with the tranſlation of it.

"It may not be improper to diſcuſs the queſtion in general, "which of the two is the more eſtimable, a faulty ſublime, or a "faultleſs mediocrity? And conſequently, if of two works, one "has the greater number of beauties, and the other attains directly "to the ſublime, which of theſe ſhall in equity carry the prize? I "am really perſuaded that the true ſublime is incapable of that "purity which we find in compoſitions of a lower ſtrain, and in "effect that too much accuracy ſinks the ſpirit of an author; "whereas the caſe is generally the ſame with the favourites of na"ture, and thoſe of fortune, who with the beſt œconomy cannot, "in the great abundance they are bleſt with, attend to the minuter "articles of their expence. Writers of a cool imagination are cau"tious in their management, and venture nothing, merely to gain "the character of being correct; but the ſublime is bold and en"terpriſing, notwithſtanding that on every advance the danger en"creaſeth. Here probably ſome will ſay that men take a malicious "ſatisfaction in expoſing the blemiſhes of an author; that his errors "are never forgot, while the moſt exquiſite beauties leave but very

Then Hector pauſing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcaſe, thus addreſs'd the dead.

" imperfect traces on the memory. To obviate this objection, I " will ſolemnly declare, that in my criticiſms on Homer, and " other authors, who are univerſally allowed to be authentic ſtand- " ards of the ſublime, though I have cenſured their failings with " as much freedom as any one, yet I have not preſumed to accuſe " them of voluntary faults, but have gently remarked ſome little " defects and negligences, which the mind, being intent on nobler " ideas, did not condeſcend to regard. And on theſe principles I " will venture to lay it down for a maxim, that the ſublime (purely " on account of its grandeur) is preferable to all other kinds of ſtyle, " however it may fall into ſome inequalities. The Argonautics of " Apollonius are faultleſs in their kind; and Theocritus hath " ſhewn the happieſt vein imaginable for paſtorals, excepting thoſe " in which he has deviated from the country: and yet if it were " put to your choice, would you have your name deſcend to poſte- " rity with the reputation of either of thoſe poets, rather than with " that of Homer? Nothing can be more correct than the Erigone " of Eratoſthenes: but is he therefore a greater poet than Archi- " lochus, in whoſe compoſures perſpicuity and order are often want- " ing; the divine fury of his genius being too impatient for re- " ſtraint, and ſuperior to law? Again, do you prefer the odes of " Bacchilides to Pindar's, or the ſcenes of Ion of Chios to thoſe of " Sophocles? Their writings are allowed to be correct, polite, and " delicate; whereas, on the other hand, Pindar and Sophocles " ſometimes hurry on with the greateſt impetuoſity, and like a de- " vouring flame ſeize and ſet on fire whatever comes in their way; " but on a ſudden the conflagration is extinguiſhed, and they mife- " rably flag when no body expects it. Yet none have ſo little diſ- " cernment, as not to prefer the ſingle Oedipus of Sophocles to all " the tragedies that Ion ever brought on the ſtage.

" In our deciſions therefore on the characters of theſe great " men, who have illuſtrated what is uſeful and neceſſary with " all the graces and elevation of ſtyle; we muſt impartially con- " feſs that, with all their errors, they have more perfections than " the nature of man can almoſt be conceived capable of attaining: " for it is merely human to excel in other kinds of writing, but " the ſublime ennobleth our nature, and makes near approaches to " divinity: he who commits no faults, is barely read without cen- " ſure; but a genius truly great excites admiration. In ſhort, the " magnificence of a ſingle period in one of theſe admirable au- " thors, is ſufficient to atone for all their defects: nay farther, if " any one ſhould collect from Homer, Demoſthenes, Plato, and " other celebrated authors of antiquity, the little errors that have " eſcaped them, they would not bear the leaſt proportion to the in- " finite beauties to be met with in every page of their writings. It

From whence this boding ſpeech, the ſtern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be giv'n
To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of heav'n?
Penſive he ſaid; then preſſing as he lay
His breathleſs boſom, tore the lance away;
And upwards caſt the corpſe: the reeking ſpear
He ſhakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But ſwift Automedon with looſen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the diſtant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal courſers drove;
Th' immortal courſers were the gift of Jove.

" is on this account that envy, through ſo many ages, hath never
" been able to wreſt from them the prize of eloquence which their
" merits have ſo juſtly acquired: an acquiſition which they ſtill are,
" and will in all probability continue poſſeſſed of,

" *As long as ſtreams in ſilver mazes rove,*
" *Or ſpring with annual green renews the grove.*"

Mr. Fenton.

THE ILIAD.

* BOOK XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſeventh battle for the body of Patroclus: the acts of Menelaus.

MENELAUS, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is ſlain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires; but ſoon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas ſuſtains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horſes of Achilles deplore the loſs of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkneſs: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occaſion. Menelaus ſends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus's death: then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmoſt fury, he and Meriones aſſiſted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ſhips.

The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day. The ſcene lies in the fields before Troy.

* This is the only book of the Iliad which is a continued deſcription of a battle, without any digreſſion or epiſode, that ſerves for an interval to refreſh the reader. The heavenly machines too are fewer than in any other. Homer ſeems to have truſted wholly to the force of his own genius, as ſufficient to ſupport him, whatſoever lengths he was carried by it. But that ſpirit which animates the original, is what I am ſenſible evaporates ſo much in my hands; that, though I cannot think my author tedious, I ſhould have made him ſeem ſo, if I had not tranſlated this book with all poſſible con-

ON the cold earth divine Patroclus ſpread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.
Great Menelaüs, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:
Thus round her new-fall'n young the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes, and firſt-born of her loves;

ciſeneſs. I hope there is nothing material omitted, though the verſion conſiſts but of ſixty-five lines more than the original.

However, one may obſerve there are more turns of fortune, more defeats, more rallyings, more accidents in this battle, than in any other; becauſe it was to be the laſt wherein the Greeks and Trojans were upon equal terms, before the return of Achilles: and beſides, all this ſerves to introduce the chief hero with the greater pomp and dignity.

v. 3. *Great Menelaüs*---] The poet here takes occaſion to clear Menelaus from the imputations of idle and effeminate, caſt on him in ſome parts of the poem; he ſets him in the front of the army, expoſing himſelf to dangers in defending the body of Patroclus, and gives him the conqueſt of Euphorbus, who had the firſt hand in his death. He is repreſented as the foremoſt who appears in his defence, not only as one of a like diſpoſition of mind with Patroclus, a kind and generous friend; but as being more immediately concerned in honour to protect from injuries the body of a hero that fell in his cauſe. *Euſtathius.* See the note on v. 271. of the third book.

v. 5. *Thus round her new-fall'n young, &c.*] In this compariſon, as Euſtathius has very well obſerved, the poet accommodating himſelf to the occaſion, means only to deſcribe the affection Menelaus had for Patroclus, and the manner in which he preſented himſelf to defend his body: and this compari on is ſo much the more juſt and agreeable, as Menelaus was a prince full of goodneſs and mildneſs. He muſt have little ſenſe or knowledge in poetry, who thinks that it ought to be ſuppreſſed. It is true, we ſhould not uſe it now-a-days, by reaſon of the low ideas we have of the animals from which it is derived; but thoſe not being the ideas of Homer's time, they could not hinder him from making a proper uſe of ſuch a compariſon. *Dacier.*

v. 5. *Thus round her new-fall'n young, &c.*] It ſeems to me remarkable, that the ſeveral compariſons to illuſtrate the concern for Patroclus are taken from the moſt tender ſentiments of nature. Achilles, in the beginning of the ſixteenth book, conſiders him as a child, and himſelf as his mother. The ſorrow of Menelaus is here deſcribed as that of a heifer for her young one. Perhaps theſe are

And anxious, (helpleſs as he lies, and bare)
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcaſe came,
His broad ſhield glimmers, and his lances flame.
The ſon of Panthus ſkill'd the dart to ſend,
Eyes the dead hero, and inſults the friend.
This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low,
Warrior! deſiſt, nor tempt an equal blow:
To me the ſpoils my proweſs won, reſign;
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.
The Trojan thus: the Spartan monarch burn'd
With gen'rous anguiſh, and in ſcorn return'd.
Laugh'ſt thou not, Jove! from thy ſuperior throne,
When mortals boaſt of proweſs not their own?

deſigned to intimate the excellent temper and goodneſs of Patroclus, which is expreſſed in that fine elogy of him in this book, v. 671. Πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐπίσταλο μείλιχος εἶναι, *He knew how to be good-natured to all men.* This gave all mankind theſe ſentiments for him, and no doubt the ſame is ſtrongly pointed at by the uncommon concern of the whole army to reſcue his body.

The diſſimilitude of manners between theſe two friends, Achilles and Patroclus, is very obſervable: ſuch friendſhips are not uncommon, and I have often aſſigned this reaſon for them, that it is natural for men to ſeek the aſſiſtance of thoſe qualities in others which they want themſelves. That is ſtill better if applied to Providence, which aſſociates men of different and contrary qualities in order to make a more perfect ſyſtem. But, whatever is cuſtomary in nature, Homer had a good poetical reaſon for it; for it affords many incidents to illuſtrate the manners of them both more ſtrongly; and is what they call a contraſt in painting.

v. 11. *The ſon of Panthus.*] The conduct of Homer is admirable in bringing Euphorbus and Menelaus together upon this occaſion; for hardly any thing but ſuch a ſignal revenge for the death of his brother, could have made Euphorbus ſtand the encounter. Menelaus putting him in mind of the death of his brother, gives occaſion (I think) to one of the fineſt anſwers in all Homer; in which the inſolence of Menelaus is retorted in a way to draw pity from every reader; and I believe there is hardly one, after ſuch a ſpeech, that would not wiſh Euphorbus had the better of Menelaus: a writer of romances would not have failed to have given Euphorbus the victory. But however, it was fitter to make Menelaus, who had received the greateſt injury, do the moſt revengeful actions.

Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his ſpotted foe in fight,
Nor thus the boar (thoſe terrors of the plain)
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vaineſt of the boaſtful kind
Theſe ſons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conqu'ring ſteel
This boaſter's brother, Hyperenor, fell,
Againſt our arm which raſhly he defy'd,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
Theſe eyes beheld him on the duſt expire,
No more to chear his ſpouſe, or glad his ſire.
Preſumptuous youth! like his ſhall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
Or while thou may'ſt, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools ſtay to feel it, and are wiſe too late.
Unmov'd, Euphorbus thus: That action known,
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy deſtin'd head,
And ſpouſe, a widow in her bridal bed.
On theſe thy conquer'd ſpoils I ſhall beſtow,
To ſooth a conſort's and a parent's woe.
No longer then defer the glorious ſtrife,
Let heav'n decide our fortune, fame, and life.
Swift as the word the miſſile lance he flings,
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But blunted by the braſs innoxious falls.
On Jove the father, great Atrides calls,
Nor flies the jav'lin from his arm in vain,
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain;
Wide thro' the neck appears the griſly wound,
Prone ſinks the warrior, and his arms reſound.
The ſhining circlets of his golden hair,
Which even the Graces might be proud to wear,

Inſtarr'd with gems and gold, beſtrow the ſhore,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
As the young olive in ſome ſilvan ſcene,
Crown'd by freſh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in ſnowy flow'rets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heav'n invades
The tender plant, and withers all its ſhades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin now defac'd and dead.
Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted Troy the tow'ring victor flies:

v. 55. *Inſtarr'd with gems and gold.*] We have ſeen here a Trojan who uſed gold and ſilver to adorn his hair; which made Pliny ſay, that he doubted whether the women were the firſt that uſed theſe ornaments. *Eſt quidem apud eundem [Homerum] virorum crinibus aurum implexum, ideo neſcio an prior uſus à fœminis cœperit*, lib. xxxiii. cap. 1. He might likewiſe have ſtrengthened his doubt by the cuſtom of the Athenians, who put into their hair little graſhoppers of gold. *Dacier.*

v. 57. *As the young olive, &c.*] This exquiſite ſimile finely illuſtrates the beauty and ſudden fall of Euphorbus, in which the alluſion to that circumſtance of his comely hair is peculiarly happy. Porphyry and Jamblicus acquaint us of the particular affection Pythagoras had for theſe verſes, which he ſet to the harp, and uſed to repeat as his own Epicedion. Perhaps it was his fondneſs of them, which put it into his head to ſay, that his ſoul tranſmigrated to him from this hero. However it was, this conceit of Pythagoras is famous in antiquity, and has given occaſion to a dialogue in Lucian, entitled *The Cock*, which is, I think, the fineſt piece of that author.

v. 65. *Thus young, thus beautiful Euphorbus lay.*] This is the only Trojan whoſe death the poet laments, that he might do the more honour to Patroclus, his hero's friend. The compariſon here uſed is very proper, for the olive always preſerves its beauty. But where the poet ſpeaks of the Lapithæ, a hardy and warlike people, he compares them to Oaks, that ſtand unmoved in ſtorms and tempeſts; and where Hector falls by Ajax, he likens him to an Oak ſtruck down by Jove's thunder. Juſt after this ſoft compariſon upon the beauty of Euphorbus, he paſſes to another full of ſtrength and terror, that of the lion. *Euſtathius.*

Flies, as before ſome mountain lion's ire
The village curs, and trembling ſwains retire;
When o'er the ſlaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
And ſees his jaws diſtil with ſmoking gore;
All pale with fear, at diſtance ſcatter'd round,
They ſhout inceſſant, and the vales reſound.
  Meanwhile Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
And urg'd great Hector to diſpute the prize,
(In Mentes' ſhape, beneath whoſe martial care
The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war)
Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitleſs ſpeed to chace
Achilles' courſers, of æthereal race;
They ſtoop not, theſe, to mortal man's command,
Or ſtoop to none but great Achilles' hand.
Too long amus'd with a purſuit ſo vain,
Turn and behold the brave Euphorbus ſlain!
By Sparta ſlain! for ever now ſuppreſt
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breaſt!
  Thus having ſpoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great Hector's ſoul: thro' all the war
He darts his anxious eye; and inſtant view'd
The breathleſs hero in his blood imbru'd,
(Forth welling from the wound as prone he lay)
And in the victor's hands the ſhining prey.
Sheath'd in bright arms, thro' cleaving ranks he flies,
And ſends his voice in thunder to the ſkies:
Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan ſent,
It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.
Atrides from the voice the ſtorm divin'd,
And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind.
  Then ſhall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
Slain in my cauſe, and for my honour ſlain?

Deſert the arms, the relics of my friend?
Or ſingly, Hector and his troops attend?
Sure where ſuch partial favour heav'n beſtow'd,
To brave the hero were to brave the God:
Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field;
'Tis not to Hector, but to heav'n I yield.
Yet, nor the God, nor heav'n, ſhould give me fear,
Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear:
Still would we turn, ſtill battle on the plains,
And give Achilles all that yet remains
Of his and our Patroclus----This, no more,
The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the ſhore,
A ſable ſcene! The terrors Hector led.
Slow he recedes, and ſighing, quits the dead.
So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a ſtorm of darts;
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.
Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks he turn'd
His manly breaſt, and with new fury burn'd,
O'er all the black battalions ſent his view,
And thro' the cloud the god-like Ajax knew;

v. 110. *Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear.*] How obſervable is Homer's art of illuſtrating the valour and glory of his heroes? Menelaus, who ſees Hector and all the Trojans ruſhing upon him, would not retire if Apollo did not ſupport them; and though Apollo does ſupport them, he would oppoſe even Apollo, were Ajax but near him. This is glorious for Menelaus, and yet more glorious for Ajax, and very ſuitable to his character; for Ajax was the braveſt of the Greeks, next to Achilles. *Dacier. Euſtathius.*

v. 117. *So from the fold th' unwilling lion.*] The beauty of the retreat of Menelaus is worthy notice. Homer is a great obſerver of natural imagery, that brings the thing repreſented before our view. It is indeed true, that lions, tygers, and beaſts of prey are the only objects that can properly repreſent warriors; and therefore it is no wonder they are ſo often introduced: the inanimate things, as floods, fires, and ſtorms, are the beſt, and only images of battles.

Where lab'ring on the left the warrior ſtood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood,
There breathing courage, where the God of day
Had ſunk each heart with terror and diſmay.
To him the king. Oh Ajax, oh my friend;
Haſte, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend:
The body to Achilles to reſtore,
Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
For naked now, deſpoil'd of arms he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazling prize.
He ſaid, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had ſtern Hector ſeiz'd his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;
But ſoon (as Ajax rear'd his tow'r-like ſhield,)
Sprung to his car, and meaſur'd back the field.
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To ſtand a trophy of his fame in war.
Meanwhile great Ajax (his broad ſhield diſplay'd)
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful ſhade:
And now before, and now behind he ſtood:
Thus in the centre of ſome gloomy wood,
With many a ſtep the lioneſs ſurrounds
Her tawny young, beſet by men and hounds;
Elate her heart, and rouſing all her pow'rs,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow low'rs.
Faſt by his ſide, the gen'rous Spartan glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.

v. 137. *Already had ſtern Hector, &c.*] Homer takes care, ſo long before-hand, to leſſen in his reader's mind the horror he may conceive from the cruelty that Achilles will exerciſe upon the body of Hector. That cruelty will be only the puniſhment of this which Hector here exerciſes upon the body of Patroclus; he drags him, he deſigns to cut off his head, and to leave his body upon the ramparts, expoſed to dogs and birds of prey. *Euſtathius.*

But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids.
Where now in Hector ſhall we Hector find?
A manly form, without a manly mind.
Is this, O Chief! a hero's boaſted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name?
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preſerve thy Troy:
'Tis time to try if Ilion's ſtate can ſtand
By thee alone, nor aſk a foreign hand;
Mean, empty boaſt! but ſhall the Lycians ſtake
Their lives for you? thoſe Lycians you forſake?
What from thy thankleſs arms can we expect?
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy baſe neglect:
Say, ſhall our ſlaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls?
Ev'n where he dy'd for Troy, you left him there,
A feaſt for dogs, and all the fowls of air.
On my command if any Lycian wait,
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.
Did ſuch a ſpirit as the Gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart;
(Such, as ſhou'd burn in ev'ry ſoul, that draws
The ſword for glory, and his country's cauſe)
Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon' carcaſe to the walls of Troy.
Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms, and honour'd corſe again!
Greece with Achilles' friend ſhould be repaid,
And thus due honours purchas'd to his ſhade.

v. 169. *You left him there, A feaſt for dogs.*] It was highly diſhonourable in Hector to forſake the body of a friend and gueſt, and againſt the laws of Jupiter Xenius, or Hoſpitalis. For Glaucus knew nothing of Sarpedon's being honoured with burial by the Gods, and ſent embalmed into Lycia. *Euſtathius.*

But words are vain——Let Ajax once appear,
And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
Thou dar'ſt not meet the terrors of his eye;
And lo! already thou prepar'ſt to fly.
The Trojan chief with fix'd reſentment ey'd
The Lycian leader, and ſedate reply'd.
Say, is it juſt (my friend) that Hector's ear
From ſuch a warrior ſuch a ſpeech ſhould hear?
I deem'd thee once the wiſeſt of thy kind,
But ill this inſult ſuits a prudent mind.
I ſhun great Ajax? I deſert my train?
'Tis mine to prove the raſh aſſertion vain;
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,
And hear the thunder of the ſounding ſteeds.
But Jove's high will is ever uncontroll'd,
The ſtrong he withers, and confounds the bold;
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
Strikes the freſh garland from the victor's brow!
Come, thro' yon' ſquadrons let us hew the way,
And thou be witneſs, if I fear to-day;
If yet a Greek the ſight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero dare defend the dead.
Then turning to the martial hoſts, he cries,
Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your antient fame.
Hector in proud Achilles arms ſhall ſhine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conqueſt mine.

v. 193. *I ſhun great Ajax?*] Hector takes notice of the affronts that Glaucus had thrown upon him, as knowing he had in ſome reſpect a juſt cauſe to be angry; but he cannot put up what he has ſaid of his fearing Ajax, to which part he only replies: this is very agreeable to his heroic character. *Euſtathius.*

v. 209. *Hector in proud Achilles' arms ſhall ſhine.*] The ancients have obſerved that Homer cauſes the arms of Achilles to fall into

He ſtrode along the field, as thus he ſaid:
(The ſable plumage nodded o'er his head)
Swift thro' the ſpacious plain he ſent a look;
One inſtant ſaw, one inſtant overtook
The diſtant band, that on the ſandy ſhore
The radiant ſpoils to ſacred Ilion bore.
There his own mail unbrac'd the field beſtrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the maſſy load.
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he ſtands,
The work and preſent of celeſtial hands;
By aged Peleus to Achilles giv'n,
As firſt to Peleus by the court of heav'n:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.

Hector's power, to equal in ſome ſort thoſe two heroes, in the battle wherein he is going to engage them. Otherwiſe it might be urged, that Achilles could not have killed Hector without the advantage of having his armour made by the hand of a god, whereas Hector's was only of the hand of a mortal; but ſince both were clad in armour made by Vulcan, Achilles's victory will be compleat, and in its full luſtre. Beſides this reaſon (which is for neceſſity and probability) there is alſo another, for ornament; for Homer here prepares to introduce that beautiful epiſode of the divine armour, which Vulcan makes for Achilles. *Euſtathius.*

v. 216. *The radiant arms to ſacred Ilion bore.*] A difficulty may ariſe here, and the queſtion may be aſked why Hector ſent theſe arms to Troy? Why did not he take them at firſt? There are three anſwers, which I think are all plauſible. The firſt, that Hector having killed Patroclus, and ſeeing the day very far advanced, had no need to take thoſe arms for a fight almoſt at an end. The ſecond, that he was impatient to ſhew to Priam and Andromache thoſe glorious ſpoils. Thirdly, he perhaps at firſt intended to hang them up in ſome temple. Glaucus's ſpeech makes him change his reſolution, he runs after thoſe arms to fight againſt Ajax, and to win Patroclus's body from him. *Dacier.*

Homer (ſays Euſtathius) does not ſuffer the arms to be carried into Troy for theſe reaſons. That Hector by wearing them might the more encourage the Trojans, and be the more formidable to the Greeks: that Achilles may recover them again when he kills Hector: and that he may conquer him, even when ſtrengthened with that divine armour.

Him, proud in triumph, glitt'ring from afar,
The God whoſe thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with pity; as apart he ſat,
And conſcious look'd thro' all the ſcene of fate.
He ſhook the ſacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the Godhead ſaid:
Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory! and what fates attend?
In heav'nly panoply divinely bright
Thou ſtand'ſt, and armies tremble at thy ſight,
As at Achilles ſelf! beneath thy dart
Lies ſlain the great Achilles' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead thoſe arms haſt torn,
Which once the greateſt of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illuſtrious day,
A blaze of glory e'er thou fad'ſt away.
For ah! no more Andromache ſhall come,
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!
Then with his ſable brow he gave the nod,
That ſeals his word; the ſanction of the God.

v. 231. *Jupiter's ſpeech to Hector.*] The poet prepares us for the death of Hector, perhaps to pleaſe the Greek readers, who might be troubled to ſee him ſhining in their hero's arms. Therefore Jupiter expreſſes his ſorrow at the approaching fate of this unfortunate prince, promiſes to repay his loſs of life with glory, and nods, to give a certain confirmation to his words. He ſays, Achilles is the braveſt Greek, as Glaucus had juſt ſaid before; the poet thus giving him the greateſt commendations, by putting his praiſe in the mouth of a God, and of an enemy, who were neither of them like to be prejudiced in his favour. *Euſtathius.*

How beautiful is that ſentiment upon the miſerable ſtate of mankind, introduced here ſo artfully, and ſo ſtrongly enforced, by being put into the mouth of the Supreme Being! And how pathetic the denunciation of Hector's death, by that circumſtance of Andromache's diſappointment, when ſhe ſhall no more receive her hero glorious from the battle, in the armour of his conquered enemy!

The ſtubborn arms (by Jove's command diſpos'd)
Conform'd ſpontaneous, and around him clos'd;
Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his members grew,
Thro' all his veins a ſudden vigour flew,
The blood in briſker tides began to roll,
And Mars himſelf came ruſhing on his ſoul.
Exhorting loud thro' all the field he ſtrode,
And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a god.
Now Meſthles, Glaucus, Medon, he inſpires,
Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothous fires;
The great Therſilochus like fury found,
Aſteropæus kindled at the ſound,
And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.
Hear all ye hoſts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
Of neighb'ring nations, or of diſtant lands!
'Twas not for ſtate we ſummon'd you ſo far,
To boaſt our numbers, and the pomp of war;

v. 247. *The ſtubborn arms, &c.*] The words are,

Ἦ, ῥ᾽ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ᾽ ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων,
Ἑλλοπι δ᾽ ἥρμοσε τεύχε᾽ ἐπὶ χρόϊ.

If we give ἥρμοσε a paſſive ſignification, it will be, the arms fitted Hector; but if an active (as thoſe take it who would put a greater difference between Hector and Achilles) then it belongs to Jupiter; and the ſenſe will be, Jupiter made the arms fit for him, which were too large before: I have choſen the laſt as the more poetical ſenſe.

v. 260. *Unnumber'd bands of neighb'ring nations.*] Euſtathius has very well explained the artifice of this ſpeech of Hector, who indirectly anſwers all Glaucus's invectives, and humbles his vanity. Glaucus had juſt ſpoken as if the Lycians were the only allies of Troy; and Hector here ſpeaks of the numerous troops of different nations, which he expreſly deſigns by calling them borderers upon his kingdom, thereby in ſome manner to exclude the Lycians, who were of a country more remote; as if he did not vouchſafe to reckon them. He afterwards confutes what Glaucus ſaid, "That if the Lycians "would take his advice, they would return home;" for he gives them to underſtand, that being hired troops, they are obliged to perform their bargain, and to fight till the war is at an end. *Dacier.*

Ye came to fight; a valiant foe to chaſe,
To ſave our preſent, and our future race.
For this, our wealth, our products you enjoy,
And glean the relics of exhauſted Troy.
Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
To die or conquer, are the terms of war.
Whatever hand ſhall win Patroclus ſlain,
Whoe'er ſhall drag him to the Trojan train,
With Hector's ſelf ſhall equal honours claim;
With Hector part the ſpoil, and ſhare the fame.
Fir'd by his words, the troops diſmiſs their fears,
They join, they thicken, they protend their ſpears;
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:
Vain hope! What numbers ſhall the field o'erſpread,
What victims periſh round the mighty dead?
Great Ajax mark'd the growing ſtorm from far,
And thus beſpoke his brother of the war.
Our fatal day, alas! is come (my friend)
And all our wars and glories at an end!
'Tis not this corſe alone we guard in vain,
Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain;
We too muſt yield: the ſame ſad fate muſt fall
On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.
See what a tempeſt direful Hector ſpreads,
And lo! it burſts, it thunders on our heads!
Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
The braveſt Greeks: this hour demands them all.

v. 290. *Call on our Greeks.*] Euſtathius gives three reaſons why Ajax bids Menelaus call the Greeks to their aſſiſtance; inſtead of calling them himſelf. He might be aſhamed to do it, leſt it ſhould look like fear, and turn to his diſhonour: or the chiefs were more likely to obey Menelaus: or he had too much buſineſs of the war upon his hands, and wanted leiſure more than the other.

The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
The field re-echo'd the diſtreſsful ſound.
Oh chiefs! oh princes! to whoſe hand is giv'n
The rule of men! whoſe glory is from heav'n!
Whom with due honours both Atrides grace:
Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race!
All, whom this well-known voice ſhall reach from far,
All, whom I ſee not thro' this cloud of war;
Come all! let gen'rous rage your arms employ,
And ſave Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.
Oïlean Ajax firſt the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace and ready was his aid;
Next him Idomeneus, more ſlow with age,
And Merion burning with a hero's rage.
The long-ſucceeding numbers who can name?
But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
Whole Troy embodied, ruſh'd with ſhouts along.
Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves,
Where ſome ſwoln river diſſembogues his waves,
Full in the mouth is ſtopp'd the ruſhing tide,
The boiling ocean works from ſide to ſide,
The river trembles to his utmoſt ſhore,
And diſtant rocks rebellow to the roar.
Nor leſs reſolv'd, the firm Achaian band
With brazen ſhields in horrid circle ſtand:
Jove, pouring darkneſs o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the warriors ſhining helms in night:

v. 302. *Oïlean Ajax firſt.*] Ajax Oïleus (ſays Euſtathius) is the firſt that comes, being brought by his love to the other Ajax, as it is natural for one friend to fly to the aſſiſtance of another: to which we may add, he might very probably come firſt, becauſe he was the ſwifteſt of all the heroes.

v. 318. *Jove pouring darkneſs.*] Homer, who in all his former deſcriptions of battles is ſo fond of mentioning the luſtre of the arms, here ſhades them in darkneſs; perhaps alluding to the clouds

To him, the chief for whom the hoſts contend,
Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:
Dead he protects him with ſuperior care,
Nor dooms his carcaſe to the birds of air.
The firſt attack the Grecians ſcarce ſuſtain,
Repuls'd, they yield; the Trojans ſeize the ſlain:
Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
By the ſwift rage of Ajax Telamon.
(Ajax to Peleus' ſon the ſecond name,
In graceful ſtature next, and next in fame.)
With headlong force the foremoſt ranks he tore;
So thro' the thicket burſts the mountain boar,
And rudely ſcatters, far to diſtance round,
The frighted hunter and the baying hound.
The ſon of Lethus, brave Pelaſgus' heir,
Hippothous, dragg'd the carcaſe thro' the war;
The ſinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
With thongs, inſerted thro' the double wound:
Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed;
Doom'd by great Ajax vengeful lance to bleed;
It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain;
The ſhatter'd creſt, and horſe-hair ſtrow the plain:
With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:
The brain comes guſhing thro' the ghaſtly wound;
He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him ſpread
Now lies, a ſad companion of the dead:
Far from Lariſſa lies, his native air,
And ill requites his parent's tender care.
Lamented youth! in life's firſt bloom he fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell.

of duſt that were raiſed; or to the throng of combatants: or elſe to denote the loſs of Greece in Patroclus; or, laſtly, that as the heavens had mourned Sarpedon in ſhowers of blood, ſo they might Patroclus in clouds of darkneſs. *Euſtathius.*

Once more at Ajax, Hector's jav'lin flies;
The Grecian marking as it cut the ſkies,
Shunn'd the deſcending death; which hiſſing on,
Stretch'd in the duſt the great Iphytus' ſon,
Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
The boldeſt warrior, and the nobleſt mind:
In little Panope for ſtrength renown'd,
He held his ſeat, and rul'd the realms around.
Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
And deep tranſpiercing, thro' the ſhoulder ſtood;
In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
The fields reſounded with his weighty fall.
Phorcys, as ſlain Hippothous he defends,
The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
The hollow armour burſt before the ſtroke,
And thro' the wound the ruſhing entrails broke.
In ſtrong convulſions panting on the ſands
He lies and graſps the duſt with dying hands.
Struck at the ſight, recede the Trojan train:
The ſhouting Argives ſtrip the heroes ſlain.
And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
Fled to her ramparts, and reſign'd the field;
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With Jove averſe, had turn'd the ſcale of fate:

v. 356. *Panope renown'd.*] Panope was a ſmall town twenty ſtadia from Chæronea, on the ſide of mount Parnaſſus, and it is hard to know why Homer gives it the epithet of *renown'd*, and makes it the reſidence of Schedius, king of the Phocians; when it was but nine hundred paces in circuit, and had no palace, nor gymnaſium, nor theatre, nor market, nor fountain; nothing in ſhort that ought to have been in a town which is the reſidence of a king. Pauſanias (in Phocic.) gives the reaſon of it; he ſays, that as Phocis was expoſed on that ſide to the inroads of the Bæotians, Schedius made uſe of Panope as a ſort of citadel, or place of arms. *Dacier.*

But Phœbus urg'd Æneas to the fight;
He ſeem'd like aged Periphas to fight:
(A herald in Anchiſes' love grown old,
Rever'd for prudence; and with prudence, bold.)
Thus he—what methods yet, oh chief! remain,
To ſave your Troy, tho' heav'n its fall ordain?
There have been heroes, who by virtuous care,
By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
Have forc'd the pow'rs to ſpare a ſinking ſtate,
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.
But you, when fortune ſmiles, when Jove declares
His partial favour, and aſſiſts your wars,
Your ſhameful efforts 'gainſt yourſelves employ,
And force th' unwilling God to ruin Troy.
Æneas thro' the form aſſum'd deſcries
The pow'r conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries.
Oh laſting ſhame! to our own fears a prey,
We ſeek our ramparts, and deſert the day.
A God (nor is he leſs) my boſom warms,
And tells me, Jove aſſerts the Trojan arms.
He ſpoke, and foremoſt to the combat flew:
The bold example all his hoſts purſue.
Then firſt, Leocritus beneath him bled,
In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomede;
Who view'd his fall, and grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, ſent his angry lance:
The whirling lance, with vig'rous force addreſt,
Deſcends, and pants in Apiſaon's breaſt:
From rich Pæonia's vales the warrior came,
Next thee, Aſteropeus! in place and fame.

v. 375. *He ſeem'd like aged Periphas.*] The ſpeech of Periphas to Æneas hints at the double fate, and the neceſſity of means. It is much like that of St. Paul, after he was promiſed that no body ſhould periſh; he ſays, *Except theſe abide, ye cannot be ſaved.*

Aſteropeus with grief beheld the ſlain,
And ruſh'd to combat, but he ruſh'd in vain:
Indiſſolubly firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, on buckler buckler ſpread,
And hemm'd with briſtled ſpears, the Grecians ſtood;
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
Great Ajax eyes them with inceſſant care,
And in an orb contracts the crouded war,
Cloſe in the ranks commands to fight or fall,
And ſtands the center and the ſoul of all:
Fixt on the ſpot they war, and wounded, wound;
A ſanguine torrent ſteeps the reeking ground;
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
And thick'ning round 'em, riſe the hills of dead.
  Greece, in cloſe order, and collected might,
Yet ſuffers leaſt, and ſways the wav'ring fight;
Fierce as conflicting fires, the combat burns,
And now it riſes, now it ſinks by turns.
In one thick darkneſs all the fight was loſt;
The ſun, the moon, and all th' ethereal hoſt
Seem'd as extinct: day raviſh'd from their eyes,
And all heav'n's ſplendors blotted from the ſkies.
Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
The reſt in ſunſhine fought, and open light:
Unclouded there, th' aerial azure ſpread,
No vapour reſted on the mountain's head,

v. 422. *In one thick darkneſs, &c.*] The darkneſs ſpread over the body of Patroclus is artful upon ſeveral accounts. Firſt, a fine image of poetry. Next, a token of Jupiter's love to a righteous man: but the chief deſign is to protract the action; which, if the Trojans had ſeen the ſpot, muſt have been decided one way or other in a very ſhort time. Beſides, the Trojans having the better in the action, muſt have ſeized the body contrary to the intention of the author. There are innumerable inſtances of theſe little niceties and particularities of conduct in Homer.

The golden ſun pour'd forth a ſtronger ray,
And all the broad expanſion flam'd with day.
Diſpers'd around the plain, by fits they fight,
And here, and there, their ſcatter'd arrows light:
But death and darkneſs o'er the carcaſe ſpread,
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.
  Meanwhile the ſons of Neſtor, in the rear,
(Their fellows routed) toſs the diſtant ſpear,
And ſkirmiſh wide: ſo Neſtor gave command,
When from the ſhips he ſent the Pylian band.
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
In thought they view'd him ſtill, with martial joy,
Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.
  But round the corſe the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death:
O'erlabour'd now, with duſt, and ſweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs, their feet are cover'd o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds ariſe,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkneſs fills their eyes.
As when a ſlaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide,
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from ſide to ſide,
The brawny curriers ſtretch; and labour o'er,
Th' extended ſurface, drunk with fat and gore;

v. 436. *Meanwhile the ſons of Neſtor, in the rear, &c.*] It is not without reaſon Homer in this place makes particular mention of the ſons of Neſtor. It is to prepare us againſt he ſends one of them to Achilles, to tell him the death of his friend.

v. 450. *As when a ſlaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide.*] Homer gives us a moſt lively deſcription of their drawing the body on all ſides, and inſtructs in the antient manner of ſtretching hides, being firſt made ſoft and ſupple with oil. And though this compariſon be one of thoſe mean and humble ones which ſome have objected to, yet it has alſo its admirers for being ſo expreſſive, and for repreſenting to the imagination the moſt ſtrong and exact idea of the ſubject in hand. *Euſtathius.*

So tugging round the corpſe both armies ſtood;
The mangled body bath'd in ſweat and blood:
While Greeks and Ilians equal ſtrength employ,
Now to the ſhips to force it, now to Troy.
Not Pallas' ſelf, her breaſt when fury warms,
Nor he, whoſe anger ſets the world in arms,
Could blame this ſcene; ſuch rage, ſuch horror reign'd;
Such, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.
Achilles in his ſhips at diſtance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;
He, yet unconſcious of Patroclus' fall,
In duſt extended under Ilion's wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wiſh'd return prepares in vain;
Tho' well he knew to make proud Ilion bend,
Was more than heav'n had deſtin'd to his friend:
Perhaps to him: this Thetis had reveal'd;
The reſt, in pity to her ſon, conceal'd.

v. 458. *Not Pallas' ſelf.*] Homer ſays in the original, "Minerva "could not have found fault, though ſhe were angry." Upon which Euſtathius ingeniouſly obſerves, how common and natural it is for perſons in anger to turn critics, and find faults where there are none.

v. 468. - - - - - - - - - - *To make proud Ilion bend,*
Was more than heav'n had promis'd to his friend:
Perhaps to him: - - - - -]

In theſe words the poet artfully hints at Achilles's death; he makes him not abſolutely to flatter himſelf with the hopes of ever taking Troy, in his own perſon; however, he does not ſay this expreſly, but paſſes it over as an ungrateful ſubject. *Euſtathius.*

v. 471. *The reſt, in pity to her ſon, conceal'd.*] Here (ſays the ſame author) we have two rules laid down for common uſe. One, not to tell our friends all their miſchances at once, it being often neceſſary to hide part of them, as Thetis does from Achilles: the other, not to puſh men of courage upon all that is poſſible for them to do. Thus Achilles, though he thought Patroclus able to drive the Trojans back to their gates, yet he does not order him to do ſo much; but only to ſave the ſhips, and beat them back into the field.

Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps, by mutual wounds they bled.
Curs'd be the man (ev'n private Greeks would ſay)
Who dares deſert this well-diſputed day!
Firſt may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for ſacrifice!
Firſt periſh all, e'er haughty Troy ſhall boaſt
We loſt Patroclus, and our glory loſt.
Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans ſaid,
Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!
Then claſh their ſounding arms; the clangors riſe,
And ſhake the brazen concave of the ſkies.
Meantime, at diſtance from the ſcene of blood,
The penſive ſteeds of great Achilles ſtood;

Homer's admoniſhing the reader that Achilles's mother had concealed the circumſtance of the death of his friend when ſhe inſtructed him in his fate; and that all he knew, was only that Troy could not be taken at that time; this is a great inſtance of his care of the probability, and of his having the whole plan of the poem at once in his head. For upon the ſuppoſition that Achilles was inſtructed in his fate, it was a natural objection, how came he to hazard his friend? If he was ignorant on the other hand of the impoſſibility of Troy's being taken at that time, he might for all he knew, be robbed by his friend (of whoſe valour he had ſo good an opinion) of that glory he was unwilling to part with.

v. 484. *At diſtance from the ſcene of blood.*] If the horſes had not gone aſide out of the war, Homer could not have introduced ſo well what he deſigned to their honour. So he makes them weep in ſecret (as their maſter Achilles uſed to do) and afterwards come into the battle, where they are taken notice of and purſued by Hector. *Euſtathius.*

v. 485. *The penſive ſteeds of great Achilles, &c.*] It adds a great beauty to the poem when inanimate things act like animate. Thus the heavens tremble at Jupiter's nod, the ſea parts itſelf to receive Neptune, the groves of Ida ſhake beneath Juno's feet, &c. As alſo to find animate or brute creatures addreſt to, as if rational: ſo Hector encourages his horſes; and one of Achilles's is not only endued with ſpeech, but with foreknowledge of future events. Here they weep for Patroclus, and ſtand fixed and immoveable with grief: thus is this hero univerſally mourned, and every thing concurs to lament his loſs. *Euſtathius.*

Their god-like maſter ſlain before their eyes,
They wept, and ſhar'd in human miſeries.
In vain Automedon now ſhakes the rein,
Now plies the laſh, and ſoothes and threats in vain;
Nor to the fight, nor Helleſpont they go,
Reſtive they ſtood, and obſtinate in woe:
Still as a tomb-ſtone, never to be mov'd,
On ſome good man, or woman unreprov'd
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as ſtands
A marble courſer by the ſculptor's hands,

As to the particular fiction of the horſes weeping, it is countenanced both by naturaliſts and hiſtorians. Ariſtotle and Pliny write, that theſe animals often deplore their maſters loſt in battle, and even ſhed tears for them. So Solinus, cap. 47. Ælian relates the like of elephants, when they are carried from their native country, De Animal. lib. x. cap. 17. Suetonius in the life of Cæſar, tells us, that ſeveral horſes which at the paſſage of the Rubicon had been conſecrated to Mars, and turned looſe on the banks, were obſerved for ſome days after to abſtain from feeding, and to weep abundantly. *Proximis diebus, equorum greges quos in trajiciendo Rubicone flumine Marti conſecrârat, ac ſine cuſtode vagos dimiſerat, comperit pabulo pertinaciſſimè abſtinere, ubertimque flere*, cap. 81.

Virgil could not forbear copying this beautiful circumſtance in thoſe fine lines on the horſe of Pallas.

Poſt bellator equus, poſitis inſignibus, Æthon
It lacrymans, guttiſque humectat grandibus ora.

v. 494. *Or fix'd, as ſtands A marbler courſer, &c.*] Homer alludes to the cuſtom in thoſe days of placing columns upon tombs, on which columns there were frequently chariots with two or four horſes. This furniſhed Homer with this beautiful image, as if theſe meant to remain there, to ſerve for an immortal monument to Patroclus.

I believe M. Dacier refines too much in this note. Homer ſays, ----ἠὲ γυναικὸς, and ſeems to turn the thought only on the firmneſs of the column, and not on the imagery of it: which would give it an air a little too modern, like that of Shakeſpear, *She ſat like Patience on a monument, ſmiling at Grief.*-----Be it as it will, this conjecture is ingenious; and the whole compariſon is as beautiful as juſt. The horſes ſtanding ſtill to mourn for their maſter, could not be more finely repreſented than by the dumb ſorrow of images ſtanding over a tomb. Perhaps the very poſture in which theſe horſes are deſcribed, their heads bowed down, and their manes falling in the duſt, has an alluſion to the attitude in which thoſe ſtatues on

Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face,
The big round drops cours'd down with ſilent pace,
Conglobing on the duſt. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in ſtate,
Trail'd on the duſt beneath the yoke were ſpread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
Nor Jove diſdain'd to caſt a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the ſteeds he ſpoke.
Unhappy courſers of immortal ſtrain!
Exempt from age, and deathleſs now in vain;
Did we your race on mortal man beſtow,
Only alas! to ſhare in mortal woe?
For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the duſt of earth;
What wretched creature of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
A miſerable race! but ceaſe to mourn:
For not by you ſhall Priam's ſon be borne
High on the ſplendid car: one glorious prize
He raſhly boaſts; the reſt our will denies.
Ourſelf will ſwiftneſs to your nerves impart,
Ourſelf with riſing ſpirits ſwell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight ſhall bear
Safe to the navy thro' the ſtorm of war.
For yet 'tis giv'n to Troy, to ravage o'er
The field, and ſpread her ſlaughters to the ſhore;
The ſun ſhall ſee her conquer, 'till his fall
With ſacred darkneſs ſhades the face of all.

monuments were uſually repreſented: there are baſs-reliefs that favour this conjecture.

v. 522. *The ſun ſhall ſee Troy conquer.*] It is worth obſerving with what art and œconomy Homer conducts his fable to bring on the cataſtrophe. Achilles muſt hear Patroclus's death; Hector muſt fall by his hand: this cannot happen if the armies continue fighting about the body of Patroclus, under the walls of Troy. Therefore,

He ſaid; and breathing in th' immortal horſe
Exceſſive ſpirit, urg'd 'em to the courſe;
From their high manes they ſhake the duſt, and bear
The kindling chariot through the parted war:
So flies a vulture thro' the clam'rous train
Of geeſe, that ſcream, and ſcatter round the plain.
From danger now with ſwifteſt ſpeed they flew,
And now to conqueſt with like ſpeed purſue;
Sole in the ſeat the charioteer remains,
Now plies the jav'lin, now directs the reins:
Him brave Alcimedon beheld diſtreſt,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief addreſt.
What God provokes thee, raſhly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickeſt war?
Alas! thy friend is ſlain, and Hector wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.
In happy time (the charioteer replies)
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes;
No Greek like him, the heav'nly ſteeds reſtrains,
Or holds their fury in ſuſpended reins:
Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame.
But now Patroclus is an empty name!
To thee I yield the ſeat, to thee reſign
The ruling charge: the taſk of fight be mine.
He ſaid. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the ſeat.
His friend deſcends. The chief of Troy deſcry'd,
And call'd Æneas fighting near his ſide.
Lo, to my ſight beyond our hope reſtor'd,
Achilles' car, deſerted of its Lord!

to change the face of affairs, Jupiter is going to raiſe the courage of the Trojans, and make them repulſe and chaſe the Greeks again as far as their fleet; this obliges Achilles to go forth though without arms, and thereby every thing comes to an iſſue. *Dacier.*

The glorious ſteeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them thro' the fight:
Can ſuch opponents ſtand, when we aſſail?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.
The ſon of Venus to the counſel yields;
Then o'er their backs they ſpread their ſolid ſhields;
With braſs refulgent the broad ſurface ſhin'd,
And thick bull-hides the ſpacious concave lin'd.
Them Chromius follows, Aretus ſucceeds,
Each hopes the conqueſt of the lofty ſteeds;
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance! not fated to return.

v. 555. *Scarce their weak drivers.*] There was but one driver ſince Alcimedon was alone upon the chariot, and Automedon was got down to fight. But in poetry, as well as in painting, there is often but one moment to be taken hold on. Hector ſees Alcimedon mount the chariot, before Automedon was deſcended from it; and thereupon judging of their intention, and ſeeing them both as yet upon the chariot, he calls to Æneas. He terms them both drivers in mockery, becauſe he ſaw them take the reins one after the other; as if he ſaid, the chariot had two drivers, but never a fighter. It is one ſingle *moment* that makes this image. In reading the poets one often falls into great perplexities, for want of rightly diſtinguiſhing the point of time in which they ſpeak. *Dacier.*

The art of Homer, in this whole paſſage concerning Automedon, is very remarkable; in finding out the only proper occaſion, for ſo renowned a perſon as the charioteer of Achilles to ſignalize his valour.

v. 564. *In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,*
In vain advance! not fated to return.]

Theſe beautiful anticipations are frequent in the poets, who affect to ſpeak in the character of prophets, and men inſpired with the knowledge of futurity. Thus Virgil to Turnus,

Neſcia mens hominum fati.---Turno tempus erit, &c.

So Taſſo, Cant. xii. when Argante had vowed the deſtruction of Tancred;

O vani giuramenti! Ecco contrari
Seguir toſto gli effetti a l' alta ſpeme:
E cader queſti in teneon pari eſtinto
Sotto colui ch' ei ſtà già preſo, e vinto.

Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntleſs mind:
Oh keep the foaming courſers cloſe behind!
Full on my ſhoulders let their noſtrils blow,
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
'Tis Hector comes; and when he ſeeks the prize,
War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies.
Then thro' the field he ſends his voice aloud,
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring croud,
With great Atrides. Hither turn (he ſaid)
Turn, where diſtreſs demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And ſave the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we ſtand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector and Æneas' rage:
Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine, th' event belongs to Jove.
He ſpoke, and high the ſounding jav'lin flung,
Which paſs'd the ſhield of Aretus the young;
It pierc'd his belt, emboſs'd with curious art;
Then in the lower belly ſtuck the dart.
As when a pond'rous ax deſcending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of ſome brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he ſprings with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:

And Milton makes the like apoſtrophe to Eve at her leaving Adam before ſhe met the ſerpent:

- - - - - - - - She to him engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bower,
And all things in beſt order to invite
Noontide repaſt, or afternoon's repoſe.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapleſs Eve!
Thou never from that hour, in paradiſe,
Found'ſt either ſweet repaſt, or ſound repoſe.

Thus fell the youth; the air his ſoul receiv'd,
And the ſpear trembled as his entrails heav'd.
Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Diſcharg'd his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping he ſhunn'd; the jav'lin idly fled,
And hiſs'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful ſpear
In long vibrations ſpent its fury there.
With claſhing falchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd;
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans ſtood,
But left their ſlain companion in his blood:
His arms Automedon diveſts and cries,
Accept, Patroclus, this mean ſacrifice.
Thus have I ſooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, ſome off'ring to thy ſhade.
So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore;
High on the chariot at one bound he ſprung,
And o'er his ſeat the bloody trophies hung.
And now Minerva, from the realms of air
Deſcends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The Lord of Thunders ſent the blue-ey'd maid.
As when high Jove denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow,
(In ſign of tempeſts from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, deſtructive war)
The drooping cattle dread th' impending ſkies,
And from his half-till'd field the lab'rer flies.
In ſuch a form the goddeſs round her drew,
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.
Aſſuming Phœnix ſhape, on earth ſhe falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls.

And lies Achilles' friend belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall?
What ſhame to Greece for future times to tell,
To thee the greateſt in whoſe cauſe he fell!
O chief, oh father! (Atreus' ſon replies)
O full of days! by long experience wiſe!
What more deſires my ſoul, than here unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd?
Ah would Minerva ſend me ſtrength to rear
This weary'd arm, and ward the ſtorm of war!
But Hector, like the rage of fire we dread,
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.
Pleas'd to be firſt of all the pow'rs addreſt,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breaſt,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell deſpight,
Deſire of blood, and rage, and luſt of fight.
So burns the vengeful hornet (ſoul all o'er)
Repuls'd in vain, and thirſty ſtill of gore;
(Bold ſon of Air and Heat) on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and ſtings.
Fir'd with like ardour fierce Atrides flew,
And ſent his ſoul with ev'ry lance he threw.
There ſtood a Trojan not unknown to fame,
Eëtion's ſon, and Podes was his name;

v. 642. *So burns the vengeful hornet, &c.*] It is literally in the Greek, *She inſpir'd the hero with the boldneſs of a fly.* There is no impropriety in the compariſon, this animal being of all others the moſt perſevering in its attacks, and the moſt difficult to be beaten off: the occaſion alſo of the compariſon being the reſolute perſiſtance of Menelaus about the dead body, renders it ſtill the more juſt. But our preſent idea of the fly is indeed very low, as taken from the littleneſs and inſignificancy of this creature. However, ſince there is really no meanneſs in it, there ought to be none in expreſſing it; and I have done my beſt in the tranſlation to keep up the dignity of my author.

With riches honour'd, and with courage bleſt,
By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his gueſt;
Thro' his broad belt the ſpear a paſſage found,
And pond'rous as he falls, his arms reſound.
Sudden at Hector's ſide Apollo ſtood,
Like Phænops, Aſius' ſon, appear'd the god;
(Aſius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main.)
O Prince (he cry'd) oh foremoſt once in fame!
What Grecian now ſhall tremble at thy name?
Doſt thou at length to Meneläus yield,
A chief once thought no terror of the field;
Yet ſingly, now, the long-diſputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies.
By the ſame arm illuſtrious Podes bled;
The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead!
This heard, o'er Hector ſpreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.
But now th' Eternal ſhook his ſable ſhield,
That ſhaded Ide and all the ſubject field,
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud
Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the light'nings of the God:
At one regard of his all-ſeeing eye,
The vanquiſh'd triumph, and the victors fly.
Then trembled Greece: the flight Peneleus led;
For as the brave Bæotian turn'd his head
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
And raz'd his ſhoulder with a ſhorten'd ſpear:

v. 651. *By Hector lov'd, his comrade and his gueſt.*] Podes the favourite and companion of Hector, being killed on this occaſion, ſeems a parallel circumſtance to the death of Achilles's favourite and companion; and was probably put in here on purpoſe to engage Hector on the like occaſion with Achilles.

By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
Pierc'd thro' the wriſt; and raging with the pain,
Graſps his once formidable lance in vain.
As Hector follow'd, Idomen addreſt
The flaming jav'lin to his manly breaſt;
The brittle point before his corſelet yields;
Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields:
High on his chariot as the Cretan ſtood,
The ſon of Priam whirl'd the miſſive wood;
But erring from its aim, th' impetuous ſpear
Struck to the duſt the 'ſquire and charioteer
Of martial Merion: Cœranus his name,
Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.
On foot bold Merion fought; and now laid low,
Had grac'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe;
But the brave 'ſquire the ready courſers brought,
And with his life his maſter's ſafety bought.
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it ſhatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the ſeat he tumbles to the plain;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein:
This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to deſert the hopeleſs war;
Idomeneus conſents; the laſh applies;
And the ſwift chariot to the navy flies.
Nor Ajax leſs the will of heav'n deſcry'd,
And conqueſt ſhifting to the Trojan ſide,
Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
To Atreus' ſeed, the god-like Telamon.
Alas! who ſees not Jove's almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the Trojan band?
Whether the weak or ſtrong diſcharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart:

Not ſo our ſpears: inceſſant tho' they rain,
He ſuffers ev'ry lance to fall in vain.
Deſerted of the god, yet let us try
What human ſtrength and prudence can ſupply;
If yet this honour'd corſe, in triumph born,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who tremble yet, ſcarce reſcu'd from their fates,
And ſtill hear Hector thund'ring at their gates.
Some hero too muſt be diſpatch'd to bear
The mournful meſſage to Pelides' ear;
For ſure he knows not, diſtant on the ſhore,
His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
But ſuch a chief I ſpy not thro' the hoſt:
The men, the ſteeds, the armies, all are loſt
In gen'ral darkneſs——Lord of Earth and Air!
Oh King! oh Father! hear my humble pray'r:
Diſpel this cloud, the light of heav'n reſtore;
Give me to ſee, and Ajax aſks no more:
If Greece muſt periſh, we thy will obey,
But let us periſh in the face of day!

v. 721. *Some hero too muſt be diſpatch'd, &c.*] It ſeems odd that they did not ſooner ſend this meſſage to Achilles; but there is ſome apology for it from the darkneſs, and the difficulty of finding a proper perſon. It was not every body that was proper to ſend, but one who was a particular friend to Achilles, who might condole with him. Such was Antilochus, who is ſent afterwards, and who, beſides, had that neceſſary qualification of being πόδας ὠκύς. *Euſtathius.*

v. 731. *If Greece muſt periſh, we thy will obey,*
But let us periſh in the face of day!]

This thought has been looked upon as one of the ſublimeſt in Homer. Longinus repreſents it in this manner: "The thickeſt darkneſs had on a ſudden covered the Grecian army, and hindered "them from fighting: when Ajax not knowing what courſe to "take, cries out, *Oh Jove! diſperſe this darkneſs which covers the "Greeks, and if we muſt periſh, let us periſh in the light!* This is a "ſentiment truly worthy of Ajax. He does not pray for life; "that had been unworthy a hero: but becauſe in that darkneſs

With tears the hero ſpoke, and at his pray'r
The God relenting, clear'd the clouded air:

" he could not employ his valour to any glorious purpoſe, and " vexed to ſtand idle in the field of battle, he only prays that the " day may appear, as being aſſured of putting an end to it worthy " his great heart, though Jupiter himſelf ſhould happen to oppoſe " his efforts."

M. l'Abbe Teraſſon (in his diſſertation on the Iliad) endeavours to prove that Longinus has miſrepreſented the whole context and ſenſe of this paſſage of Homer. The fact (ſays he) is, that Ajax is in a very different ſituation in Homer from that wherein Longinus deſcribes him. He has not the leaſt intention of fighting, he thinks only of finding out ſome fit perſon to ſend to Achilles; and this darkneſs hindering him from ſeeing ſuch a one, is the occaſion of his prayer. Accordingly it appears by what follows, that as ſoon as Jupiter had diſperſed the cloud, Ajax never falls upon the enemy, but, in conſequence of his former thought, orders Menelaus to look for Antilochus, to diſpatch him to Achilles with the news of the death of his friend. Longinus (continues this author) had certainly forgot the place from whence he took this thought; and it is not the firſt citation from Homer which the ancients have quoted wrong. Thus Ariſtotle attributes to Calypſo, the words of Ulyſſes in the twelfth book of the Odyſſey; and confounds together two paſſages, one of the ſecond, the other of the fifteenth book of the Iliad. [Ethic. ad Nicom. l. ii. c. 9. and l. iii. c. 11.] And thus Cicero aſcribed to Agamemnon a long diſcourſe of Ulyſſes in the ſecond Iliad; [De divinatione, l. ii.] and cited as Ajax's, the ſpeech of Hector in the ſeventh. [See Aul. Gellius, l. xv. c. 6.] One has no cauſe to wonder at this, ſince the ancients having Homer almoſt by heart, were for that very reaſon the more ſubject to miſtake in citing him by memory.

To this I think one may anſwer, that granting it was partly the occaſion of Ajax's prayer to obtain light, in order to ſend to Achilles, (which he afterwards does) yet the thought which Longinus attributes to him, is very conſiſtent with it; and the laſt line expreſſes nothing elſe but an heroic deſire rather to die in the light, than eſcape with ſafety in the darkneſs.

Ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον, ἐπεὶ νύ τοι ὧδε δοκεύεις.

But indeed the whole ſpeech is only meant to paint the concern and diſtreſs of a brave general; the thought of ſending a meſſenger is only a reſult from that concern and diſtreſs, and ſo but a ſmall circumſtance, which cannot be ſaid to occaſion the prayer.

Monſ. Boileau has tranſlated this paſſage in two lines;

Grand Dieu! chaſſe la nuit qui nous couvre les yeux,
Et combats contre nous à la clarté des cieux.

And Mr. la Motte yet better in one,

Grand Dieu! rends nous le jour, & combats contre nous!

Forth burſts the ſun with all-enlight'ning ray;
The blaze of armour flaſh'd againſt the day.
Now, now, Atrides! caſt around thy ſight,
If yet Antilochus ſurvives the fight,
Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news——Atrides haſtes away.

So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Tho' high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdſmen, and long vex'd by hounds,
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted ſore with wounds;
The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrors of the blazing brands:
'Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits th' untaſted prey.
So mov'd Atrides from his dang'rous place
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admoniſh'd, much adjur'd his train.

Oh guard theſe relics to your charge conſign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
How ſkill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildeſt manners, and the gentleſt heart:

But both theſe (as Dacier very juſtly obſerves) are contrary to Homer's ſenſe. He is far from repreſenting Ajax of ſuch a daring impiety, as to bid Jupiter combat againſt him; but only makes him aſk for light, that if it be his will the Greeks ſhall periſh, they may periſh in open day. Καὶ ὄλεσσον------ (ſays he) that is, *abandon us, withdraw from us your aſſiſtance*; for thoſe who are deſerted by Jove muſt periſh infallibly. This decorum of Homer ought to have been preſerved.

v. 756. *The mildeſt manners, and the gentleſt heart.*] This is a fine elogium of Patroclus: Homer dwells upon it on purpoſe, leſt Achilles's character ſhould be miſtaken; and ſhews by the praiſes he beſtows here upon goodneſs, that Achilles's character is not commendable for morality. Achilles's manners, entirely oppoſite to thoſe of Patroclus, are not morally good; they are only poetically ſo, that is to ſay, they are well marked; and diſcover before-hand what reſolutions that hero will take: as hath been at large explained upon Ariſtotle's Poetics. *Dacier.*

He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
In death a hero, as in life a friend!
So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all ſides ſent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endu'd with ſharpeſt eye
Of all that wing the mid aërial ſky,
The ſacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and ſees the diſtant thicket move;
Then ſtoops, and ſouſing on the quiv'ring hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
Not with leſs quickneſs, his exerted ſight
Paſs'd this, and that way, thro' the ranks of fight:
'Till on the left the chief he ſought, he found;
Chearing his men, and ſpreading deaths around.
To him the king. Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
For ſadder tidings never touch'd thy ear,
Thy eyes have witneſs'd, what a fatal turn!
How Ilion triumphs, and th' Achaians mourn;
This is not all: Patroclus, on the ſhore
Now pale and dead, ſhall ſuccour Greece no more.
Fly to the fleet, this inſtant fly, and tell
The ſad Achilles, how his lov'd-one fell:
He too may haſte the naked corpſe to gain;
The arms are Hector's, who deſpoil'd the ſlain.
The youthful warrior heard with ſilent woe,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;
Big with the mighty grief, he ſtrove to ſay
What ſorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave Laodacus his arms he flung,
Who near him wheeling, drove his ſteeds along;

v. 781. *The youthful warrior heard with ſilent woe.*] Homer ever repreſents an exceſs of grief by a deep horror, ſilence, weeping, and not enquiring into the manner of the friend's death: nor could Antilochus have expreſſed his ſorrow in any manner ſo moving as ſilence. *Euſtathius.*

v. 785. *To brave Laodocus his arms he flung.*] Antilochus leaves

Then ran, the mournful meſſage to impart,
With tear-full eyes, and with dejected heart.
Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaüs ſtands,
(Tho' ſore diſtreſt) to aid the Pylian bands;
But bids bold Thraſymede thoſe troops ſuſtain;
Himſelf returns to his Patroclus ſlain.
Gone is Antilochus (the hero ſaid)
But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid:
Tho' fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
Unarm'd, he fights not with the Trojan foe.
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain,
'Tis our own vigour muſt the dead regain;
And ſave ourſelves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.
'Tis well (ſaid Ajax) be it then thy care,
With Merion's aid, the weighty corſe to rear;
Myſelf, and my bold brother will ſuſtain
The ſhock of Hector and his charging train:
Nor fear we armies, fighting ſide by ſide;
What Troy can dare, we have already try'd,
Have try'd it, and have ſtood. The hero ſaid.
High from the ground the warriors heave the dead.
A gen'ral clamour riſes at the fight:
Loud ſhout the Trojans, and renew the fight.
Not fiercer ruſh along the gloomy wood,
With rage inſatiate and with thirſt of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Their furious hunters, drive the wounded boar;

his armour, not only that he might make the more haſte, but (as the ancients conjecture) that he might not be thought to be abſent by the enemies; and that ſeeing his armour on ſome other perſon, they might think him ſtill in the fight. *Euſtathius.*

v. 794. *But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid:*
Unarm'd.-----] This is an ingenious way of making the valour of Achilles appear the greater; who, though without arms, goes forth, in the next book, contrary to the expectation of Ajax and Menelaus. *Dacier.*

But if the ſavage turns his glaring eye,
They howl aloof, and round the foreſt fly.
Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
Wave their thick falchions, and their jav'lins ſhow'r:
But Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
All pale they tremble, and forſake the field.

While thus aloft the hero's corſe they bear,
Behind them rages all the ſtorm of war;
Confuſion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng
Of men, ſteeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:
Leſs fierce the winds with riſing flames conſpire,
To whelm ſome city under waves of fire;
Now ſink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
Now crack the blazing temples of the gods;
The rumbling torrent thro' the ruin rolls,
And ſheets of ſmoke mount heavy to the poles.
The heroes ſweat beneath their honour'd load:
As when two mules, along the rugged road,
From the ſteep mountain with exerted ſtrength
Drag ſome vaſt beam, or maſt's unweildy length;

v. 825, *&c.*] The heap of images which Homer throws together at the end of this book, makes the ſame action appear with a very beautiful variety. The deſcription of the burning of a city is ſhort, but very lively. That of Ajax alone bringing up the rear-guard, and ſhielding thoſe that bore the body of Patroclus from the whole Trojan hoſt, gives a prodigious idea of Ajax, and as Homer has often hinted, makes him juſt ſecond to Achilles. The image of the beam paints the great ſtature of Patroclus: that of the hill dividing the ſtream is noble and natural.

He compares the Ajaces to a boar, for their fierceneſs and boldneſs; to a long bank that keeps off the courſe of the waters, for their ſtanding firm and immoveable in the battle: thoſe that carry the dead body, to mules dragging a vaſt beam through rugged paths for their laborioufneſs: the body carried, to a beam, for being heavy and inanimate: The Trojans to dogs, for their boldneſs; and to water, for their agility and moving backwards and forwards: the Greeks to a flight of ſtarlings and jays, for their timorouſneſs and ſwiftneſs. *Euſtathius.*

Inly they groan, big drops of ſweat diſtill,
Th' enormous timber lumb'ring down the hill:
So theſe———Behind, the bulk of Ajax ſtands,
And breaks the torrent of the ruſhing bands.
Thus when a river ſwell'd with ſudden rains
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
Some interpoſing hill the ſtream divides,
And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
Still cloſe they follow, cloſe the rear engage;
Æneas ſtorms, and Hector foams with rage:
While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
That ſhriek inceſſant while the falcon, hung
High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.
So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry:
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay;
Such horror Jove impreſt! yet ſtill proceeds
The work of death, and ſtill the battle bleeds.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The grief of Achilles, and new armour made him by Vulcan.

THE news of the death of Patroclus, is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis hearing his lamentations, comes with all her ſea-nymphs to comfort him. The ſpeeches of the mother and ſon on this occaſion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to ſhew himſelf at the head of the intrenchments. The ſight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas diſagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field: the grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

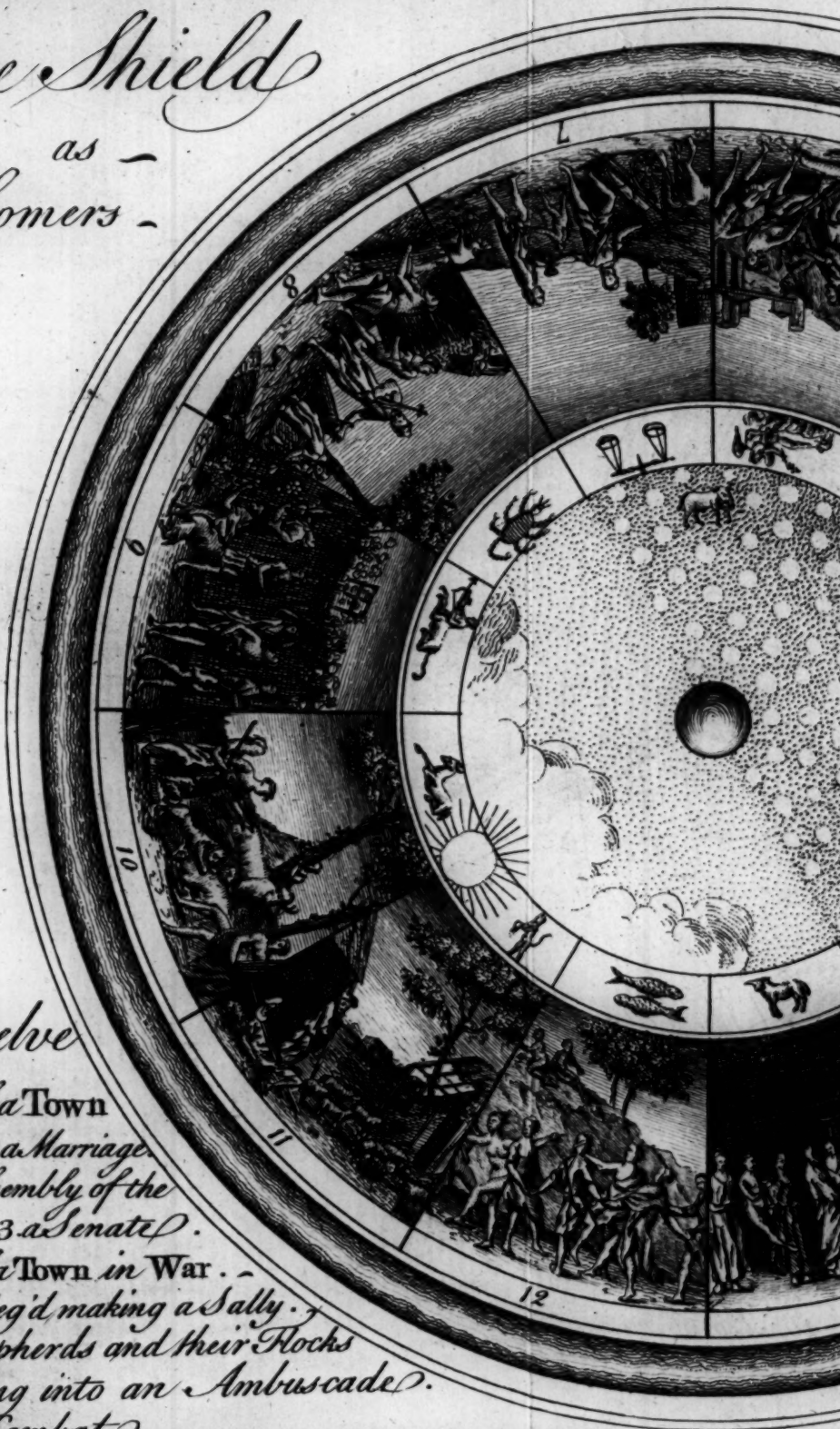
Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan to obtain new arms for her ſon. The deſcription of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and laſtly, that noble one of the ſhield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night enſuing, take up this book. The ſcene is at Achilles's tent on the ſea-ſhore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

THUS like the rage of fire the combat burns,
And now it riſes, now it ſinks by turns.

v. 1. *Thus like the rage of fire, &c.*] This phraſe is uſual in our author, to ſignify a ſharp battle fought with heat and fury on both parts; ſuch an engagement like a flame, preying upon all ſides, and dying the ſooner, the fiercer it burns. *Euſtathius.*

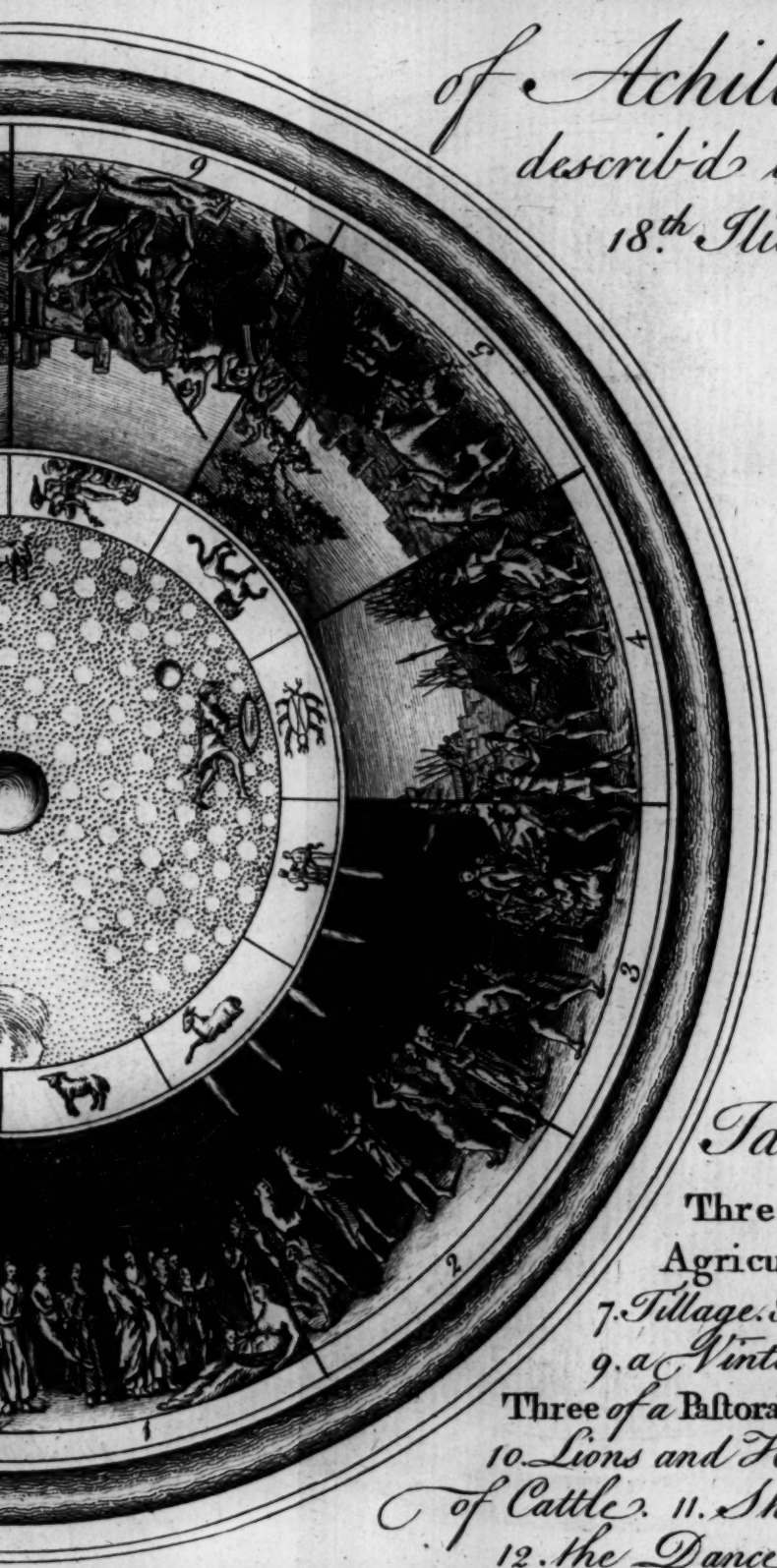
The Shield as Homers



In Twelve

Three of a Town in Peace 1. a Marriage. 2. An Assembly of the People. 3. a Senate.

Three of a Town in War. —
4. Besieg'd making a Sally.
5. Shepherds and their Flocks falling into an Ambuscade.
6. a Combat. ——



of Achilles.
described in
18th Ilias.

Tables.

Three of
Agriculture.
7. Tillage & Harvest.
9. a Vintage.
Three of a Pastoral Life.
10. Lions and Herds
of Cattle. 11. Sheep.
12. the Dance.

Meanwhile, where Helleſpont's broad waters flow,
Stood Neſtor's ſon, the meſſenger of woe:
There ſat Achilles, ſhaded by his ſails,
On hoiſted yards extended to the gales;
Penſive he ſat; for all that fate deſign'd
Roſe in ſad proſpect to his boding mind.
Thus to his ſoul he ſaid. Ah! what conſtrains
The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains?
Is this the day, which heav'n ſo long ago
Ordain'd, to ſink me with the weight of woe?
(So Thetis warn'd) when by a Trojan hand
The braveſt of the Myrmidonian band
Should loſe the light? fulfill'd is that decree;
Fall'n is the warrior, and Patroclus he!

v. 6. *On hoiſted yards.*] The epithet ὀρθοκραιρων in this place has a more than ordinary ſignification. It implies that the ſail-yards were hoiſted up, and Achilles's ſhips on the point to ſet ſail. This ſhews that it was purely in compliance to his friend that he permitted him to ſuccour the Greeks; he meant to leave them as ſoon as Patroclus returned; he ſtill remembered what he told the embaſſadors in the ninth book; v. 360 of the original. *To-morrow you ſhall ſee my fleet ſet ſail.* Accordingly this is the day appointed, and he is fixed to his reſolution: this circumſtance wonderfully ſtrengthens his implacable character.

v. 7. *Penſive he ſat.*] Homer in this artful manner prepares Achilles for the fatal meſſage, and gives him theſe forebodings of his misfortunes, that they might be no leſs than he expected.

His expreſſions are ſuitable to his concern, and delivered confuſedly. "I bad him (ſays he) after he had ſaved the ſhips, and "repulſed the Trojans, to return back, and not engage himſelf "too far." Here he breaks off, when he ſhould have added; "But he was ſo unfortunate as to forget my advice." As he is reaſoning with himſelf, Antilochus comes in, which makes him leave the ſenſe imperfect. *Euſtathius.*

v. 15. --------- *Fulfill'd is that decree;*
Slain is the warrior, and Patroclus he!

It may be objected, that Achilles ſeems to contradict what had been ſaid in the foregoing book, that Thetis concealed from her ſon the death of Patroclus in her prediction. Whereas here he ſays, that ſhe had foretold he ſhould loſe the braveſt of the Theſſalians. There is nothing in this but what is natural and common among mankind;

In vain I charg'd him ſoon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to ſhun Hectorean force in vain!
Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears.
Sad tidings, ſon of Peleus! thou muſt hear;
And wretched I, th' unwilling meſſenger!
Dead is Patroclus! for his corſe they fight;
His naked corſe; his arms are Hector's right.
A ſudden horror ſhot thro' all the chief,
And wrapt his ſenſes in the cloud of grief;

and it is ſtill more agreeable to the haſty and inconſiderate temper of Achilles, not to have made that reflection till it was too late. Prophecies are only marks of divine preſcience, not warnings to prevent human misfortunes; for if they were, they muſt hinder their own accompliſhment.

v. 21. *Sad tidings, ſon of Peleus!*] This ſpeech of Antilochus ought to ſerve as a model for the brevity with which ſo dreadful a piece of news ought to be delivered; for in two verſes it comprehends the whole affair of the death of Patroclus, the perſon that killed him, the conteſt for his body, and his arms in the poſſeſſion of his enemy. Beſides, it ſhould be obſerved that grief has ſo crouded his words, that in theſe two verſes he leaves the verb ἀμφιμάχονται, *they fight*, without its nominative, *the Greeks or Trojans*. Homer obſerves this brevity upon all the like occaſions. The Greek tragic poets have not always imitated this diſcretion. In great diſtreſſes there is nothing more ridiculous than a meſſenger who begins a long ſtory with pathetic deſcriptions; he ſpeaks without being heard; for the perſon to whom he addreſſes himſelf has no time to attend him: the firſt word, which diſcovers to him his misfortune, has made him deaf to all the reſt. *Euſtathius.*

v. 25. *A ſudden horror, &c.*] A modern French writer has drawn a parallel of the conduct of Homer and Virgil, in relation to the deaths of Patroclus and of Pallas. The latter is killed by Turnus, as the former by Hector; Turnus triumphs in the ſpoils of the one, as Hector is clad in the arms of the other; Æneas revenges the death of Pallas by that of Turnus, as Achilles the death of Patroclus by that of Hector. The grief of Achilles in Homer, on the ſcore of Patroclus, is much greater than that of Æneas in Virgil for the ſake of Pallas. Achilles gives himſelf up to deſpair, with a weakneſs which Plato could not pardon in him, and which can only be excuſed on account of the long and cloſe friendſhip between them: that of Æneas is more diſcreet, and ſeems more worthy of a hero. It was not poſſible that Æneas could be ſo deeply intereſted for any man, as Achilles was intereſted for Patro-

Caſt on the ground, with furious hands he ſpread
The ſcorching aſhes o'er his graceful head;
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Thoſe he deforms with duſt, and theſe he tears:
On the hard ſoil his groaning breaſt he threw,
And roll'd and grovel'd, as to earth he grew.
The virgin captives, with diſorder'd charms,
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms)
Ruſh'd from the tents with cries; and gath'ring round,
Beat their white breaſts, and fainted on the ground;
While Neſtor's ſon ſuſtains a manlier part,
And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart;
Hangs on his arms, amidſt his frantic woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow.

clus: for Virgil had no colour to kill Aſcanius, who was little more than a child; beſides that, his hero's intereſt in the war of Italy was great enough of itſelf, not to need to be animated by ſo touching a concern as the fear of loſing his ſon. On the other hand, Achilles having but very little perſonal concern in the war of Troy (as he had told Agamemnon in the beginning of the poem) and knowing, beſides, that he was to periſh there; required ſome very preſſing motive to engage him to perſiſt in it, after ſuch diſguſts and inſults as he had received. It was this which made it neceſſary for theſe two great poets to treat a ſubject ſo much in its own nature alike, in a manner ſo different. But as Virgil found it admirable in Homer, he was willing to approach it, as near as the œconomy of his work would permit.

v. 27. *Caſt on the ground, &c.*] This is a fine picture of the grief of Achilles. We ſee on the one hand, the poſture in which the hero receives the news of his friend's death; he falls upon the ground, he rends his hair, he ſnatches the aſhes and caſts them on his head, according to the manner of thoſe times; (but what much enlivens it in this place, is his ſprinkling embers, inſtead of aſhes, in the violence of his paſſion.) On the other ſide, the captives are running from their tents, ranging themſelves about him, and anſwering to his groans: beſide him ſtands Antilochus, fetching deep ſighs, and hanging on the arms of the hero, for fear his deſpair and rage ſhould cauſe ſome deſperate attempt upon his own life: there is no painter but will be touched with this image.

v. 33. *The virgin captives.*] The captive maids lamented either in pity for their lord, or in gratitude to the memory of Patroclus, who was remarkable for his goodneſs and affability; or under theſe pretences mourned for their own misfortunes and ſlavery. *Euſtathius.*

Far in the deep abyſſes of the main,
With hoary Nereus, and the wat'ry train,
The mother goddeſs from her cryſtal throne
Heard his loud cries, and anſwer'd groan for groan.
The circling Nereids with their miſtreſs weep,
And all the ſea-green ſiſters of the deep.
Thalia, Glauce, (ev'ry wat'ry name)
Neſæa mild, and ſilver Spio came:
Cymothoë and Cymodoce were nigh,
And the blue languiſh of ſoft Alia's eye.
Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,
Then Proto, Doris, Panope appear,
Thoa, Pheruſa, Doto, Melita;
Agave gentle, and Amphithoë gay:
Next Callianira, Callianaſſa ſhow
Their ſiſter looks; Dexamene the ſlow,
And ſwift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
Iæra now the verdant wave divides:
Nemertes with Apſeudes lifts the head,
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed;
Theſe Orythia, Clymene, attend,
Mæra, Amphinome, the train extend.
And black Janira, and Janaſſa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair.
All theſe, and all that deep in ocean held
Their ſacred ſeats, the glimm'ring grotto fill'd;
Each beat her iv'ry breaſt with ſilent woe,
'Till Thetis' ſorrows thus began to flow,
Hear me, and judge, ye ſiſters of the main!
How juſt a cauſe has Thetis to complain?
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
How more than wretched in th' immortal ſtate!
Sprung from my bed a god-like hero came,
The braveſt far that ever bore the name.

Like ſome fair olive, by my careful hand
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and adorn'd the land:
To Troy I ſent him; but the fates ordain
He never, never muſt return again.
So ſhort a ſpace the light of heav'n to view,
So ſhort alas! and fill'd with anguiſh too.
Hear how his ſorrows echo thro' the ſhore!
I cannot eaſe them, but I muſt deplore;
I go at leaſt to bear a tender part,
And mourn my lov'd-one with a mother's heart.
She ſaid, and left the caverns of the main,
All bath'd in tears; the melancholy train
Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
While the long pomp the ſilver wave divides.
Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
Then, two by two, aſcended up the ſtrand.
Th' immortal mother, ſtanding cloſe beſide
Her mournful offspring, to his ſighs reply'd;
Along the coaſt their mingled clamours ran,
And thus the ſilver-footed dame began.
Why mourns my ſon? thy late preferr'd requeſt
The god has granted, and the Greeks diſtreſt:
Why mourns my ſon? thy anguiſh let me ſhare,
Reveal the cauſe, and truſt a parent's care.
He, deeply groaning—To this cureleſs grief
Not e'en the Thund'rer's favour brings relief.
Patroclus—Ah!—ſay, goddeſs can I boaſt
A pleaſure now? revenge itſelf is loſt;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myſelf, is ſlain!

v. 75. *Like ſome fair olive, by my careful hand.*] This paſſage, where the mother compares her ſon to a tender plant, raiſed and preſerved with care; has a moſt remarkable reſemblance to that in the Pſalms, *Thy children like branches of olive-trees round thy table.* Pſalm cxxvii.

Loſt are thoſe arms the gods themſelves beſtow'd
On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the pow'rs above
Thy charms ſubmitted to a mortal love:
Oh had'ſt thou ſtill, a ſiſter of the main,
Purſu'd the pleaſures of the wat'ry reign;
And happier Peleus, leſs ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed!
E'er the ſad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd ſuch ſorrows paſt, and woes to come.
For ſoon alas! that wretched offſpring ſlain,
New woes, new ſorrows ſhall create again.
'Tis not in fate th' alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his laſt ſpirit ſmoke upon my dart;
On theſe conditions will I breathe: 'till then,
I bluſh to walk among the race of men.
A flood of tears, at this, the goddeſs ſhed,
Ah then, I ſee thee dying, ſee thee dead!
When Hector falls, thou dy'ſt,——Let Hector die,
And let me fall! (Achilles made reply)

v. 100, 125. *The two ſpeeches of Achilles to Thetis.*] It is not poſſible to imagine more lively and beautiful ſtrokes of nature and paſſion, than thoſe which our author aſcribes to Achilles throughout theſe admirable ſpeeches. They contain all, that the trueſt friend, the moſt tender ſon, and the moſt generous hero, could think or expreſs in this delicate and affecting circumſtance. He ſhews his exceſs of love to his mother, by wiſhing he had never been born or known to the world, rather than ſhe ſhould have endured ſo many ſufferings on his account: he ſhews no leſs love for his friend, in reſolving to revenge his death upon Hector, though his own would immediately follow. We ſee him here ready to meet his fate for the ſake of his friend, and in the Odyſſey we find him wiſhing to live again, only to maintain his father's honour againſt his enemies. Thus he values neither life nor death, but as they conduce to the good of his friend and parents, or the encreaſe of his glory.

Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and falling, wiſh'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, ſince from this miſerable day
I caſt all hope of my return away,
Since unreveng'd, a hundred ghoſts demand
The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand;
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground,
(Others in council fam'd for nobler ſkill,
More uſeful to preſerve, than I to kill)
Let me——But oh! ye gracious pow'rs above?
Wrath and revenge from men and gods remove:

After having calmly conſidered the preſent ſtate of his life, he deliberately embraces his approaching fate; and comforts himſelf under it, by a reflection on thoſe great men, whom neither their illuſtrious actions, nor their affinity to heaven, could ſave from the general doom. A thought very natural to him, whoſe buſineſs it was in peace to ſing their praiſes, and in war to imitate their actions. Achilles, like a man paſſionate of glory, takes none but the fineſt models; he thinks of Hercules, who was the the ſon of Jupiter, and who had filled the univerſe with the noiſe of his immortal actions: theſe are the ſentiments of a real hero. *Euſtathius.*

v. 137. *Let me----But oh! ye gracious pow'rs, &c.*] Achilles's words are theſe; "Now ſince I am never to return home, and "ſince I lie here an uſeleſs perſon, loſing my beſt friend, and ex-"poſing the Greeks to ſo many dangers by my own folly; I who "am ſuperior to them all in battle"----Here he breaks off, and ſays----"May contention periſh everlaſtingly, &c." Achilles leaves the ſentence thus ſuſpended, either becauſe in his heat he had forgot what he was ſpeaking of, or becauſe he did not know how to end it; for he ſhould have ſaid,----"Since I have done all "this, I will periſh to revenge him:" Nothing can be finer than this ſudden execration againſt diſcord and revenge, which breaks from the hero in the deep ſenſe of the miſeries thoſe paſſions had occaſioned.

Achilles could not be ignorant that he was ſuperior to others in battle; and it was therefore no fault in him to ſay ſo. But he is ſo ingenuous as to give himſelf no farther commendation than what he undoubtedly merited; confeſſing at the ſame time, that many exceeded him in ſpeaking: unleſs one may take this as ſaid in contempt of oratory, not unlike that of Virgil,

Orabunt cauſſas melius-- &c.

Far, far too dear to ev'ry mortal breaſt,
Sweet to the ſoul, as honey to the taſte;
Gath'ring like vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery blood, and dark'ning all the mind.
Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate;
'Tis paſt—I quell it; I reſign to fate.
Yes—I will meet the murd'rer of my friend;
Or (if the gods ordain it) meet my end.
The ſtroke of fate the braveſt cannot ſhun:
The great Alcides, Jove's unequall'd ſon,
To Juno's hate at length reſign'd his breath,
And ſunk the victim of all-conqu'ring death.
So ſhall Achilles fall! ſtretch'd pale and dead,
No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
Let me, this inſtant, ruſh into the fields,
And reap what glory life's ſhort harveſt yields.
Shall I not force ſome widow'd dame to tear
With frantic hands her long diſhevell'd hair?
Shall I not force her breaſt to heave with ſighs,
And the ſoft tears to trickle from her eyes!
Yes, I ſhall give the fair thoſe mournful charms—
In vain you hold me—Hence! my arms, my arms!
Soon ſhall the ſanguine torrent ſpread ſo wide,
That all ſhall know, Achilles ſwells the tide.

v. 153. *Let me, this inſtant.*] I ſhall have time enough for inglorious reſt when I am in the grave, but now I muſt act like a living hero: I ſhall indeed lie down in death, but at the ſame time riſe higher in glory. *Euſtathius.*

v. 162. *That all ſhall know, Achilles.*] There is a great ſtreſs on ἴσμεν and ἐγὼ. They ſhall ſoon find that their victories have been owing to the *long abſence* of a hero, and that hero Achilles. Upon which the ancients have obſerved, that ſince Achilles's anger there paſt in reality but a few days: to which it may be replied, that ſo ſhort a time as this might well ſeem long to Achilles, who thought all unactive hours tedious and inſupportable; and if the poet himſelf had ſaid that Achilles was long abſent, he had not ſaid it becauſe a great many days had paſt, but becauſe ſo great a variety of incidents had happened in that time. *Euſtathius.*

My ſon (Cœrulean Thetis made reply,
To fate ſubmitting with a ſecret ſigh)
The hoſt to ſuccour, and thy friends to ſave,
Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.
But can'ſt thou, naked, iſſue to the plains?
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains.
Inſulting Hector bears the ſpoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
Yet, yet awhile, thy gen'rous ardour ſtay;
Aſſur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
Charg'd with refulgent arms (a glorious load)
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god.
Then turning to the daughters of the main,
The goddeſs thus diſmiſs'd her azure train.
Ye ſiſter Nereids! to your deeps deſcend;
Haſte, and our father's ſacred ſeat attend;
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vaſt Olympus' ſtarry ſummits ſhine:
So tell our hoary ſire—This charge ſhe gave:
The ſea-green ſiſters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more aſcends the bleſt abodes,
And treads the brazen threſhold of the gods.
And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's force,
Urge to broad Helleſpont their headlong courſe:
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore
Safe thro' the tempeſt to the tented ſhore.
The horſe, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd cloſe behind;
And like a flame thro' fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.

v. 171. ------ This promiſe of Thetis to preſent her ſon with a ſuit of armour, was the moſt artful method of hindering him from putting immediately in practice his reſolution of fighting, which according to his violent manners, he muſt have done: therefore the interpoſition of Thetis here was abſolutely neceſſary; it was *dignus vindice nodus*.

Thrice the ſlain hero by the foot he drew;
Thrice to the ſkies the Trojan clamours flew:
As oft' th' Ajaces his aſſault ſuſtain;
But check'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again.
With fiercer ſhouts his ling'ring troops he fires,
Nor yields a ſtep, nor from his poſt retires;
So watchful ſhepherds ſtrive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcaſe ſlain.
Ev'n yet Patroclus had he borne away,
And all the glories of th' extended day:
Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
Secret, diſpatch'd her truſty meſſenger.
The various goddeſs of the ſhow'ry bow,
Shot in a whirlwind to the ſhore below;
To great Achilles at his ſhips ſhe came,
And thus began the many-colour'd dame.
Riſe, ſon of Peleus! riſe divinely brave!
Aſſiſt the combat, and Patroclus ſave:
For him the ſlaughter to the fleet they ſpread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.
To drag him back to Troy the foe contends:
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends:
A prey to dogs he dooms the corſe to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Riſe, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)
Thy friend's diſgrace, thy own eternal ſhame!
Who ſends thee, Goddeſs! from th' etherial ſkies?
Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies.
I come, Pelides! from the queen of Jove,
Th' immortal empreſs of the realms above;

v. 219. *Who ſends thee, goddeſs, &c.*] Achilles is amazed, that a moment after the goddeſs, his mother, had forbid him fighting, he ſhould receive a contrary order from the gods: therefore he aſks what god ſent her? *Dacier.*

Unknown to him who ſits remote on high,
Unknown to all the ſynod of the ſky.
Thou com'ſt in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd)
Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?
Unwilling as I am, of force I ſtay,
'Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day
Vulcanian arms: what other can I wield;
Except the mighty Telamonian ſhield?
That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax ſpread,
While his ſtrong lance around him heaps the dead:
The gallant chief defends Menœtius' ſon,
And does, what his Achilles ſhould have done.
Thy want of arms (ſaid Iris) well we know,
But tho' unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go!

v. 226. *Arms I have none.*] It is here objected againſt Homer, that ſince Patroclus took Achilles's armour, Achilles could not want arms ſince he had thoſe of Patroclus; but (beſides that Patroclus might have given his armour to his ſquire Automedon, the better to deceive the Trojans by making them take Automedon for Patroclus, as they took Patroclus for Achilles) this objection may be very ſolidly anſwered by ſaying that Homer has prevented it, ſince he made Achilles's armour fit Patroclus's body not without a miracle, which the Gods wrought in his favour. Furthermore it does not follow, that becauſe the armour of a large man fits one that is ſmaller, the armour of a little man ſhould fit one that is larger. *Euſtathius.*

v. 230. *Except the mighty Telamonian ſhield.*] Achilles ſeems not to have been of ſo large a ſtature as Ajax: yet his ſhield it is likely might be fit enough for him, becauſe his great ſtrength was ſufficient to wield it. This paſſage, I think, might have been made uſe of by the defenders of the ſhield of Achilles againſt the critics, to ſhew that Homer intended the buckler of his hero for a very large one: and one would think he put it into this place, juſt a little before the deſcription of that ſhield, on purpoſe to obviate that objection.

v. 236. *But tho' unarm'd.*] A hero ſo violent and ſo outrageous as Achilles, and who had but juſt loſt the man he loved beſt in the world, is not likely to refuſe ſhewing himſelf to the enemy, for the ſingle reaſon of having no armour. Grief and deſpair in a great ſoul are not ſo prudent and reſerved; but then, on the other ſide, he is not to throw himſelf into the midſt of ſo many enemies armed and flushed with victory. Homer gets out of this nice cir-

Let but Achilles o'er yon' trench appear;
Proud Troy ſhall tremble, and conſent to fear:
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye,
Shall take new courage, and diſdain to fly.
She ſpoke, and paſt in air. The hero roſe;
Her Ægis, Pallas o'er his ſhoulder throws;
Around his brows a golden cloud ſhe ſpread;
A ſtream of glory flam'd above his head.
As when from ſome beleaguer'd town ariſe
The ſmokes, high-curling to the ſhaded ſkies;
(Seen from ſome iſland, o'er the main afar,
When men diſtreſt hang out the ſign of war)

cumſtance with great dexterity, and gives to Achilles's character every thing he ought to give it, without offending either againſt reaſon or probability. He judiciouſly feigns, that Juno ſent this order to Achilles, for Juno is the Goddeſs of royalty, who has the care of princes and kings; and who inſpires them with the ſenſe of what they owe to their dignity and character. *Dacier.*

v. 237. *Let but Achilles o'er yon' trench appear.*] There cannot be a greater inſtance, how conſtantly Homer carried his whole deſign in his head, as well as with what admirable art he raiſes one great idea upon another, to the higheſt ſublime, than this paſſage of Achilles's appearance to the army, and the preparations by which we are led to it. In the thirteenth book, when the Trojans have the victory, they check their purſuit of it with the thought that *Achilles ſees them:* in the ſixteenth, they are put into the utmoſt conſternation at the ſight of his armour and chariot: in the ſeventeenth, Menelaus and Ajax are in deſpair, on the conſideration that Achilles cannot ſuccour them for want of armour: in the preſent book, beyond all expectation he does but ſhew himſelf unarmed, and the very ſight of him gives the victory to Greece! How extremely noble is this gradation!

v. 246. *The ſmokes, high-curling.*] For fires in the day appear nothing but ſmoke, and in the night flames are viſible becauſe of the darkneſs. And thus it is ſaid in Exodus, That God led his people in the day with a pillar of ſmoke, and in the night with a pillar of fire. *Per diem in columnâ nubis, & per noctem in columnâ ignis.* Dacier.

v. 247. *Seen from ſome iſland.*] Homer makes choice of a town placed in an iſland, becauſe ſuch a place being beſieged has no other means of making its diſtreſs known than by ſignals of fire; whereas a town upon the continent has other means to make known to its neighbours the neceſſity it is in. *Dacier.*

Soon as the ſun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
With long-projected beams the ſeas are bright,
And heav'n's high arch reflects the ruddy light:
So from Achilles' head the ſplendors riſe,
Reflecting blaze on blaze againſt the ſkies.
Forth march'd the chief, and diſtant from the croud,
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud;
With her own ſhout Minerva ſwells the ſound;
Troy ſtarts aſtoniſh'd, and the ſhores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With ſhrilling clangor ſounds th' alarm of war,
Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick tow'rs reply;
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:
Hoſts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard;
And back the chariots roll, and courſers bound,
And ſteeds and men lie mingled on the ground.

v. 259. *As the loud trumpet's, &c.*] I have already obſerved, that when the poet ſpeaks as from himſelf, he may be allowed to take his compariſons from things which were not known before his time. Here he borrows the compariſon from the *trumpet*, as he has elſewhere done from *ſaddle-horſes*, though neither one nor the other were uſed in Greece at the time of the Trojan war. Virgil was leſs exact in this reſpect, for he deſcribes the trumpet as uſed in the ſacking of Troy:

Exoritur clamorque virûm clangorque tubarum.

And celebrates Miſenus as the trumpeter of Æneas. But as Virgil wrote at a time more remote from thoſe heroic ages, perhaps this liberty may be excuſed. But a poet may better confine himſelf to cuſtoms and manners, like a painter; and it is equally a fault in either of them to aſcribe to times and nations any thing with which they were unacquainted.

One may add an obſervation to this note of M. Dacier, that the trumpet's not being in uſe at that time makes very much for Homer's purpoſe in this place. The terror raiſed by the voice of this hero, is much the more ſtrongly imaged by a ſound that was unuſual, and capable of ſtriking more from its very novelty.

Aghaſt they ſee the living light'nings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flaſhing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd;
And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.
Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untimely ruſh'd
On their own ſpears, by their own chariots cruſh'd:
While ſhielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-contended carcaſe of the ſlain.
A lofty bier the breathleſs warrior bears:
Around, his ſad companions melt in tears.
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead,
Whom late triumphant with his ſteeds and car,
He ſent refulgent to the field of war;
(Unhappy change!) now ſenſeleſs, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth, and gaſh'd with many a gaping wound.
Meantime unweary'd with his heav'n'ly way,
In Ocean's waves th' unwilling light of day
Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,
And from their labours eas'd th' Achaian band.
The frighted Trojans (panting from the war,
Their ſteeds unharneſs'd from the weary car)
A ſudden council call'd: each chief appear'd
In haſte, and ſtanding; for to ſit they fear'd.
'Twas now no ſeaſon for prolong'd debate;
They ſaw Achilles, and in him their fate.
Silent they ſtood: Polydamas at laſt,
Skill'd to diſcern the future by the paſt,
The ſon of Panthus, thus expreſs'd his fears;
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years:
The ſelf-ſame night to both a being gave,
One wiſe in council, one in action brave.)
In free debate, my friends, your ſentence ſpeak;
For me, I move, before the morning break,

To raiſe our camp: too dang'rous here our poſt,
Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coaſt.
I deem'd not Greece ſo dreadful, while engag'd
In mutual feuds, her king and hero rag'd;
Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beſide a thouſand ſail.
I dread Pelides now: his rage of mind
Not long continues to the ſhores confin'd,
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
Contending nations won and loſt the day;
For Troy, for Troy, ſhall henceforth be the ſtrife,
And the hard conteſt not for fame, but life.
Haſte then to Ilion, while the fav'ring night
Detains thoſe terrors, keeps that arm from fight;
If but the morrow's ſun behold us here,
That arm, thoſe terrors, we ſhall feel, not fear;
And hearts that now diſdain, ſhall leap with joy,
If heav'n permit them then to enter Troy.
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think enſue.
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What force of thought and reaſon can ſupply;
Let us on counſel for our guard depend;
The town, her gates and bulwarks ſhall defend.
When morning dawns, our well-appointed pow'rs,
Array'd in arms, ſhall line the lofty tow'rs.

v. 315. *If but the morrow's ſun, &c.*] Polydamas ſays in the original, "If Achilles comes to-morrow *in his armour.*" There ſeems to lie an objection againſt this paſſage, for Polydamas knew that Achilles's armour was won by Hector, he muſt alſo know that no other man's armour would fit him; how then could he know that new arms were made for him that very night? Thoſe who are reſolved to defend Homer, may anſwer, it was by his ſkill in prophecy; but to me this ſeems to be a ſlip of our author's memory, and one of thoſe little *nods* which Horace ſpeaks of.

Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
Or fetch a thouſand circles round the plain,
'Till his ſpent courſers ſeek the fleet again:
So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
And dogs ſhall tear him e'er he ſack the town.
Return? (ſaid Hector, fir'd with ſtern diſdain)
What coop whole armies in our walls again?
Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors ſay,
Nine years impriſon'd in thoſe tow'rs ye lay?
Wide o'er the world was Ilion fam'd of old
For braſs exhauſtleſs, and for mines of gold:
But while inglorious in her walls we ſtay'd,
Sunk were her treaſures, and her ſtores decay'd;

v. 333. *The ſpeech of Hector.*] Hector in this ſevere anſwer to Polydamas, takes up ſeveral of his words, and turns them another way.

Polydamas had ſaid, Πρωὶ δ' ὑπ' ἠῶϊ ζὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες ϛησόμεθ' ἂν πύργες, "Tomorrow by break of day let us put on our "arms, and defend the caſtles and city walls;" to which Hector replies, Πρωὶ δ' ὑπ' ἠῶϊ ζὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες Νηυσὶν ἐπὶ γλαφυρῇσιν ἐλείομεν ὀξὺν Ἄρηα, "Tomorrow by break of day let us put "on our arms, not to defend ourſelves at home, but to fight the "Greeks before their own ſhips."

Polydamas, ſpeaking of Achilles, had ſaid, τῷ δ' ἄλϛιον αἴκ' ἐθέλῃσιν, &c. "If he comes after we are in the walls of our city, it "will be the worſe for him, for he may drive round the city long "enough before he can hurt us." To which Hector anſwers, If Achilles ſhould come Ἄλϛιον, αἴκ' ἐθέλῃσι, τῷ ἐσσεται· ἕ μιν ἔγωϒε φεύξομαι ἐκ πολέμοιο, &c. "It will be worſe for him as you ſay, "becauſe I'll fight him:" ἕ μιν ἔγωϒε φεύξομαι, ſays Hector, in reply to Polydamas's ſaying, ὅς κε φύγῃ. But Hector is not ſo far gone in paſſion or pride, as to forget himſelf; and accordingly in the next lines he modeſtly puts it in doubt which of them ſhall conquer. *Euſtathius.*

v. 340. *Sunk were her treaſures, and her ſtores decay'd.*] As well by reaſon of the convoys, which were neceſſarily to be ſent for with ready money; as by reaſon of the great allowances which were to be given to the auxiliary troops, who came from Phrygia and Mæonia. Hector's meaning is, that ſince all the riches of Troy are exhauſted, it is no longer neceſſary to ſpare themſelves, or ſhut themſelves up within their walls. *Dacier.*

The Phrygians now her ſcatter'd ſpoils enjoy,
And proud Mæonia waſtes the fruits of Troy.
Great Jove at length my arms to conqueſt calls,
And ſhuts the Grecians in their wooden walls:
Dar'ſt thou diſpirit whom the Gods incite?
Flies any Trojan? I ſhall ſtop his flight.
To better counſel then attention lend;
Take due refreſhment, and the watch attend.
If there be one whoſe riches coſt him care,
Forth let him bring them for the troops to ſhare;
'Tis better gen'rouſly beſtow'd on thoſe,
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.
Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,
Fierce on yon' navy will we pour our arms.
If great Achilles riſe in all his might,
His be the danger: I ſhall ſtand the fight.
Honour, ye Gods! or let me gain, or give;
And live he glorious, whoſoe'er ſhall live!
Mars is our common Lord, alike to all;
And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall.

The ſhouting hoſt in loud applauſes join'd:
So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind;
To their own ſenſe condemn'd, and left to chuſe
The worſt advice, the better to refuſe.

While the long night extends her ſable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
Stern in ſuperior grief Pelides ſtood;
Thoſe ſlaught'ring arms, ſo us'd to bathe in blood,

v. 349. *If there be one, &c.*] This noble and generous propoſal is worthy of Hector, and at the ſame time very artful to ingratiate himſelf with the ſoldiers. Euſtathius farther obſerves that it is ſaid with an eye to Polydamas, as accuſing him of being rich, and of not opening the advice he had given, for any other reaſon than to preſerve his great wealth; for riches commonly make men cowards, and the deſire of ſaving them has often occaſioned men to give advice very contrary to the public welfare.

Now claſp his clay-cold limbs: then guſhing ſtart
The tears, and ſighs burſt from his ſwelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguiſh ſtung,
Roars thro' the deſart, and demands his young;
When the grim ſavage, to his rifled den
Too late returning, ſnuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the foreſt bounds;
His clam'rous grief the bellowing wood reſounds.
So grieves Achilles; and impetuous, vents
To all his Myrmidons, his loud laments.
In what vain promiſe, Gods! did I engage,
When to conſole Menœtius' feeble age,
I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to reſtore,
Charg'd with rich ſpoils, to fair Opuntia's ſhore?
But mighty Jove cuts ſhort, with juſt diſdain,
The long, long views of poor, deſigning man!
One fate the warrior and the friend ſhall ſtrike,
And Troy's black ſands muſt drink our blood alike:
Me too, a wretched mother ſhall deplore,
An aged father never ſee me more!
Yet, my Patroclus! yet a ſpace I ſtay,
Then ſwift purſue thee on the darkſome way.
E'er thy dear relics in the grave are laid,
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy ſhade;

v. 379. *In what vain promiſe.*] The lamentation of Achilles over the body of Patroclus is exquiſitely touched: it is ſorrow in extreme, but it is the ſorrow of Achilles. It is nobly uſhered in by that ſimile of the grief of the lion. An idea which is fully anſwered in the ſavage and bloody concluſion of this ſpeech. One would think by the beginning of it, that Achilles did not know his fate, till after his departure from Opuntium; and yet how does that agree with what is ſaid of his choice of the ſhort and active life, rather than the long and inglorious one? or did not he flatter himſelf ſometimes, that his fate might be changed? this may be conjectured from ſeveral other paſſages, and is indeed the moſt natural ſolution.

That, with his arms, ſhall hang before thy ſhrine;
And twelve the nobleſt of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
Thus let me lie 'till then! thus, cloſely preſt,
Bathe thy cold face, and ſob upon thy breaſt!
While Trojan captives here thy mourners ſtay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day:
Spoils of my arms and thine; when, waſting wide,
Our ſwords kept time, and conquer'd ſide by ſide.

He ſpoke, and bid the ſad attendants round
Cleanſe the pale corſe, and waſh each honour'd wound.
A maſſy caldron of ſtupendous frame
They brought, and plac'd it o'er the riſing flame:
Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vaſe, and climbs around the ſides:
In its wide womb they pour the ruſhing ſtream;
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
High on a bed of ſtate extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen ſhade;
Laſt o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
That done, their ſorrows and their ſighs renew.

Meanwhile to Juno, in the realms above,
(His wife and ſiſter) ſpoke almighty Jove.

v. 404. *Cleanſe the pale corſe, &c.*] This cuſtom of waſhing the dead, is continued among the Greeks to this day; and it is a pious duty performed by the neareſt friend or relation, to ſee it waſhed and anointed with a perfume, after which they cover it with linen exactly in the manner here related.

v. 417. *Jupiter and Juno.*] Virgil has copied the ſpeech of Juno to Jupiter. *Aſt ego quæ divûm incedo regina, &c.* But it is exceeding remarkable, that Homer ſhould upon every occaſion make marriage and diſcord inſeparable: it is an unalterable rule with him, to introduce the huſband and wife in a quarrel.

At laſt thy will prevails: great Peleus' ſon
Riſes in arms: ſuch grace thy Greeks have won.
Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
And thou the mother of that martial line?
What words are theſe (th' imperial dame replies,
While anger flaſh'd from her majeſtic eyes)
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And ſuch ſucceſs mere human wit attend:
And ſhall not I, the ſecond pow'r above,
Heav'n's queen, and conſort of the thund'ring Jove,
Say, ſhall not I, one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?
So they. Meanwhile the ſilver-footed dame
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
High-eminent amid the works divine,
Where heav'n's far-beaming brazen manſions ſhine.
There the lame architect the goddeſs found,
Obſcure in ſmoke, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in ſweat from fire to fire he flew;
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common taſk his labour claim'd:
Full twenty Tripods for his hall he fram'd,

v. 440. *Full twenty Tripods.*] Tripods were veſſels ſupported on three feet, with handles on the ſides; they were of ſeveral kinds and for ſeveral uſes; ſome were conſecrated to ſacrifices, ſome uſed as tables, ſome as ſeats, others hung up as ornaments on walls of houſes or temples; theſe of Vulcan have an addition of wheels, which was not uſual, which intimates them to be made with clock-work. Monſ. Dacier has commented very well on this paſſage. If Vulcan (ſays he) had made ordinary tripods, they had not anſwered the greatneſs, power, and ſkill of a god. It was therefore neceſſary that this work ſhould be above that of men: to effect this, the tripods were animated, and in this Homer doth not deviate from probability; for every one is fully perſuaded, that a god can do things more difficult than theſe, and that all matter will obey him. What has not been ſaid of the ſtatues of Dædalus? Plato writes, that they walked alone, and if they had not taken care to tie them, they would have got looſe, and ruſh from

That plac'd on living wheels of maſſy gold,
(Wond'rous to tell) inſtinct with ſpirit roll'd
From place to place, around the bleſt abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of gods:
For their fair handles now, o'er-wrought with flow'rs,
In molds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
Juſt as reſponſive to his thought the frame,
Stood prompt to move, the azure goddeſs came:
Charis, his ſpouſe, a grace divinely fair,
(With purple fillets round her braided hair)
Obſerv'd her ent'ring; her ſoft hand ſhe preſs'd,
And ſmiling, thus the wat'ry queen addreſs'd.

their maſter. If a writer in proſe can ſpeak hyperbolically of a man, may not Homer do it much more of a god? Nay, this circumſtance with which Homer has embelliſh'd his poem, would have had nothing too ſurpriſing, though theſe tripods had been made by a man; for what may not be done in clock-work by an exact management of ſprings? This criticiſm is then ill grounded, and Homer does not deſerve the ridicule they would caſt on him.

The ſame author applies to this paſſage of Homer that rule of Ariſtotle, Poetic. chap. xxvi. which deſerves to be alledged at large on this occaſion.

"When a poet is accuſed of ſaying any thing that is impoſſible, "we muſt examine that impoſſibility, either with reſpect to *poetry*, "with reſpect to that which is *beſt*, or with reſpect to *common fame*. "Firſt, with regard to *poetry*. The *probable impoſſible* ought to be "preferred to the *poſſible which hath no veriſimilitude*, and which "would not be believed; and it is thus that Zeuxis painted his "pieces. Secondly with reſpect to that which is *beſt*, we ſee that "a thing is more excellent and more wonderful this way, and that "the originals ought always to ſurpaſs. Laſtly, in reſpect to "*fame*, it is proved that the poet need only follow a common opi-"nion. All that appears abſurd may be alſo juſtified by one of "theſe three ways; or elſe by the maxim we have already laid "down, that it is probable, that a great many things may happen "againſt probability."

A late critic has taken notice of the conformity of this paſſage of Homer with that in the firſt chapter of Ezekiel, *The ſpirit of the living creature was in the wheels: when thoſe went, theſe went; and when thoſe ſtood, theſe ſtood; and when thoſe were lifted up, the wheels were lifted up overagainſt them; for the ſpirit of the living creature was in the wheels.*

What, goddeſs! this unuſual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! whatſoe'er the cauſe:
'Till now a ſtranger, in a happy hour,
Approach, and taſte the dainties of the bow'r.
High on a throne, with ſtars of ſilver grac'd,
And various artifice, the queen ſhe plac'd;
A footſtool at her feet: then calling, ſaid,
Vulcan draw near, 'tis Thetis aſks your aid.
Thetis (reply'd the god) our pow'rs may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!

v. 459. *A footſtool at her feet.*] It is at this day the uſual honour paid among the Greeks, to viſitors of ſuperior quality, to ſet them higher than the reſt of the company, and put a footſtool under their feet. See note on v. 179. book xiv. This, with innumerable other cuſtoms, are ſtill preſerved in the eaſtern nations.

v. 460. *Vulcan draw near, 'tis Thetis aſks your aid.*] The ſtory the antients tell of Plato's application of this verſe, is worth obſerving. That great philoſopher had in his youth a ſtrong inclination to poetry, and not being ſatisfied to compoſe little pieces of gallantry and amour, he tried his force in tragedy and epic poetry; but the ſucceſs was not anſwerable to his hopes: he compared his performance with that of Homer, and was very ſenſible of the difference. He therefore abandoned a ſort of writing wherein at beſt he could only be the ſecond, and turned his views to another, wherein he deſpaired not to become the firſt. His anger tranſported him ſo far, as to caſt all his verſes into the fire. But while he was burning them, he could not help citing a verſe of the very poet who had cauſed his chagrin. It was the preſent line, which Homer has put into the mouth of Charis, when Thetis demands arms for Achilles;

Ἥφαιϛε, πρόμολ' ὧδε, Θέτις νύ τι Ϛεῖο χαλίζει.

Plato only inſerted his own name inſtead of that of Thetis.

Vulcan draw near, 'tis Plato aſks your aid.

If we credit the antients, it was the diſcontentment his own poetry gave him, that raiſed in him all the indignation he afterwards expreſſed againſt the art itſelf. In which, (ſay they) he behaved like thoſe lovers, who ſpeak ill of the beauties whom they cannot prevail upon. *Fraguier, Parall. de Hom. & de Platon.*

v. 461. *Thetis (reply'd the God) our pow'rs may claim, &c.*] Vulcan throws by his work to perform Thetis's requeſt, who had laid former obligations upon him; the poet in this example giving us an excellent precept, that gratitude ſhould take place of all other concerns.

When my proud mother hurl'd me from the ſky,
(My aukward form, it ſeems, diſpleas'd her eye)
She, and Eurynome, my griefs redreſt,
And ſoft receiv'd me on their ſilver breaſt.
Ev'n then, theſe arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys I wrought.
Nine years kept ſecret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay conceal'd from man and god:
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The ruſhing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
Now ſince her preſence glads our manſion, ſay,
For ſuch deſert what ſervice can I pay?
Vouchſafe, O Thetis! at our board to ſhare
The genial rites, and hoſpitable fare;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows ceaſe to blow.

The motives which ſhould engage a god in a new work in the night-time upon a ſuit of armour for a mortal, ought to be ſtrong: and therefore artfully enough put upon the foot of gratitude: beſides, they afford at the ſame time a noble occaſion for Homer to retail his theology, which he is always very fond of.

The allegory of Vulcan, or fire (according to Heraclides) is this. His father is Jupiter, or the Æther, his mother Juno, or the Air, from whence he fell to us, whether by lightening, or otherwiſe. He is ſaid to be lame, that is, to want ſupport, becauſe he cannot ſubſiſt without the continual ſubſiſtence of fuel. The æthereal fire Homer calls Sol or Jupiter, the inferior Vulcan; the one wants nothing of perfection, the other is ſubject to decay, and is reſtored by acceſſion of materials. Vulcan is ſaid to fall from heaven, becauſe at firſt, when the opportunity of obtaining fire was not ſo frequent, men prepared inſtruments of braſs, by which they collected the beams of the ſun; or elſe they gained it from accidental lightening, that ſet fire to ſome combuſtible matter. Vulcan had periſhed when he fell from heaven, unleſs Thetis and Eurynome had received him; that is, unleſs he had been preſerved by falling into ſome convenient receptacle, or ſubterranean place; and ſo was afterwards diſtributed for the common neceſſities of mankind. To underſtand theſe ſtrange explications, it muſt be known that Thetis is derived from τίθημι *to lay up*, and Eurynome, εὐρὺς and νομὴ, a *wide diſtribution*. They are all called daughters of the ocean, becauſe the vapours and exhalations of the ſea forming themſelves into clouds, find nouriſhment for lightenings.

Then from his anvil the lame artiſt roſe;
Wide with diſtorted legs oblique he goes,
And ſtills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their cheſts his inſtruments of trade.
Then with a ſponge the ſooty workman dreſt
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breaſt.
With his huge ſcepter grac'd, and red attire,
Came halting forth the ſov'reign of the fire:
The monarch's ſteps two female forms uphold,
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;
To whom was voice, and ſenſe, and ſcience giv'n
Of works divine (ſuch wonders are in heav'n!)
On theſe ſupported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where penſive Thetis ſat;
There plac'd beſide her on the ſhining frame,
He thus addreſs'd the ſilver-footed dame.

Thee, welcome goddeſs! what occaſion calls,
(So long a ſtranger) to theſe honour'd walls?
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.

To whom the mournful mother thus replies,
(The cryſtal drops ſtood trembling in her eyes)
Oh Vulcan! ſay, was ever breaſt divine
So pierc'd with ſorrows, ſo o'erwhelm'd as mine?
Of all the goddeſſes, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only ſuch a weight of care?

v. 488. - - - - - - - *two female forms,*
That mov'd and breath'd in animated gold.]

It is very probable that Homer took the idea of theſe from the ſtatues of Dædalus, which might be extant in his time. The antients tell us, they were made to imitate life, in rolling their eyes, and in all other motions. From whence indeed it ſhould ſeem, that the excellency of Dædalus conſiſted in what we call clock-work, or the management of moving figures by ſprings, rather than in ſculpture or imagery: and accordingly, the fable of his fitting wings to himſelf and his ſon, is formed entirely upon the foundation of the former.

I, only I, of all the wat'ry race,
By force ſubjected to a man's embrace,
Who, ſinking now with age and ſorrow, pays
The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.
Sprung from my bed, a god-like hero came,
The braveſt ſure that ever bore the name;
Like ſome fair plant beneath my careful hand
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and he grac'd the land:
To Troy I ſent him! but his native ſhore
Never, ah never, ſhall receive him more;
(Ev'n while he lives, he waſtes with ſecret woe)
Nor I, a goddeſs, can retard the blow!
Robb'd of the prize, the Grecian ſuffrage gave,
The king of nations forc'd his royal ſlave:
For this he griev'd; and 'till the Greeks oppreſt,
Requir'd his arm, he ſorrow'd unredreſt.
Large gifts they promiſe, and their elders ſend;
In vain——He arms not, but permits his friend
His arms, his ſteeds, his forces to employ;
He marches, combats, almoſt conquers Troy.
Then ſlain by Phœbus (Hector had the name)
At once reſigns his armour, life, and fame.

v. 517. *Robb'd of the prize, &c.*] Thetis to compaſs her deſign, recounts every thing to the advantage of her ſon; ſhe therefore ſuppreſſes the epiſode of the embaſſy, the prayers that had been made uſe of to move him, and all that the Greeks had ſuffered after the return of the embaſſadors; and artfully puts together two very diſtant things, as if they had followed each other in the ſame moment. He declined, ſays ſhe, to ſuccour the Greeks, but he ſent Patroclus. Now between his refuſing to help the Greeks, and his ſending Patroclus, terrible things had fallen out; but ſhe ſuppreſſes them, for fear of offending Vulcan with the recital of Achilles's inflexible obduracy, and thereby create in that god an averſion to her ſon. *Euſtathius.*

v. 525. *Then ſlain by Phœbus (Hector had the name).*] It is a paſſage worth taking notice of, that Brutus is ſaid to have conſulted the Sortes Homericæ, and to have drawn one of theſe lines, wherein the death of Patroclus is aſcribed to Apollo: after which, un-

But thou, in pity, by my pray'r be won:
Grace with immortal arms this ſhort-liv'd ſon,
And to the field in martial pomp reſtore,
To ſhine with glory, 'till he ſhines no more!
To her the artiſt-god. Thy griefs reſign,
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.
O could I hide him from the fates as well,
Or with theſe hands the cruel ſtroke repel,
As I ſhall forge moſt envy'd arms, the gaze
Of wond'ring ages, and the world's amaze!
Thus having ſaid, the father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.

thinkingly, he gave the name of that god for the word of battle. This is remarked as an unfortunate omen by ſome of the antients, though I forget where I met with it.

v. 537. *The father of the fires, &c.*] The ancients (ſays Euſtathius) have largely celebrated the philoſophical myſteries which they imagined to be ſhadowed under theſe deſcriptions, eſpecially Damo (ſuppoſed the daughter of Pythagoras) whoſe explication is as follows. Thetis, who receives the arms, means the apt order and diſpoſition of all things in the creation. By the fire and the wind raiſed by the bellows, are meant *air* and *fire*, the moſt active of all the elements. The emanations of the fire are thoſe *golden maids* that waited on Vulcan. The circular ſhield is the *world*, being of a ſpherical figure. The gold, the braſs, the ſilver, and the tin are the elements. Gold is fire, the firm braſs is earth, the ſilver is air, and the ſoft tin, water. And thus far (ſay they) Homer ſpeaks a little obſcurely, but afterwards he names them expreſsly, ἐν μὲν γαῖαν ἔτευξ', ἐν δ' οὐρανὸν, ἐν δὲ θάλασσαν, to which, for the fourth element, you muſt add Vulcan, who makes the ſhield. The extreme circle that run round the ſhield, which he calls *ſplendid* and *threefold*, is the Zodiack; threefold in its breadth, within which all the planets move; ſplendid, becauſe the ſun paſſes always through the midſt of it. The ſilver handle by which the ſhield is faſtened, at both extremities, is the *Axis* of the world, imagined to paſs through it, and upon which it turns. The five folds are thoſe parallel circles that divide the world, the *Polar*, the *Tropicks*, and the *Æquator*.

Heraclides Ponticus thus purſues the allegory. Homer (ſays he) makes the working of his ſhield, that is the world, to be begun by *night*; as indeed all matter lay undiſtinguiſhed in an original and univerſal *night*: which is called *Chaos* by the poet.

To bring the matter of the ſhield to ſeparation and form, Vul-

Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd,
Reſounding breath'd: at once the blaſt expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Juſt as the god directs, now loud, now low,
They raiſe a tempeſt, or they gently blow.
In hiſſing flames huge ſilver bars are roll'd,
And ſtubborn braſs, and tin, and ſolid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils ſtand;
The pond'rous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, ſtrong ſtrokes, the doubling vaults rebound.
Then firſt he form'd th' immenſe and ſolid *ſhield*;
Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field;

can preſides over the work, or as we may ſay, an *eſſential warmth*: *All things*, ſays Heraclitus, *being made by the operation of fire.*

And becauſe the *architect* is at this time to give a form and ornament to the world he is making, it is not raſhly that he is ſaid to be married to one of the graces.

On the broad ſhield the maker's *hand engraves*
The earth and ſeas beneath, the pole above,
The ſun unwearied, and the circled moon.

Thus in beginning of the world, he firſt lays the earth as a foundation of a building, whoſe vacancies are filled up with the flowings of the ſea. Then he ſpreads out the ſky for a kind of divine roof over it, and lights the elements, now ſeparated from the former confuſion, with the *ſun*, the *moon*,

And all thoſe ſtars that crown the ſkies with fire:

Where, by the word *crown*, which gives the idea of roundneſs, he again hints at the figure of the world; and though he could not particularly name the ſtars like Aratus (who profeſſed to write upon them) yet he has not omitted to mention the principal. From hence he paſſes to repreſent two *allegorical* cities, one of *peace*, the other of *war*; Empedocles ſeems to have taken from Homer his aſſertion, that all things had their original from *ſtrife* and *friendſhip*.

All theſe refinements (not to call them abſolute whimſies) I leave juſt as I found them, to the reader's judgment or mercy. They call it *learning* to have read them, but I fear it is *folly* to quote them.

Its utmoſt verge a threefold circle bound;
A ſilver chain ſuſpends the maſſy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanſe compoſe,
And god-like labours on the ſurface roſe.
There ſhone the image of the maſter-mind:
There earth, there heav'n, there ocean he deſign'd;
Th' unweary'd ſun, the moon compleatly round;
The ſtarry lights that heav'n's high convex crown'd;
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the ſky,
The Bear revolving, points his golden eye,
Still ſhines exalted on th' æthereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

v. 566. *Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.*] The critics make uſe of this paſſage, to prove that Homer was ignorant of aſtronomy; ſince he believed that the Bear was the only conſtellation which never bathed itſelf in the ocean, that is to ſay, that did not ſet, and was always viſible; for, ſay they, this is common to other conſtellations of the arctick circle, as the leſſer Bear, the Dragon, the greateſt part of Cepheus, &c. To ſalve Homer, Ariſtotle anſwers, That he calls it the only one, to ſhew that it is the only one of thoſe conſtellations he had ſpoken of, or that he has put the *only* for the *principal* or the *moſt known*. Strabo juſtifies this after another manner, in the beginning of his firſt book: "Under the "name of the Bear and the Chariot, Homer comprehends all the "arctic circle; for there being ſeveral other ſtars in that circle "which never ſet, he could not ſay, that the Bear was the only "one which did not bathe itſelf in the ocean; wherefore thoſe "are deceived, who accuſe the poet of ignorance, as if he knew "one Bear only when there are two; for the leſſer was not diſtinguiſhed in his time. The Phœnicians were the firſt who obſerved it, and made uſe of it in their navigation; and the figure "of that ſign paſſed from them to the Greeks: the ſame thing "happened in regard to the conſtellation of Berenice's hair, and "that of Canopus, which received thoſe names very lately; and "as Aratus ſays well, there are ſeveral other ſtars which have no "names. Crates was then in the wrong to endeavour to correct "this paſſage, in putting οἵῳ for ὁίῃ, for he tries to avoid that "which there is no occaſion to avoid. Heraclitus did better, who "put the Bear for the arctick circle, as Homer has done. *The "Bear (ſays he) is the limit of the riſing and ſetting of the ſtars.*"

Two cities radiant on the ſhield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.
Here ſacred pomp, and genial feaſt delight,
And ſolemn dance, and Hymenæal rite;
Along the ſtreet the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the ſoft flute, and cittern's ſilver ſound:
Thro' the fair ſtreets, the matrons in a row,
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the ſhow.
There, in the forum ſwarm a num'rous train,
The ſubject of debate, a townſman ſlain:
One pleads the fine diſcharg'd, which one deny'd,
And bade the public and the laws decide:

Now it is the Arctick circle, and not the Bear, which is that limit. "It is therefore evident, that by the word Bear, which he "calls the Waggon, and which he ſays obſerves Orion, he under-"ſtands the arctick circle; that by the ocean he means the hori-"zon where the ſtars riſe and ſet; and by thoſe words, *which* "*turns in the ſame place, and doth not bathe itſelf in the ocean*, he "ſhews that the arctick circle is the moſt northern part of the ho-"rizon, &c." *Dacier on Ariſt.*

Monſ. Teraſſon combates this paſſage with great warmth. But it will be a ſufficient vindication of our author to ſay, that ſome other conſtellations, which are likewiſe perpetually above the horizon in the latitude where Homer writ, were not at that time diſcovered; and that whether Homer knew that the Bear's not ſetting was occaſioned by the latitude, and that in a ſmaller latitude it would ſet, is of no conſequence; for if he had known it, it was ſtill more poetical not to take notice of it.

v. 567. *Two cities, &c.*] In one of theſe cities are repreſented all the advantages of *peace*: and it was impoſſible to have choſen two better emblems of peace, than *marriages* and *juſtice*. It is ſaid this city was Athens, for marriages were firſt inſtituted there by Cecrops; and judgment upon murder was firſt founded there. The ancient ſtate of Attica ſeems repreſented in the neighbouring fields, where the ploughers and reapers are at work, and a king is overlooking them: for Triptolemus who reigned there, was the firſt who ſowed corn: this was the imagination of Agallias Cercyreus, as we find him cited by Euſtathius.

v. 579. *The fine diſcharg'd.*] Murder was not always puniſhed

The witneſs is produc'd on either hand:
For this, or that, the partial people ſtand:
Th' appointed heralds ſtill the noiſy bands,
And form a ring, with ſcepters in their hands;
On ſeats of ſtone, within the ſacred place,
The rev'rend elders nodded o'er the caſe;
Alternate, each th' atteſting ſcepter took,
And riſing ſolemn, each his ſentence ſpoke.
Two golden talents lay amidſt, in ſight,
The prize of him who beſt adjudg'd the right.
Another part (a proſpect diff'ring far)
Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.

with death, or ſo much as baniſhment; but when ſome fine was paid, the criminal was ſuffered to remain in the city. So Iliad ix,

-------- Καὶ μὲν τίς τε κασιγνήτοιο φόνοιο
Ποινὴν, ἢ ἔ παιδὸς ἐδέξατο τεθνειῶτος.
Καὶ ῥ' ὁ μὲν ἐν δήμῳ μένει αὐτῆ πολλὰ ἀπτίσας.

-------- *If a brother bleed,*
On juſt atonement we remit the deed,
A ſire the ſlaughter of his ſon forgives,
The price of blood diſcharg'd, the murd'rer lives.

v. 590. *The prize of him who beſt adjudg'd the right.*] Euſtathius informs us, that it was anciently the cuſtom to have a reward given to that judge who pronounced the beſt ſentence. M. Dacier oppoſes this authority, and will have it, that this reward was given to the perſon who upon the deciſion of the ſuit appeared to have the juſteſt cauſe. The difference between theſe two cuſtoms, in the reaſon of the thing, is very great: for the one muſt have been an encouragement to juſtice, the other a provocation to diſſenſion. It were to be wanting in a due reverence to the wiſdom of the ancients, and of Homer in particular, not to chuſe the former ſenſe: and I have the honour to be confirmed in this opinion, by the ableſt judge, as well as the beſt practiſer of equity, my Lord Harcourt, at whoſe ſeat I tranſlated this book.

v. 591. *Another part (a proſpect diff'ring far,) &c.*] The ſame Agallias, cited above, would have this city in war to be meant of Eleuſina, but upon very ſlight reaſons. What is wonderful, is, that all the accidents and events of *war* are ſet before our eyes in this ſhort compaſs. The ſeveral ſcenes are excellently diſpoſed to repreſent the whole affair. Here is in the ſpace of thirty lines a ſiege, a ſally, an ambuſh, the ſurpriſe of a convoy, and a battle; with ſcarce a ſingle circumſtance proper to any of theſe, omitted.

Two mighty hoſts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
Meantime the townſmen, arm'd with ſilent care,
A ſecret ambuſh on the foe prepare:
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents, on the turrets ſtand.
They march; by Pallas and by Mars made bold:
Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour: theſe the ſquadron led,
Auguſt, divine, ſuperior by the head!
A place for ambuſh fit, they found, and ſtood
Cover'd with ſhields, beſide a ſilver flood.
Two ſpies at diſtance lurk, and watchful ſeem
If ſheep or oxen ſeek the winding ſtream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And ſteers ſlow-moving, and two ſhepherd ſwains;
Behind them, piping on their reeds they go,
Nor fear an ambuſh, nor ſuſpect a foe.
In arms the glitt'ring ſquadron riſing round,
Ruſh ſudden; hills of ſlaughter heap the ground,
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidſt them, dead, the ſhepherd ſwains!
The bellowing oxen the beſiegers hear;
They riſe, take horſe, approach, and meet the war;
They fight, they fall, beſide the ſilver flood;
The waving ſilver ſeem'd to bluſh with blood.
There tumult, there contention ſtood confeſt;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breaſt,
One held a living foe, that freſhly bled
With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead;
Now here, now there, the carcaſſes they tore:
Fate ſtalk'd amidſt them, grim with human gore.

v. 619. *There tumult, &c.*] This is the firſt place in the whole deſcription of the buckler, where Homer riſes in his ſtyle, and uſes the allegorical ornaments of poetry; ſo natural it was for his imagination, (now heated with the fighting ſcenes of the Iliad) to take fire when the image of a battle was preſented to it.

And the whole war came out and met the eye;
And each bold figure ſeem'd to live, or die.

A field deep furrow'd, next the God deſign'd,
The third time labour'd by the ſweating hind;
The ſhining ſhares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on ev'ry ſide.

v. 627. *A field deep furrow'd, &c.*] Here begin the deſcriptions of rural life, in which Homer appears as great a maſter as in the great and terrible parts of poetry. One would think, he did this on purpoſe to rival his cotemporary Heſiod, on thoſe very ſubjects to which his genius was particularly bent. Upon this occaſion, I muſt take notice of that Greek poem, which is commonly aſcribed to Heſiod, under the title of Ἀσπὶς Ἡρακλέους. Some of the ancients mention ſuch a work as Heſiod's, but that amounts to no proof that this is the ſame: which indeed is not an expreſs poem upon the ſhield of Hercules, but a fragment of the ſtory of that hero. What regards the ſhield is a manifeſt copy from this of Achilles; and conſequently it is not of Heſiod. For if he was not more ancient, he was at leaſt contemporary with Homer: and neither of them could be ſuppoſed to borrow ſo ſhameleſly from the other, not only the plan of entire deſcriptions, (as thoſe of the marriage, the harveſt, the vineyard, the ocean round the margin, &c.) but alſo whole verſes together: thoſe of the Parca, in the battle, are repeated word for word,

- - - - - - - - - ἐν δ' ὁλὴ Κὴρ
Ἄλλον ζωὸν ἔχουσα νεοτμήτοιο, ἄλλον ἄουτον,
Ἄλλον τεθνειῶτα κατὰ μόθον ἕλκε ποδοῖιν.
Εἷμα δ' ἔχ' ἀμφ' ὄμοισι δαφοινεὸν αἵματι φωτῶν.

And indeed half the poem is but a ſort of Cento compoſed out of Homer's verſes. The reader need only caſt an eye on theſe two deſcriptions, to ſee the vaſt difference of the original and the copy, and I dare ſay he will readily agree with the ſentiment of Monſieur Dacier, in applying to them that famous verſe of Sannazarius,

Illum hominem dices, hunc poſuiſſe Deum.

v. 627. I ought not to forget the many apparent alluſions to the deſcriptions on this ſhield, which are to be found in thoſe pictures of peace and war, the city and country, in the eleventh book of Milton: who was doubtleſs fond of any occaſion to ſhew, how much he was charmed with the beauty of all theſe lively images. He makes his angels paint thoſe objects which he ſhews to Adam, in the colours, and almoſt the very ſtrokes of Homer. Such is that paſſage of the harveſt-field,

His eye he open'd, and beheld a field
Part arable and tilth, whereon were ſheaves
New reap'd; the other part ſheep-walks and folds.
In midſt an altar, as the landmark, ſtood,
Ruſtic, of graſſy ſord, &c.

Still as at either end they wheel around,
The maſter meets 'em with his goblet crown'd;
The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
Then back the turning plough-ſhares cleave the ſoil:
Behind, the riſing earth, in ridges, roll'd;
And ſable look'd, tho' form'd of molten gold.
Another field roſe high with waving grain;
With bending ſickles ſtand the reaper train:
Here ſtretch'd in ranks the levell'd ſwarths are found,
Sheaves heap'd on ſheaves, here thicken up the ground.
With ſweeping ſtrokes the mowers ſtrow the lands;
The gath'rers follow, and collect in bands;
And laſt the children in whoſe arms are borne
(Too ſhort to gripe them) the brown ſheaves of corn.
The ruſtic monarch of the field deſcries
With ſilent glee, the heaps around him riſe.

That of the marriages,

They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen (then firſt to marriage rites invok'd)
With feaſt and muſic all the tents reſound.

But more particularly, the following lines are in a manner a tranſlation of our author.

One way a band ſelect from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow-ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs, acroſs the plain,
Their booty: ſcarce with life the ſhepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray.
With cruel tournament the ſquadrons join
Where cattle paſtur'd late; now ſcatter'd lies
With carcaſſes and arms, th' exſanguin'd field,
Deſerted.----Others to a city ſtrong
Lay ſiege, encamp'd; by batt'ry, ſcale, and mine
Aſſaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and jav'lin, ſtones and ſulph'rous fire:
On each hand ſlaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the ſcepter'd heralds call
To council in the city gates: anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mixt,
Aſſemble, and harangues are heard-----

v. 645. *The ruſtic monarch of the field.*] Dacier takes this to be a piece of ground given to a hero in reward of his ſervices. It was

A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded ſhade.
The victim ox the ſturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repaſt, the womens care.
Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard ſhines,
Bent with the pond'rous harveſt of its vines;
A deeper dye the dangling cluſters ſhow,
And curl'd on ſilver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place;
And pales of glitt'ring tin th' encloſure grace.
To this, one path-way gently winding leads,
Where march a train with baſkets on their heads,
(Fair maids and blooming youths) that ſmiling bear,
The purple product of th' autumnal year.
To theſe a youth awakes the warbling ſtrings,
Whoſe tender lay the fate of Linus ſings;

in no reſpect unworthy ſuch a perſon, in thoſe days, to ſee his harveſt got in, and to overlook his reapers: it is very conformable to the manners of the ancient patriarchs, ſuch as they are deſcribed to us in the holy ſcriptures.

v. 662. *The fate of Linus.*] There are two interpretations of this verſe in the original: that which I have choſen is confirmed by the teſtimony of Herodotus, lib. ii. and Pauſanias, Bœoticis. Linus was the moſt antient name in poetry, the firſt upon record who invented verſe and meaſure amongſt the Grecians: he paſs'd for the ſon of Apollo or Mercury, and was preceptor to Hercules, Thamyris, and Orpheus. There was a ſolemn cuſtom among the Greeks of bewailing annually the death of their firſt poet: Pauſanias informs us, that before the yearly ſacrifice to the muſes on mount Helicon, the obſequies of Linus were performed, who had a ſtatue, and altar erected to him, in that place. Homer alludes to that cuſtom in this paſſage, and was doubtleſs fond of paying this reſpect to the old father of poetry. Virgil has done the ſame in that fine celebration of him, Eclog. vi.

Tum canit errantem Permeſſi ad flumina Gallum,
Utque viro Phœbi chorus aſſurrexerit omnis;
Ut Linus hæc illi, divino carmine, paſtor
(Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro)
Dixerit----&c.

And again in the fourth Eclogue;

Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,
Nec Linus; huic mater quamvis atque huic pater adſit,
Orpheo Calliopea, Lino formoſus Apollo.

In meaſur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune ſoft the voice, and anſwer to the ſtrain.
Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and ſeem to low in gold,
And ſpeed to meadows on whoſe ſounding ſhores
A rapid torrent thro' the ruſhes roars:
Four golden herdſmen as their guardians ſtand,
And nine ſour dogs compleat the ruſtic band.
Two lions ruſhing from the wood appear'd;
And ſeiz'd a bull, the maſter of the herd:
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men withſtood;
They tore his fleſh, and drank the ſable blood.
The dogs (oft chear'd in vain) deſert the prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at diſtance bay.
Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep thro' fair foreſts, and a length of meads;
And ſtalls, and folds, and ſcatter'd cots between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the ſcene.
A figur'd dance ſucceeds: ſuch once was ſeen
In lofty Gnoſſus; for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Dædalean art; a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
The maids in ſoft ſimars of linen dreſt;
The youths all graceful in the gloſſy veſt:

v. 681. *A figur'd dance.*] There were two ſorts of dances, the Pyrrhic and the common dance: Homer has joined both in this deſcription. We ſee the Pyrrhic, or military, is performed by the youths who have ſwords on, the other by virgins crowned with garlands.

Here the ancient ſcholiaſts ſay, that whereas before it was the cuſtom for men and women to dance ſeparately, the contrary cuſtom was afterwards brought in, by ſeven youths and as many virgins, who were ſaved by Theſeus from the labyrinth; and that this dance was taught them by Dædalus: to which Homer here alludes. See Dion. Halic. Hiſt. lib. vii. cap. 68.

It is worth obſerving that the Grecian dance is ſtill performed in this manner in the Oriental nations: the youths and maids dance in a ring, beginning ſlowly; by degrees the muſic plays a quicker time, till at laſt they dance with the utmoſt ſwiftneſs: and towards the concluſion, they ſing (as it is ſaid here) in a general chorus.

Of thoſe the locks with flow'ry wreaths inroll'd;
Of theſe the ſides adorn'd with ſwords of gold,
That glitt'ring gay, from ſilver belts depend.
Now all at once they riſe, at once deſcend,
With well-taught feet: now ſhape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too ſwift for ſight they ſpring,
And undiſtinguiſh'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle toſt,
And rapid as it runs, the ſingle ſpokes are loſt.
The gazing multitudes admire around:
Two active tumblers in the center bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And gen'ral ſongs the ſprightly revel end.

Thus the broad ſhield complete the artiſt crown'd
With his laſt hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
In living ſilver ſeem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.
This done, whate'er a warrior's uſe requires,
He forg'd; the cuiraſs that outſhines the fires,
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impreſt
With various ſculpture, and the golden creſt.
At Thetis' feet the finiſh'd labour lay;
She, as a falcon, cuts th' aereal way,
Swift from Olympus' ſnowy ſummit flies,
And bears the blazing preſent thro' the ſkies.

v. 702. *And pour'd the ocean round.*] Vulcan was the God of fire, and paſſes over this part of the deſcription negligently; for which reaſon Virgil (to take a different walk) makes half his deſcription of Æneas's buckler conſiſt in a ſea-fight. For the ſame reaſon he has laboured the ſea-piece among his *Games*, more than any other, becauſe Homer had deſcribed nothing of this kind in the funeral of Patroclus.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

SHIELD of ACHILLES.

THE poet intending to ſhew in its full luſtre, his genius for deſcription, makes choice of this interval from action and the leiſure of the night, to diſplay that talent at large in the famous buckler of Achilles. His intention was no leſs than to draw the picture of the whole world in the compaſs of this ſhield. We ſee firſt the univerſe in general; the heavens are ſpread, the ſtars are hung up, the earth is ſtretched forth, the ſeas are poured round: we next ſee the world in a nearer and more particular view; the cities delightful in peace, or formidable in war; the labours of the country, and the fruit of thoſe labours, in the harveſts and the vintages; the paſtoral life in its pleaſures and its dangers: in a word, all the occupations, all the ambitions, and all the diverſions of mankind. This noble and comprehenſive deſign he has executed in a manner that challenged the admiration of all the ancients: and how right an idea they had of this grand deſign, may be judged from that verſe of Ovid Met. xiii. where he calls it,

——*Clypeus* vaſti *cælatus imagine mundi.*

It is indeed aſtoniſhing, how after this, the arrogance of ſome moderns could unfortunately chuſe the nobleſt part of the nobleſt poet for the object of their blind cenſures. Their criticiſms, however juſt enough upon other parts, yet, when employed on this buckler, are to the utmoſt weak and impotent.

——*poſtquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum eſt*
Mortalis mucro, glacies ſeu futilis, icta
Diſſiluit ——

I deſign to give the reader the ſum of what has been ſaid on this ſubject. Firſt, a reply to the looſe and ſcat-

tered objections of the critics, by M. Dacier: then the regular plan and diſtribution of the ſhield, by Monſ. Boivin: and laſtly, I ſhall attempt what has not yet been done, to conſider it as a work of *painting*, and prove it in all reſpects conformable to the moſt juſt ideas and eſtabliſhed rules of that art.

I. It is the fate (ſays M. Dacier) of theſe arms of Achilles, to be ſtill the occaſion of quarrels and diſputes. Julius Scaliger was the firſt who appeared againſt this part, and was followed by a whole herd. Theſe object in the firſt place, that it is impoſſible to repreſent the movement of the figures; and in condemning the manner, they take the liberty to condemn alſo the ſubject, which they ſay is trivial and not well underſtood. It is certain that Homer ſpeaks of the figures on this buckler, as if they were alive: and ſome of the ancients taking his expreſſions to the ſtrictneſs of the letter, did really believe that they had all ſorts of motions. Euſtathius ſhewed the abſurdity of that ſentiment by a paſſage of Homer himſelf; "That "poet, ſays he, to ſhew that his figures are not ani- "mated, as ſome have pretended by an exceſſive affec- "tion for the prodigious, took care to ſay that they "*moved and fought*, as if *they were living men.*" The ancients certainly founded this ridiculous opinion on a rule of Ariſtotle: for they thought the poet could not make his deſcription more *admirable* and *marvellous*, than in making his figures animated, ſince (as Ariſtotle ſays) the *original ſhould always excel the copy.* That ſhield is the work of a God: it is the original, of which the engraving and painting of men is but an imperfect copy; and there is nothing impoſſible to the Gods. But they did not perceive, that by this Homer would have fallen into an extravagant admirable which would not have been probable. Therefore it is without any neceſſity Euſtathius adds, "That it is poſſible "all thoſe figures did not ſtick cloſe to the ſhield, but "that they were detached from it, and moved by "ſprings, in ſuch a manner that they appeared to have "motion; as Æſchylus has feigned ſomething like it, "in his *ſeven captains againſt Thebes.*" But without

having recourſe to that conjecture, we can ſhew that there is nothing more ſimple and natural than the deſcription of that ſhield, and there is not one word which Homer might not have ſaid of it, if it had been the work of a man; for there is a great deal of difference between the work itſelf, and the deſcription of it.

Let us examine the particulars for which they blame Homer. They ſay he deſcribes two towns on his ſhield which *ſpeak different languages*. It is the Latin tranſlation, and not Homer ſays ſo; the word μερόπων, is a common epithet of men, and which ſignifies only that they have *an articulate voice*. Theſe towns could not ſpeak different languages, ſince, as the ancients have remarked, they were Athens and Eleuſina, both which ſpake the ſame language. But though that epithet ſhould ſignify, *which ſpoke different languages*, there would be nothing very ſurpriſing; for Virgil ſaid what Homer it ſeems muſt not:

Victæ longo ordine gentes,
Quam variæ linguis.——Æn. viii.

If a painter ſhould put into a picture one town of France and another of Flanders, might not one ſay they were two towns which ſpake different languages?

Homer (they tell us) ſays in another place, that *we hear the harangues of two pleaders*. This is an unfair exaggeration: he only ſays, *two men pleaded*, that is, were repreſented pleading. Was not the ſame ſaid by Pliny and Nicomachus, that he had painted two Greeks which ſpake one after another? Can we expreſs ourſelves otherwiſe of theſe two arts, which though they are mute, yet have a language? Or in explaining a painting of Raphael or Pouſſin, can we prevent animating the figures, in making them ſpeak conformably to the deſign of the painter? But how could the engraver repreſent thoſe young ſhepherds and virgins that dance firſt in a ring, and then in ſetts? Or thoſe troops which were in ambuſcade? This would be difficult indeed if the workman had not the liberty to make his perſons appear in different circumſtances. All the objections againſt the young man who ſings at the

ſame time that he plays on the harp, the bull that roars whilſt he is devoured by a lion, and againſt the muſical concerts, are childiſh; for we can never ſpeak of painting, if we baniſh thoſe expreſſions. Pliny ſays of Apelles, that he painted Clytus on horſeback going to battle, and demanding his helmet of his ſquire: of Ariſtides, that he drew a beggar whom he could almoſt underſtand, *pene cum voce:* of Cteſilochus, that he had painted Jupiter bringing forth Bacchus, and crying out like a woman, *& muliebreter ingemiſcentem:* and of Nicearchus, that he had drawn a piece, in which Hercules was ſeen very melancholy on reflection of his madneſs, *Herculem triſtem, inſaniæ pœnitentiâ.* No one ſure will condemn thoſe ways of expreſſion which are ſo common. The ſame author has ſaid much more of Apelles: he tells us, he painted thoſe things which could not be painted, as thunder; *pinxit quæ pingi non poſſunt:* and of Timanthus, that in all his works there was ſomething more underſtood than was ſeen; and though there was all the art imaginable, yet there was ſtill more ingenuity than art: *Atque in omnibus ejus operibus, intelligitur plus ſemper quàm pingitur; & cum ars ſumma ſit, ingenium tamen ultram artem eſt.* If we take the pains to compare theſe expreſſions with thoſe of Homer, we ſhall find him altogether excuſable in his *manner* of deſcribing the buckler.

We come now to the *matter*. If this ſhield (ſays a modern critic) had been made in a wiſer age, it would have been more correct and leſs charged with objects. There are two things which cauſe the cenſures to fall into this falſe criticiſm: the firſt is, that they think the ſhield was no broader than the brims of a hat, whereas it was large enough to cover a whole man. The other is, that they did not know the deſign of the poet, and imagined this deſcription was only the whimſy of an irregular wit, who did it by chance, and not following nature; for they never ſo much as entered into the intention of the poet, nor knew the ſhield was deſigned as a repreſentation of the univerſe.

It is happy that Virgil has made a buckler for Æneas, as well as Homer for Achilles. The Latin poet, who imitated the Greek one, always took care to ac-

commodate thoſe things which time had changed, ſo as to render them agreeable to the palate of his readers; yet he hath not only charged his ſhield with a great deal more work, ſince he paints all the actions of the Romans from Aſcanius to Auguſtus; but has not avoided any of thoſe manners of expreſſion which offend the critics. We ſee there the wolf of Romulus and Remus, who gives them her dugs *one after another*, *mulcere alternos, & corpora fingere linguâ:* the rape of the Sabines, and the war which followed it, *ſubitoque novum conſurgere bellum:* Metius torn by four horſes, and Tullus who draws his entrails through the foreſt: Porſenna commanding the Romans to receive Tarquin, and beſieging Rome: the geeſe flying to the porches of the capitol, and giving notice by their *cries* of the attack of the Gauls.

Atque hìc auratis volitans argenteus anſer
Porticibus, Gallos in limine adeſſe canebat.

We ſee the Salian dance, hell, and the pains of the damned; and farther off, the place of the bleſſed, where Cato preſides: we ſee the famous battle of Actium, where we may diſtinguiſh the captains: Agrippa with the gods, and the winds favourable; and Anthony leading on all the forces of the Eaſt, Ægypt, and the Bactrians: the fight begins, the ſea is red with blood, Cleopatra gives the ſignal for a retreat, and calls her troops with a Syſtrum. *Patrio vocat agmina Syſtro.* The gods, or rather the monſters of Ægypt, fight againſt Neptune, Venus, Minerva, Mars, and Apollo: we ſee Anthony's fleet beaten, and the Nile ſorrowfully opening his boſom to receive the conquered: Cleopatra looks pale and almoſt dead at the thought of that death ſhe had already determined; nay, we ſee the very wind Iapis, which haſtens her flight: we ſee three triumphs of Auguſtus; that prince conſecrates three hundred temples, the altars are filled with ladies offering up ſacrifices, Auguſtus ſitting at the entrance of Apollo's temple, receives preſents, and hangs them on the pillars of the temple; while all the conquered nations paſs by, who *ſpeak different languages*, and are differently equipped and armed.

——Incedunt victæ longo ordine gentes,
Quam variæ linguis, habitu tum veſtis & armis.

Nothing can better juſtify Homer, or ſhew the wiſdom and judgment of Virgil; he was charmed with Achilles's ſhield, and therefore would give the ſame ornament to his poem. But as Homer had painted the univerſe, he was ſenſible that nothing remained for him to do; he had no other way to take than that of prophecy, and ſhew what the deſcendant of his hero ſhould perform: and he was not afraid to go beyond Homer, becauſe there is nothing improbable in the hands of a God. If the critics ſay, that this is juſtifying one fault by another; I deſire they would agree among themſelves: for Scaliger who was the firſt that condemned Homer's ſhield, admires Virgil's. But ſuppoſe they ſhould agree, it would be fooliſh to endeavour to perſuade us, that what Homer and Virgil have done by the approbation of all ages, is not good; and to make us think, that their particular taſte ſhould prevail over that of all other men. Nothing is more ridiculous than to trouble one's ſelf to anſwer men, who ſhew ſo little reaſon in their criticiſms, that we can do them no greater favour, than to aſcribe it to their ignorance.

Thus far the objections are anſwered by Monſ. Dacier. Since when, ſome others have been ſtarted, as that the objects repreſented on the buckler, have no reference to the poem, no agreement with Thetis who procured it, Vulcan who made it, or Achilles for whom it was made.

To this it is replied, that the repreſentation of the ſea was agreeable enough to Thetis; that the ſpheres and celeſtial fires were ſo to Vulcan; (though the truth is, any piece of workmanſhip was equally fit to come from the hands of this God) and that the images of a town beſieged, a battle, and an ambuſcade, were objects ſufficiently proper for Achilles. But after all, where was the neceſſity that they ſhould be ſo? they had at leaſt been as fit for one hero as another: and Æneas, as Virgil tells us, knew not what to make of the figures on his ſhield:

Rerumque ignarus, imagine gaudet.

II. But ſtill the main objection, and that in which the vanity of the moderns has triumphed the moſt, is, that the ſhield is crouded with ſuch a multiplicity of figures, as could not poſſibly be repreſented in the compaſs of it. The late diſſertation of Monſ. Boivin has put an end to this cavil, and the reader will have the pleaſure to be convinced of it by ocular demonſtration in the print annexed.

This author ſuppoſes the buckler to have been perfectly round: he divides the convex ſurface into four concentric circles.

The circle next the center contains the globe of the earth and ſea, in miniature: he gives this circle the dimenſion of three inches.

The ſecond circle is allotted for the heavens and the ſtars: he allows the ſpace of ten inches between this, and the former circle.

The third ſhall be eight inches diſtant from the ſecond. The ſpace between theſe two circles ſhall be divided into twelve compartiments, each of which makes a picture of ten or eleven inches deep.

The fourth circle makes the margin of the buckler: and the interval between this and the former, being of three inches, is ſufficient to repreſent the waves and currents of the ocean.

All theſe together make but four feet in the whole in diameter. The print of theſe circles and diviſions will ſerve to prove, that the figures will neither be crouded nor confuſed, if diſpoſed in the proper place and order.

As to the ſize and figure of the ſhield, it is evident from the poets, that in the time of the Trojan war there were ſhields of an extraordinary magnitude. The buckler of Ajax is often compared to a tower, and in the ſixth Iliad that of Hector is deſcribed to cover him from the ſhoulders to the ankles.

Ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ σφυρὰ τύπλε καὶ αὐχένα δέρμα κελαινὸν
Ἀϊλυξ ἢ πυμάτη θέεν ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοέσσης. v. 117.

In the ſecond verſe of the deſcription of this buckler of Achilles, it is ſaid that Vulcan caſt round it a radiant circle.

Περὶ δ' ἄντυγα βάλλε φαεινὴν. v. 479.

Which proves the figure to have been round. But if it be alledged that ἄντυξ as well ſignifies *oval* and *circular*, it may be anſwered, that the circular figure better agrees to the ſpheres repreſented in the center, and to the courſe of the ocean at the circumference.

We may very well allow four feet diameter to this buckler: as one may ſuppoſe a larger ſize would have been too unwieldy, ſo a leſs would not have been ſufficient to cover the breaſt and arm of a man of a ſtature ſo large as Achilles.

In allowing four feet diameter to the whole, each of the twelve compartiments may be of ten or eleven inches in depth, which will be enough to contain, without any confuſion, all the objects which Homer mentions. Indeed in this print, each compartiment being but of one inch, the principal figures only are repreſented; but the reader may eaſily imagine the advantage of nine or ten inches more. However, if the critics are not yet ſatisfied, there is room enough, it is but taking in the literal ſenſe the words πάντοσε δαιδάλλων, with which Homer begins his deſcription, and the buckler may be ſuppoſed engraven on both ſides, which ſuppoſition will double the ſize of each piece: the one ſide may ſerve for the general deſcription of heaven and earth, and the other for all the particulars.

III. It having been now ſhewn, that the ſhield of Homer is blameleſs as to its deſign and diſpoſition, and that the ſubject (ſo extenſive as it is) may be contracted within the due limits; not being one vaſt unproportioned heap of figures, but divided into twelve regular compartiments: what remains, is to conſider this piece as a compleat *idea* of *painting*, and a ſketch for what one may call an *univerſal picture*. This is certainly the light in which it is chiefly to be admired, and in which alone the critics have neglected to place it.

There is reaſon to believe that Homer did in this, as he has done in other arts, (even in mechanics) that

is, comprehend whatever was known of it in his time; if not (as is highly probable) from thence extend his ideas yet farther, and give a more enlarged notion of it. Accordingly, it is very obſervable, that there is ſcarce a ſpecies or branch of this art which is not here to be found, whether hiſtory, battle-painting, land-ſkip, architecture, fruits, flowers, animals, &c.

I think it poſſible that painting was arrived to a greater degree of perfection, even at that early period, than is generally ſuppoſed by thoſe who have written upon it. Pliny expreſly ſays, that it was not known in the time of the Trojan war. The ſame author, and others, repreſent it in a very imperfect ſtate in Greece, in or near the days of Homer. They tell us of one painter, that he was the firſt who begun to ſhadow; and of another, that he filled his outlines only with a ſingle colour, and that laid on every where alike: but we may have a higher notion of the art, from thoſe deſcriptions of ſtatues, carvings, tapeſtries, ſculptures upon armour, and ornaments of all kinds, which every where occur in our author; as well as from what he ſays of their beauty, the relievo, and their emulation of life itſelf. If we conſider how much it is his conſtant practice to confine himſelf to the cuſtom of the times whereof he writ, it will be hard to doubt but that painting and ſculpture muſt have been then in great practice and repute.

The ſhield is not only deſcribed as a piece of ſculpture but of painting: the outlines may be ſuppoſed engraved, and the reſt enamelled, or inlaid with various-coloured metals. The variety of colours is plainly diſtinguiſhed by Homer, where he ſpeaks of the *blackneſs* of the new opened earth, of the *ſeveral colours* of the grapes and vines; and in other places. The different metals that Vulcan is feigned to caſt into the furnace, were ſufficient to afford all the neceſſary colours: but if to thoſe which are natural to the metals, we add alſo thoſe which they are capable of receiving from the operation of fire, we ſhall find, that Vulcan had as great a variety of colours to make uſe of as any modern painter. That enamelling, or fixing colours by fire, was practiſed very anciently,

may be conjectured from what Diodorus reports of one of the walls of Babylon, built by Semiramis, that *the bricks of it were painted before they were burned, ſo as to repreſent all ſorts of animals*, lib. ii. chap. 4. Now it is but natural to infer, that men had made uſe of ordinary colours for the repreſentation of objects, before they learned to repreſent them by ſuch as are given by the operation of fire; one being much more eaſy and obvious than the other, and that ſort of painting by means of fire being but an imitation of the painting with a pencil and colours. The ſame inference will be rather enforced from the works of tapeſtry, which the women of thoſe times interweaved with many colours; as appears from the deſcription of that veil which Hecuba offers to Minerva in the ſixth Iliad, and from a paſſage in the twenty-ſecond, where Andromache is repreſented working flowers in a piece of this kind. They muſt certainly have known the uſe of colours themſelves for painting, before they could think of dying threads with thoſe colours, and weaving thoſe threads cloſe to one another, in order only to a more laborious imitation of a thing ſo much more eaſily performed by a pencil. This obſervation I owe to the Abbé Fraguier.

It may indeed be thought, that a genius ſo vaſt and comprehenſive as that of Homer, might carry his views beyond the reſt of mankind, and that in this buckler of Achilles he rather deſigned to give a ſcheme of what might be performed, than a deſcription of what really was ſo: and ſince he made a God the artiſt, he might excuſe himſelf from a ſtrict confinement to what was known and practiſed at the time of the Trojan war. Let this be as it will, it is certain that he had, whether by learning, or by ſtrength of genius, (though the latter be more glorious for Homer) a full and exact idea of painting in all its parts; that is to ſay, in the *invention*, the *compoſition*, the *expreſſion*, *&c.*

The *invention* is ſhewn in finding and introducing, in every ſubject, the *greateſt*, the moſt *ſignificant*, and moſt *ſuitable* objects. Accordingly in every ſingle picture of the ſhield, Homer conſtantly finds out either

thoſe objects which are naturally the principal, thoſe which moſt conduce to ſhew the ſubject, or thoſe which ſet it in the livelieſt and moſt agreeable light: theſe he never fails to diſpoſe in the moſt advantageous manners, ſituations, and oppoſitions.

Next, we find all his figures differently *characteriſed*, in their expreſſions and attitudes, according to their ſeveral natures: the gods (for inſtance) are diſtinguiſhed in air, habit and proportion, from men, in the fourth picture; maſters from ſervants, in the eighth; and ſo of the reſt.

Nothing is more wonderful than his exact obſervation of the *contraſt*, not only between figure and figure, but between ſubject and ſubject. The city in peace is a contraſt to the city in war: between the ſiege in the fourth picture, and the battle in the ſixth, a piece of païſage is introduced, and rural ſcenes follow after. The country too is repreſented in war in the fifth, as well as in peace in the ſeventh, eighth and ninth. The very animals are ſhewn in theſe two different ſtates, in the tenth and eleventh. Where the ſubjects appear the ſame, he contraſts them ſome other way: thus the firſt picture of the town in peace having a predominant air of gaiety, in the dances and pomps of the marriage; the ſecond has a character of earneſtneſs and ſollicitude, in the diſpute and pleadings. In the pieces of rural life, that of the ploughing is of a different character from the harveſt, and that of the harveſt from the vintage. In each of theſe there is a contraſt of the *labour* and *mirth* of the country people: in the firſt, ſome are ploughing, others taking a cup of good liquor; in the next we ſee the reapers working in one part, and the banquet prepared in another; in the laſt, the labour of the vineyard is relieved with muſic and a dance. The perſons are no leſs varied, old and young, men and women: there being women in two pictures together, namely the eighth and ninth, it is remarkable that thoſe in the latter are of a different character from the former; they who dreſs the ſupper being ordinary women, the others who carry baſkets in the vineyard, young and beautiful virgins: and theſe again are of an inferior charac-

ter to thoſe in the twelfth piece, who are diſtinguiſhed as people of condition by a more elegant dreſs. There are three dances in the buckler; and theſe too are varied: that at the wedding is in a circular figure, that of the vineyard in a row, that in the laſt picture, a mingled one. Laſtly, there is a manifeſt contraſt in the colours; nay, even in the back-grounds of the ſeveral pieces: for example, that of the ploughing is of a dark tinct, that of the harveſt yellow, that of the paſture green, and the reſt in like manner.

That he was not a ſtranger to aereal *perſpective*, appears in his expreſly marking the diſtance of object from object: he tells us, for inſtance, that the two ſpies lay a little remote from the other figures; and that the oak under which was ſpread the banquet of the reapers, ſtood *apart:* what he ſays of the valley ſprinkled all over with cottages and flocks, appears to be a deſcription of a large country in perſpective. And indeed, a general argument for this may be drawn from the number of figures on the ſhield; which could not be all expreſſed in their full magnitude: and this is therefore a ſort of proof that the art of leſſening them according to perſpective was known at that time.

What the critics call the *three unities*, ought in reaſon as much to be obſerved in a picture as in a play; each ſhould have only *one principal action*, one *inſtant of time*, and one *point of view*. In this method of examination alſo, the ſhield of Homer will bear the teſt: he has been more exact than the greateſt painters, who have often deviated from one or other of theſe rules; whereas (when we examine the detail of each compartiment) it will appear,

Firſt, That there is but one principal action in each picture, and that no ſupernumerary figures or actions are introduced. This will anſwer all that has been ſaid of the confuſion and croud of figures on the ſhield, by thoſe who never comprehended the plan of it.

Secondly, That no action is repreſented in one piece, which could not happen in the ſame inſtant of time. This will overthrow the objection againſt ſo many different actions appearing in one ſhield; which, in this caſe, is much as abſurd as to object againſt ſo

many of Raphael's Cartoons appearing in one gallery.

Thirdly, It will be manifeſt that there are no objects in any one picture which could not be ſeen in one point of view. Hereby the Abbé Terraſſon's whole criticiſm will fall to the ground, which amounts but to this, that the general objects of the heavens, ſtars and ſea, with the particular proſpects of towns, fields, &c. could never be ſeen all at once. Homer was incapable of ſo abſurd a thought, nor could theſe heavenly bodies (had he intended them for a picture) have ever been ſeen together from one point; for the conſtellations and the full moon, for example, could never be ſeen at once with the ſun. But the celeſtial bodies were placed on the boſs, as the ocean at the margin of the ſhield: theſe were no parts of the painting, but the former was only an ornament to the projection in the middle, and the latter in a frame round about it: in the ſame manner as the diviſions, projections, or angles of a roof are left to be ornamented at the diſcretion of the painter, with foliage, architecture, groteſque, or what he pleaſes: however, his judgment will be ſtill more commendable, if he contrives to make even theſe extrinſical parts, to bear ſome alluſion to the main deſign: it is this which Homer has done, in placing a ſort of ſphere in the middle, and the ocean at the border, of a work, which was ſo expreſly intended to repreſent the univerſe.

I proceed now to the detail of the ſhield; in which the words of Homer being firſt tranſlated, an attempt will be made to ſhew with what exact order all that he deſcribes may enter into the compoſition, according to the rules of painting.

THE SHIELD of ACHILLES,

Divided into its ſeveral Parts.

The BOSS *of the* SHIELD.

VERSE 483. Ἐν μὲν γαῖαν, &c.] *Here Vulcan repreſented the earth, the heaven, the ſea, the indefatigable courſe of the ſun, the moon in her full, all the celeſtial ſigns that crown Olympus, the Pleiades, the Hyades, the great Orion, and the Bear, commonly called the Wain, the only conſtellation which, never bathing itſelf in the ocean, turns about the pole, and obſerves the courſe of Orion.*

The ſculpture of theſe reſembled ſomewhat of our terreſtrial and celeſtial globes, and took up the center of the ſhield: it is plain by the huddle in which Homer expreſſes this, that he did not deſcribe it as a picture for a point of ſight.

The circumference is divided into twelve compartiments, each being a ſeparate picture, as follow:

First Compartiment. *A Town in Peace.*

Ἐν δὲ δύω ποίησε πόλεις, &c.] *He engraved two cities; in one of them were repreſented nuptials and feſtivals. The ſpouſes from their bridal chambers, were conducted through the town by the light of torches. Every mouth ſung the* hymenæal *ſong: the youths turned rapidly about in a circular dance: the flute and the lyre reſounded: the women, every one in the ſtreet, ſtanding in the porches, beheld and admired.*

In this picture, the brides preceded by torch-bearers, are on the fore-ground: the dance in circles, and muſicians behind them: the ſtreet in perſpective on either ſide, the women and ſpectators in the porches, &c. diſperſed through all the architecture.

Second Compartiment. *An Aſſembly of People.*

Λαοὶ δ' εἰν ἀγορῇ, &c.] *There was ſeen a number of people in the market-place, and two men diſputing warmly: the occaſion was the payment of a fine for a murder, which one affirmed before the people he had paid, the other denied to have received; both demanded, that the affair ſhould be determined by the judgment of an arbiter: the acclamations of the multitude favoured ſometimes the one party, ſometimes the other.*

Here is a fine plan for a maſter-piece of *expreſſion*; any judge of painting will ſee our author has choſen that *cauſe* which, of all others, would give occaſion to the greateſt variety of expreſſion: the father, the murderer, the witneſſes, and the different paſſions of the aſſembly, would afford an ample field for this talent even to Raphael himſelf.

Third Compartiment. *The Senate.*

Κήρυκες δ' ἄρα λαὸν ἐρήτυον, &c.] *The heralds ranged the people in order: the reverend elders were ſeated on ſeats of poliſhed ſtone, in the ſacred circle; they roſe up and declared their judgment, each in his turn*

with the ſcepter in his hand: two talents of gold were laid in the middle of the circle, to be given to him who ſhould pronounce the moſt equitable judgment.

The judges are ſeated in the center of the picture; one (who is the principal figure) ſtanding up as ſpeaking; another in an action of riſing, as in order to ſpeak: the ground about them a proſpect of the forum, filled with auditors and ſpectators.

Fourth Compartiment. *A Town in War.*

Τὴν δ' ἑτέρην πόλιν, &c.] *The other city was beſieged by two glittering armies: they were not agreed whether to ſack the town, or divide all the booty of it into two equal parts, to be ſhared between them: mean time the beſieged ſecretly armed themſelves for an ambuſcade. Their wives, children and old men were poſted to defend their walls: the warriors marched from the town with Pallas and Mars at their head: the deities were of gold, and had golden armours, by the glory of which they were diſtinguiſhed above the men, as well as by their ſuperior ſtature, and more elegant proportions.*

This ſubject may be thus diſpoſed: the town pretty near the eye, a-croſs the whole picture, with the old men on the walls; the chiefs of each army on the fore-ground: their different opinions for putting the town to the ſword, or ſparing it on account of the booty, may be expreſſed by ſome having their hands on their ſwords, and looking up to the city, others ſtopping them, or in an action of perſuading againſt it. Behind, in proſpect, the townſmen may be ſeen going out from the back gates, with the two deities at their head.

Homer here gives a clear inſtance of what the ancients always practiſed; the diſtinguiſhing the gods and goddeſſes by characters of majeſty or beauty ſomewhat ſuperior to nature; we conſtantly find this in their ſtatues, and to this the modern maſters owe the grand taſte in the perfection of their figures.

Fifth Compartiment. *An Ambuſcade.*

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἵκανον, &c.] *Being arrived at the river where they deſigned their ambuſh (the place where the cattle were watered) they diſpoſed themſelves along the bank, covered with their arms: two ſpies lay at a diſtance from them obſerving when the oxen and ſheep ſhould come to drink. They came immediately, followed by two ſhepherds, who were playing on their pipes, without any apprehenſion of their danger.*

This quiet picture is a kind of *repoſe* between the laſt and the following active pieces. Here is a ſcene of a river and trees, under which lie the ſoldiers, next the eye of the ſpectator; on the farther bank are placed the two ſpies on one hand, and the flocks and ſhepherds appear coming at a greater diſtance on the other.

Sixth Compartiment. *The Battle.*

Οἱ μὲν τὰ προϊδόντες, &c.] *The people of the town ruſhed upon them, carried off the oxen and ſheep, and killed the ſhepherds. The beſiegers ſitting before the town, heard the outcry, and mounting their horſes, arrived at the bank of the river; where they ſtopped and encountered each other with their ſpears. Diſcord, tumult, and fate raged in the midſt*

of them. There might you ſee cruel Deſtiny *dragging a dead ſoldier thro' the battle; two others ſhe ſeized alive; one of which was mortally wounded; the other not yet hurt: the garment on her ſhoulders was ſtained with human blood: the figures appeared as if they lived, moved, and fought, you would think they really dragged off their dead.*

The ſheep and two ſhepherds lying dead upon the fore-ground. A battle-piece fills the picture. The allegorical figure of the Parca or Deſtiny is the principal. This had been a noble occaſion for ſuch a painter as Rubens, who has, with moſt happineſs and learning, imitated the ancients in theſe fictitious and ſymbolical perſons.

Seventh Compartiment. *Tillage.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει νειὸν μαλακήν, &c.] *The next piece repreſented a large field, a deep and fruitful ſoil, which ſeemed to have been three times ploughed; the labourers appeared turning their ploughs on every ſide. As ſoon as they came to a land's-end, a man preſented them a bowl of wine; cheared with this, they turned and worked down a new furrow, deſirous to haſten to the next land's-end. The field was of gold, but looked black behind the ploughs, as if it had really been turned up; the ſurpriſing effect of the art of Vulcan.*

The ploughmen muſt be repreſented on the fore-ground, in the action of turning at the end of the furrow. The invention of Homer is not content with barely putting down the figures; but enlivens them prodigiouſly with ſome remarkable circumſtance: the giving a cup of wine to the ploughmen muſt occaſion a fine expreſſion in the faces.

Eighth Compartiment. *The Harveſt.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει τέμενος, &c.] *Next he repreſented a field of corn, in which the reapers worked with ſharp ſickles in their hands; the corn fell thick along the furrows in equal rows: three binders were employed in making up the ſheaves: the boys attending them, gathered up the looſe ſwarths, and carried them in their arms to be bound: the lord of the field ſtanding in the midſt of the heaps, with a ſcepter in his hand, rejoices in ſilence: his officers at a diſtance, prepare a feaſt under the ſhade of an oak, and hold an ox ready to be ſacrificed; while the women mix the flour of wheat for the reapers ſupper.*

The reapers on the fore-ground, with their faces towards the ſpectators; the gatherers behind, and the children on the farther ground. The maſter of the field, who is the chief figure, may be ſet in the middle of the picture with a ſtrong light upon him, in the action of directing and pointing with a ſcepter: the oak, with the ſervants under it, the ſacrifice, &c. on a diſtant ground, would all together make a beautiful group of great variety.

Ninth Compartiment. *The Vintage.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει ταφυλῇσι, &c.] *He then engraved a vineyard loaden with its grapes: the vineyard was gold, but the grapes black, and the props of them ſilver. A trench of a dark metal, and a paliſade of tin encompaſſed the whole vineyard. There was one path in it, by which the labourers in the vineyard paſſed: young men and maids carried the fruit in woven baſkets:*

In the middle of them a youth played on the lyre, and charmed them with his tender voice, as he ſung to the ſtrings (or *as he ſung the ſong of Linus:*) *the reſt ſtriking the ground with their feet in exact time, followed him in a dance, and accompanied his voice with their own.*

The vintage ſcarce needs to be painted in any colours but Homer's. The youths and maids toward the eye, as coming out of the vineyard: the encloſure, pales, gate, &c. on the fore-ground. There is ſomething inexpreſſibly *riant* in this piece, above all the reſt.

Tenth Compartiment *Animals.*

Ἐν δ' ἀγέλην ποίησε βοῶν, &c.] *He graved a herd of oxen marching with their heads erected; theſe oxen (inlaid with gold and tin) ſeemed to bellow as they quitted their ſtall, and run in haſte to the meadows, through which a rapid river rolled with reſounding ſtreams amongſt the ruſhes: four herdſmen of gold attended them, followed by nine large dogs. Two terrible lions ſeize a bull by the throat, who roared as they dragged him along; the dogs and the herdſmen ran to his reſcue, but the lions having torn the bull, devoured his entrails, and drank his blood. The herdſmen came up with their dogs, and heartened them in vain; they durſt not attack the lions, but ſtanding at ſome diſtance, barked at them, and ſhunned them.*

We have next a fine piece of animals, tame and ſavage: but what is remarkable, is that theſe animals are not coldly brought in to be gazed upon: the herds, dogs and lions are put into action, enough to exerciſe the warmth and ſpirit of Rubens, or the great taſte of Julio Romano.

The lions may be next the eye, one holding the bull by the throat, the other tearing out his entrails: a herdſman or two heartening the dogs: all theſe on the fore-ground. On the ſecond ground another group of oxen, that ſeem to have gone before, toſſing their heads and running; other herdſmen and dogs after them: and beyond them, a proſpect of the river.

Eleventh Compartiment. *Sheep.*

Ἐν δὲ νομὸν, &c.] *The divine artiſt then engraved a large flock of white ſheep feeding along a beautiful valley. Innumerable folds, cottages, and encloſed ſhelters, were ſcattered through the proſpect.*

This is an entire landſkip without human figures, an image of nature ſolitary and undiſturbed: the deepeſt repoſe and tranquility is that which diſtinguiſhes it from the others.

Twelfth Compartiment. *The Dance.*

Ἐν δὲ χορὸν, &c.] *The ſkilful Vulcan then deſigned the figure and various motions of a dance, like that which Dædalus of old contrived in Gnoſſus for the fair Ariadne. There the young men and maidens danced hand in hand; the maids were dreſſed in linen garments, the men in rich and ſhining ſtuffs: the maids had flowery crowns on their heads; the men had ſwords of gold hanging from their ſides in belts of ſilver. Here they ſeem to run in a ring with active feet, as ſwiftly as a wheel runs round when tried by the hand of the potter. There, they appeared to move in many figures, and ſometimes to meet, ſometimes to wind from each other.*

A multitude of ſpectators ſtood round, delighted with the dance. In the middle two nimble tumblers exerciſed themſelves in feats of activity, while the ſong was carried on by the whole circle.

This picture includes the greateſt number of perſons: Homer himſelf has grouped them and marked the manner of the compoſition. This piece would excel in the different *airs of beauty* which might be given to the young men and women, and the graceful attitudes in the various manners of dancing: on which account the ſubject might be fit for Guido, or perhaps could be no where better executed than in our own country.

The BORDER *of the* SHIELD.

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει πόλαμτὸιο, &c.] *Then laſtly, he repreſented the rapid courſe of the great ocean, which he made to roll its waves round the extremity of the whole circumference.*

This (as has been ſaid before) was only the frame to the whole ſhield, and is therefore but ſlightly touched upon, without any mention of particular objects.

I ought not to end this eſſay, without vindicating myſelf from the vanity of treating of an art, which I love ſo much better than I underſtand: but I have been very careful to conſult both the beſt performers and judges in painting. I cannot neglect this occaſion of ſaying, how happy I think myſelf in the favour of the moſt diſtinguiſhed maſters of that art. Sir Godfrey Kneller in particular allows me to tell the world, that he entirely agrees with my ſentiments on this ſubject: and I cannot help wiſhing that he who gives this teſtimony to Homer, would ennoble ſo great a deſign by his own execution of it. Vulcan never wrought for Thetis with more readineſs and affection, than Sir Godfrey has done for me: and ſo admirable a picture of the whole univerſe could not be a more agreeable preſent than he has obliged me with, in the portraits of ſome of thoſe perſons, who are to me the deareſt objects in it.

10 DE 62

The END *of the* THIRD VOLUME.